
The Minde of the Frontispice.

This Naked Pourtraiture before thine Eye,
Is Wretched, helplesse MAN, MAN borne to dye;
On either side, an ANGELL doth protect him
As well from EVILL, as to GOOD direct him :
Th'one points to Death, the t'other to a Crowne,
Who THIS attains, must tread the OTHER down:
All which denotes the Brieve of MANS Estate,
That HEE'S to go from HENCE, by THIS, to
(THAT.)

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(THAT.)



DIVINE POEMES

*Revised, and Corrected with Additions
By the Author Fra: Quarles.*

Printed for John Marriott in S^t Dunstons Church yard
fleetstreet. 1630. J. C. will. sculp.

DIVINE POEMS:

Containing

The History of { I O N A H.
E S T E R.
I O B.

S I O N S { S O N E T S.
E L E G I E S.

An Elegie on D^r. AILMER,
not formerly printed.

Written by F R A. Q V A R L E S.

L O N D O N,

Printed for I O H N M A R R I O T T,
and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint
Dunstons Churchyard in Fleetstreet.

1 6 3 0.

THE
CITY

OF
LONDON

1675

Printed by J. Streater at the Sign of the Gun in St. Dunstons Church-yard

By J. Streater

For J. Streater
Printed by J. Streater at the Sign of the Gun in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1675

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TO
THE SACRED
MAIESTIE OF
King CHARLES.

SIR,



When your Landed Subject
dyes and leaves none of
his blood to inherite, the
Lawes of this your King-
dome makes the King
theyre : In this volume are contained
severall Poems lately dedicated to di-
vers of the Nobility, whom they
have out-lived; So that the Muses (who
seldome or never give honour for lifes)
have found them all for the King, which
I have here gathered together, and
prostrated before the feet of your sa-
cred Majesty. Indeed one of them I
formerly dedicated and presented to
your selfe. So that now they are be-
come doubly yours, both by Escheate

A 3

and

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and as Survivour. And if you please to owne me as your servant, your Majesty hath another Title good, by which I most desire they should bee knowne yours: I will not sin against the common good so much, as to expect your Majesties serious eye upon them: If when your Crowne shall bee most favourable to your Princely browes, you please to afford a gracious hearing, they will, with the helpe of some benevolous Reader, and your Royall acceptance (I hope) relish in your sacred eares, and receive honour from your accustomed goodnes, farre above their merits, or the expectation of

Your true-hearted and

loyall Liegeman

FRA. QVARES.

71

To the R E A D E R.



List not to tyre thy patient eares with unnecessary Language, (the abuse of complement.) My mouth's no Dictionary : it onely serves as the needfull interpreter of my Heart.

I have here sent thee the first fruits of an abortive Birth. It is a daintie subject, not Fabulous, but Truth it selfe.

Wonder not at the Title (A FEAST FOR WORMES :) for it is a Song of Mercy : What greater FEAST than Mercy ? And what are Men but WORMES ?

To the Reader.

Moreover, I have gleaned some few
Meditations, obvious to the History;
Let me advise thee to keepe the Taste
of the History, whilest thou readeſt
the Meditations, and that will make
thee Rellish both, the better.

Vnderstanding Reader, favour me:
Gently expound, what it is too late to
correct.

He levad le Golpe, Dios sea
con ella.

Farewell.

THE PROPOSITION
of this first Worke.

Tis not the Record of great Hectors glory,
Whose matchlesse Valour makes the World a Story;
Nor yet the swelling of that Romans name,
That onely Came, and Look'd, and Overcame,
Nor One, nor All, of those brave Worthies nine,
(Whose Might was great, and Acts almost divine,
That liv'd like Gods, but dy'd like Men, and gone)
Shall give my Pen a Taske to treat upon:
I sing the praises of the KING of Kings.
Out of whose mouth a two-edg'd Smiter springs,
Whose Words are Mystery, whose Works are Wonder,
Whose Eyes are Lightning, and whose Voice is Thun-
der, who like a Curtaine spreads the Heavens out,
Spangled with Starres, in Glory round about:
'Tis He that cleft the furious waves in twaine,
Making a High-way passage through the Maine,
'Tis He that turn'd the waters into Blood,
And smote the Rocky stone, and caus'd a Flood;
'Tis He, that's justly armed in his Ire,
Behinde with Plagues, before with flaming Fire,
More bright than mid-day Phœbus, are his Eyes,
And whosoever sees his Visage, dyes.

I sing the Praises of Great Iudahs Lyon,
The fragrant Flowre of Iesse, the Lambe of Sion,
Whose Head is whiter than the driven Snow,
Whose Visage doth like flames of Fire glow:
His Loynes begirt with Golden Belt, his Eyne
Like Titan, riding in his Southerne Shine,
His Feet like burning Brasse, and as the noise
Of surgie Neptunes roaring, is his Voice,

Thū

*This is that Paschall Lambe, whose dearest Blood
Is soveraigne Drinke, whose Flesh is saving Food :
His precious Blood, the Worthies of the Earth
Did drinke, which (though but borne of mortall birth)
Return'd them Deities : For who drinks This,
Shall be receiv'd into Eternall Blisse,
Himselfe's the Gift, which He himselfe did give,
His Stripes heale us, and by His Death we live;
He att'ning God and Man, in double Nature,
Did reconcile Mankinde, and Mans Creator.
I, here's a Taske indeed ; If Mortalls could
Not make a Verse, yet Rockes and Mountaines would
The Hills shall dance, the Sunne shall stop his Course,
Hearing the subject of this high Discourse :
The Horse, and Gryphin, shall together sleepe,
The Wolfe shall sawne upon the silky Sheepe,
The crafty Serpent, and the fearfull Hart,
Shall joyne in Consort, and each beare a part,
And leape for Ioy, when my Vrania sings,
She sings the praises of the King of Kings.*

THE

The Introduction.

¶ *THAT Ancient Kingdome*, that old *Assur* swaid,
Shew'd two great *Cities*: Ah! but both decay'd,
Both mighty Great, but of unequall growth;
Both great in *People*, and in *Buildings*, both;
But ah! What hold is there of *earthly good*? (stood.
Now *Grasse* growes there, where these brave *Cities*

The name of one, great *Babylon* was hight,
Through which the rich *Eufrates* takes her flight
From high *Armenia* to the *ruddy Seas*,
And stores the Land with rich *Commodities*.

¶ The other *Ninus*, *Niniveh* the Great,
So huge a *Fabrick*, and well-chosen *Seat*
Don *Phæbus* fiery *Steeds* (with *Maines* becurl'd,
That circoundates in twice twelve houres the *world*)
Ne're saw the like: By great King *Ninus* hand,
'Twas rais'd and builded, in th' *Assyrians* Land.
On one hand, *Lycus* wash'd her fruitfull sides,
On t'other, *Tygris* with her hasty *Tides*.
Begirt she was with *Walls* of wondrous might,
Creeping twice fifty foot in measur'd height.

¶ Vpon her bredth (if ought we may rely
On the report of Sage *Antiquity*,)
Three *Chariots* fairly might themselves display,
And ranke together in a *Battell* ray:
The *Circuit* that her mighty *Bulke* imbraces
Contains the mete of sixty thousand paces:
Within her well-fenc'd *Walls* you might discover
Five hundred stately *Towers*, thrice told over;
Whereof the highest draweth up the eye,
As well the low st, an hundred *Cubits* hie;

All

The Introduction.

All rich in those things, which to State belong,
For beauty brave, and for munition strong:
Duly, and daily this great *Work* was tended
With *ten thousand Workmen*, begun and ended
In *eight yeeres* space: How beautifull! how faire
Thy *Buildings*! And how foule thy *Pieces* are!

¶ Thou Land of *Assur*, double then thy pride,
And let thy Wells of *loy* be never dry'd,
Thou hast a *Palace*, that's renown'd so much,
The like was never, is, nor will be such.

¶ Thou Land of *Assur*, treble then thy *Woe*,
And let thy *Teares* (doe as thy *Cups*) o'reflow;
For this thy *Palace* of so great renowne,
Shall be destroy'd, and sackt, and batter'd downe.

But cheere up, *Niniveh*, thine inbred might
Hath meanes enough to quell thy *Foemen*'s spite:
Thy *Bulwarkes* are like *Mountaines*, and thy Wall
Disdaines to stoop to thundring *Ordnance* call:
Thy watchfull *Towers* mounted round about,
Keepe thee in safety, and thy *Foot-men*, out:
I, But thy *Bulwarkes* aid cannot withstand
The direfull stroake of the *Almighties* hand;
Thy *Wasser-walls* at dread *Jehovahs* blast
Shall quake, and quiver, and shall downe be cast:
Thy watchfull *Towers* shall asleepe be found,
And nod their drowfie *heads* downe to the ground:
Thy *Bulwarks* are not *Vengeance*-proofe; thy Wall,
When *Iustice* brandisheth her *Sword*, must fall:
Thy lofty *Towers* shall be dumbe, and yeeld
To high *Revenge*; *Revenge* must win the field;
Vengeance cryes loud from heaven, she cannot stay
Her *Fury*, but (impatient of delay)
Hath brimm'd her *Vials* full of deadly *Bane*:
Thy *Palace* shall be burnt, thy *People* slaine;

Thy

The Introduction.

13

Thy Heart is hard as *Fliat*; and swolne with pride,
Thy murth'rous *Hands* with guiltlesse bl'od are dy'd;
Thy silly *Babes* doe starve for want of Food,
Whose tender *Mothers* thou hast drencht in Blood:
Women with childe, lye in the streets about,
Whose *Braines* thy savage *hands* have dashed out:
Distressed *Widowes* weepe, (but weepe in vaine)
For their deare *Husbands*, whom thy *hands* have slain:
By one mans *Force*, another man's devour'd,
Thy *Wives* are raviisht, and thy *Maid's* deflow'r'd;
Where *Iustice* should, there *Tort & Bribes* are plac't:
Thy *Altars* defil'd, and *holy things* defac't:
Thy *Lips* have tasted of proud *Babels* Cup,
What thou hast left, thy *Children* have drunke up:
Thy bloody *sinnes*, thine *Abels* guiltlesse blood,
Cryes up to heaven for *Vengeance*, cryes aloud;
Thy *sinnes* are seire, and ready for the fire,
Here rouse, (my *Muse*) and for a space, respire.

THE

TO THE MOST HIGH
HIS HUMBLE SERVANT
IMPLORES HIS FAVOURABLE
Assistance.

OAll-sufficient God, great Lord of Light,
*Without whose gracious ayd, and constant Sprite,
No labours prosper, (howsoever begun)
But fly like Mists before the morning Sun :
O raise my thoughts, and cleare my Apprehension,
Infuse thy Spirit into my weake Invention :
Reflect thy Beames upon my feeble Eyes;
Shew me the Mirrour of thy Mysteries ;
My Art-lesse Hand, my humble Heart inspire,
Inflame my frozen Tongue with holy Fire :
Ravish my stupid Senses with thy Glory ;
Sweeten my Lips with sacred Oratory :
And (thou OF FIRST and LAST) assist my Quill,
That first and last, I may performe thy will :
My sole intent's to blazon forth thy Praise ;
My ruder Pen expects no Crowne of Bayes.
Suffice it then, Thine Altar I have kiss'd :
Crowne me with Glory ; Take the Bayes that list.*

A
FEAST
FOR
VVORMES.

By Fra. Quarles.

A
LONDON,
Printed for JOHN MARRIOT.
1630.

THE EAST

INDIA

AND

AFRICA

AND

THE

WEST

INDIES

AND

THE

A FEAST FOR WORMES.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Word of God to Ionah came,
Commanded Ionah to proclaime
The vengeance of his Majestie,
Against the sinnes of Ninivie.*

Sect. 1.

TH'Eternall Word of God, whose high Decree
Admits no change, and cannot frustrate be,
Came downe to *Ionah*, from the heavens above,
Came downe to * *Jonah*, heavens anointed Dove;
Jonah, the flowre of old *Amitai's* youth,
Jonah, the Prophet, Sonne, and Heire to Truth,
The blessed Type of him, that ransom'd us,
That Word came to him, and bespake him thus:

“ Arise, trusse up thy loynes, make all things meet,
“ And put thy Sandalls on thy busie feet,
“ Gird up thy reynes, and take thy staffe in hand,
“ Make no delay, but goe, where I command;
“ Me pleaseth not to send thee (*Jonah*) downe,
“ To sweet *Gath-Hepher*, thy deare native Towne,
“ Whose tender paps, with plenty overflow,
“ Nor yet unto thy brethren shalt thou goe,
“ Amongst the *Hebrewes*, where thy brethren same
“ Fore-runnes the welcome of thine honor'd name.

B

“ No,

A Feast for Wormes.

« No, I'll not send thee thither : Vp, arise,
 « And goe to Ninivch, where no Allies,
 « Nor consanguinity preserves thy blood ;
 « To Ninivch, where strangers are withstood :
 « To Ninivch, a City farre remov'd
 « From thine acquaintance, where th'art not belov'd :
 « I send thee to Mount Sinay, not Mount Sion,
 « Not to a gentle Lambe, but to a Lion :
 « Nor yet to Lydia, but to bloody Pashur,
 « Not to the Land of Canaan, but of Ashur,
 « Whose language will be riddles to thine eares,
 « And thine againe will be as strange to theirs ;
 « I say, to Ninivch, the worlds great Hall,
 « The Monarchs seat, high Court Imperiall.

« But terrible Mount Sinay will affright thee,
 « And Pashurs heavie hand is bent to smite thee :
 « The Lions rore, the people's strong and stout,
 « The Bulwarkes stand a front to keepe thee out.
 « Great Ashur minaces with whip in hand,
 « To entertaine thee (welcome) to his land.

« What then ? Arise, be gone ; stay not to thinke :
 « Bad is the cloth, that will in wetting shrinke.
 « What then, if cruell Pashur beape on strokes ?
 « Or Sinay blast thee with her sulph'rous smokes ?
 « Or Ashur whip thee ? Or the Lions rent thee ?
 « P'sh on with courage ; I, the Lord have sent thee :
 « Away, away, I, by thy foolish pitie,
 « And goe to Ninivch, that mighty Citie :
 « Cry loud against it, let thy dreadfull voice
 « Make all the City eccho with the noise :
 « Not like a Dove, but like a Dragon goe,
 « Pronounce my judgement, and denounce my Woe :
 « Make not thy head a fountaine full of teares,
 « To weepe in secret for her sinnes : Thine eares

« Shall

A Feast for Wormes.

3

- ac Shall heare such things, will make thine eyes run over,
ac Thine eyes shall smart with what they shall discover:
ac Spend not in private, those thy zealous drops,
ac But bew, and hacke; spare neither trunkes nor lops;
ac Make heauen, and earth rebound, when thou discharges,
ac Plead not (like Paul) but roare (like Boanarges:)
ac Nor let the beauty of the buildings bleare thee,
ac Let not the terrors of the Rampiers feare thee;
ac Let no man bribe thy fist, (I will advise thee)
ac Nor soule meanes force thee, nor let faire entice thee:
ac Ramme up thine eares: Thy heart of stone shall be;
ac Be deafe to them, as they are deafe to mee;
ac Goe, cry against it. If they aske thee, why?
ac Say, heauens great Lord commanded thee to cry:
ac My Altars cease to smooke; their holy fires
ac Are quencht, and where prayers should, their sin affires;
ac The fatnesse of their fornication flies
ac On coales of raging lust, and upward flies,
ac And maket me sick: I beare the mournefull groanes
ac And heavy sighes of such, whose aking bones
ac Th'oppressor grinds: Alas, their griefes implore me,
ac Their pray'rs, prefer'd with teares, plead lowd before me:
ac Behold, my sonnes, they haue oppress, and kill'd,
ac And bast'd their hands within the blood they spill'd:
ac The steame of guiltlesse blood makes suit unto me,
ac The voice of many bloods is mounted to me;
ac The vile prophaner of my sacred Names,
ac He teares my titler, and mine honour maimes,
ac Makes Rhet'rick of an oath, sweares and forswears,
ac Reckes not my Mercy, nor my Iudgement feares:
ac They eate, they drinke, they sleepe, they sire the night
ac In wanton dalliance, and unclean delight,
ac Heauens winged Herald Ionas, up and goe
ac To mighty Niniech, Denounce my woe.

ac Shall

B 2

ac Ad.

"Advance thy voice, and when thou hast advanc't it,
 "Spare Shrub, nor Cedar, but cry out against it:
 "Hold out thy Trumpet, and with louder breath,
 "Proclaime my sudden coming, and their death.

The Authors Apologie.

IT was my morning Muse; A Muse whose spirit
 Transcends (I feare) the fortunes of her merit;
 Too bold a Muse, whose fethers (yet in blood)
 She never bath'd in the *Pyrenean* Flood;
 A Muse unbreath'd, unlikely to attaine
 An easie honour, by so stout a Traine;
 Expect no lofty *Hagard*, that shall flye
 A lesning pitch, to the deceived eye;
 If in her Downy Soreage, she but ruffe
 So strong a Dove, may it be thought enough;
 Beare with her; Time and Fortune may requite
 Your patient sufferance, with a fairer flight.

The generall Application.

TO thee (*Malside*) now I turne my Quill;
 That God is still that God, and will be still.
 The painfull Pastors take up *Ionab's* roome:
 And thou the *Ninivite*, to whom they come.

Medita. I.

HOW great's the love of God unto his creature?
 Or is his Wisedome, or his Mercy greater?
 I know not whether: O sh' exceeding love
 Of highest God! that from his Throne above
 Will send the brightnesse of his Grace to those
 That grope in darknesse, and his Grace oppose:
 He helpe, provides, inspires, and freely gives,
 As pleas'd to see us ravell out our lives;

A Feast for Wormes.

5

He gives us from the heape, He measures not,
Nor deales (like *Manna*) each his stinted lot,
But daily sends the Doctors of his Spouse,
(With such like oyle as from the Widowes cruse
Did issue forth) in fulnesse, without wasting,
Where plenty still was had, yet plenty lasting.
I, there is care in heaven, and heavenly sprights,
That guides the world, and guards poore mortall
There is; else were the miserable state (wights,
Of Man, more wretched and unfortunate
Than salvage beasts: But O th' abounding love
Of highest God! whose Angells from above
Dismount the Towre of Blisse, flye to and fro,
Assisting wretched Man, their deadly foe.
What thing is Man, that Gods regard is such?
Or why should heavē love retchless Man so much?

Why? what are men? but quickned lumps of earth?

A Feast for Wormes; a bubble full of mirth;
A Looking-glasse for griefe; A flash; A minute;
A painted Toombe, with putrification in it;
A mappe of Death; A burthen of a song;
A winters Dust; A worine of five foot long:
Begot in sinne; In darknesse nourisht; Borne
In sorrow: Naked, Shiftlesse, and forlorne:
His first voice (heard) is crying for reliefe;
Alas! He comes into a world of griefe:
His Age is sinfull; and his Youth is vaine;
His Life's a punishment; His Death's a paine;
His life's a houre of Ioy; a world of Sorrow;
His death's a winters night, that findes no morrow:
Mans life's an Hower-glasse, which being run,
Concludes that houre of joy, and so is done.
Jonah must goe; nor is this charge confinde
To *Jonah*, but to all the world enjoin'd;

B 3

You

You Magistrates, arise, and take delight
 In dealing Iustice, and maintaining Right;
 There lyes your Niniveh: Merchants arise,
 And mingle conscience with your Merchandise:
 Lawyers arise, make not your righteous Lawes,
 A trick for gaine; Let Iustice rule the cause:
 Tradesmen arise, and plye your thriving shops,
 With truer hands, and eate your meate with drops:
Paul to thy Tents, and *Peter* to thy Net,
 And all must goe that course, which God hath set.

¶ Great God awake us, in these drowsie times,
 Lest vengeance finde us, sleeping in our Crymes,
 Encrease succession in thy Prophets liëw,
 For loe, thy Harvest's great, and workmen few.

THE ARGVMENT.

*But Ionah toward Tharsis went,
 A Tempest doth his course prevent:
 The Mariners are sore oppress,
 While Ionah sleepes, and takes his rest.*

Scē. 2.

BUt Ionah thus bethought: *The City's great,
 And mighty Assur stands with deadly threat:*

Their

A Feast for Wormes.

7

*Their hearts are hardened, that they cannot heare :
Will greene wood burne, when so unapt's the seire ?
Strange is the charge : Shall I goe to a place
Unknowne and forraigne ? Aye me ! hard's the case,
That righteous Isr'el must be thus neglected,
When Miscreants and Gentiles are respected :
How might I hope my words shall there succeed,
Which thrive not with the flockes I daily feed ?
I know my God is gentle, and inclinde,
To tender mercy, apt to change his minde
Vpon the least repentance : Then shall I
Be deem'd as false, and shame my Prophecie.*

*O heavy burthen of a doubtfull mind !
Where shall I goe, or which way shall I wind ?
My heart like Ianus, looketh to and fro ;
My Credit bids me, Stay ; my God bids, Goe :
If Goe ; my labour's lost, my shame's at hand :
If stay, Lord ! I transgresse my Lords command :
If goe ; from bad estate, to worse, I fall :
If stay, I slide from bad, to worst of all.
My God bids goe, my credit bids me stay :
My guilty feare bids fly another way.*

*So Jonah straight arose, himselfe bedight
With fit acoutrements, for hasty flight :
In stead of staffe, he tooke a Shipmans weed ;
In stead of going, loe, he flyes with speed.*

*Like as a Hawke (that overmacht with might)
Doing sad penance for th'vnequall fight,
(Answ'ring the Faulknrs second shout) does flee
From fist ; turnes tayle to fowle, and takes a tree :
So Jonah baulks the place where he was sent
(To Nineveh) and downe to Iassa went :*

B 4

He

He sought, enquired, and at last, he found
 A welcome Ship, that was to Tharsis bound,
 Where he may flye the presence of the Lord :
 He makes no stay, but straightway goes aboard,
 His hasty purse for bargaine findes no leisure,
 (Where sin delights, there's no account of treasure)
 Nor did he know, nor aske, how much his Fare :
 He gave : They tooke : all parties pleased are :
 (How thriftlesse of our cost, and paines, are we,
 Great God of heaven and earth, to fly from thee !)
 Now have the Sailors drunke their parting cup,
 They goe aboard ; The Sailes are hoisting up ;
 The Anchor's wayd : the keele begins t'obey
 Her gentle Rudder ; leaves her quiet Key,
 Divides the streames, and without winde or oare,
 She easly glides along the moving shore :
 Her swelling Canvace gives her nimbler motion,
 Sh'outstrips the Tide, and hies her to the Ocean :
 Forth to the deepe she launches, and outbraves
 The prouder billowes, rides upon the waves ;
 She plies that course, her Compas hath enjoind her,
 And soone hath left the lessned land behind her ;
 By this, the breath of heaven began to cease,
 Calme were the Seas ; the waves were all at peace,
 The flagging mainsaile flapt against her yeard,
 The uselesse Compasse, and the idle Card
 Were both neglected : Vpon every side
 The gamesome Porpisce rumbled on the Tide.
 Like as a Mastiffe, when restrain'd a while,
 Is made more furious, and more apt for spoile,
 Or when the breath of man, being bard the course,
 At length breakes forth, with a farre greater force,
 Even so the milder breath of heaven, at last,
 Lets flye more fierce, and blowes a stronger blast :

All

A Feast for Wormes.

9

All on a sudden darkned was the Sky
With gloomy clouds; heavens more refulgent eye
Was all obscur'd: The aire grew damp and cold,
And strong mouth'd *Boreas* could no longer hold:
Eolus lets loose his uncontroled breath,
Whose language threatens nothing under death:
The Rudder failes; The ship's at random driven;
The eye no object ownes, but Sea and Heaven:
The Welkin stormes, and rages more and more,
The raine powres down; the heavens begin to rore
As they would split the massie Globe in sunder,
From those that live above, to those live under;
The Pilot's frighted; knowes not what to doe;
His Art's amaz'd, in such a maze of woe;
Faces grow sad: Prayers and complaints are rise,
Each one's become an Orator for life:
The windes above, the waters underneath,
Joyne in rebellion, and conspire death.

The Seamens courage now begins to quaille;
Some ply the plump, whilst others strike the saile,
Their hands are busie, while their hearts despaire,
Their feares and dangers move their lips to praier:
They praid; but winds did snatch their words away,
And lets their pray'rs not goe to whom they pray:
But still they pray, but still the wind and weather
Do turn both ship & prai'rs they know not whether:
Their gods were deafe, their danger waxed greater;
They cast their wares out, and yet ne're the better:
But all this while was *Ionah* drown'd in sleepe,
And in the lower decke was buried deepe.

Micha. 2.

Medita. 2.

BUt stay: this was a strange and uncouth word:
 Did *Jonah* flye the presence of the Lord?
 What mister word is that? He that replcats
 The mighty Vniverse, whose lofty seat's
 Th'imperiall Heaven, whose footstoole is the face
 Of massie Earth? Can he from any place
 Be barr'd? or yet by any meanes, excluded,
 That is in all things? (and yet not included)
 Could *Jonah* finde a resting any where
 So void, or secret, that God was not there?
 I stand amaz'd, and frighted at this word:
 Did *Jonah* flye the presence of the Lord?
 Mount up to Heaven, and there thou shalt discover
 The exc'lent glory of his kingly power:
 Bestride the earth beneath (with weary pace)
 And there he beares the Olive branch of Grace:
 Dive downe into th'extreme Abyссе of Hell,
 And there in Iustice doth th'Almighty dwell.
 What secret Cloister could there then afford
 A screene 'twixt faithlesse *Jonah*, and his Lord?
 ¶ *Jonah* was charg'd, to take a charge in hand;
 But *Jonah* turn'd his backe on Gods command;
 Shooke off his yoke, and wilfully neglected,
 And what was strictly charg'd, hee quite rejected:
 And so he fled the power of his Word;
 And so he fled the presence of his Lord.
 ¶ Good God! how poore a thing is wretched man
 So fraile, that let him strive the best he can,
 With every little blast hee's overdon:
 If mighty Cedars of great *Lebanon*,
 Cannot the danger of the Axe withstand,
 Lord! how shall we, that are but bushes, stand:

Hee

A Feast for Wormes.

II

How fond, corrupt, how senselesse is 'mankinde?
How faining deafe is he? How wilfull blinde?
He stops his eares, and finnes: he shuts his eyes,
And (blindfold) in the lap of danger flies:
He finnes, despaires, and then to stint his grieffe,
He chuses death, to baulke the God of life.
¶ Poore wretched sinner, travell where thou wilt,
Thy travell shall be burthen'd with thy guilt:
Climb tops of hills, that prospects may delight thee,
There wil thy sins (like wolves & bears) afright thee
Fly to the vallies, that those frights may shun thee,
And there, like Mountains, they will fall upon thee:
Or to the raging Seas, (with *Ionah*) goe;
There will thy finnes like stormy *Neptune* flow.
Poore shiftlesse Man! what shall become of thee?
Wher' ere thou fly'st, thy griping sinne will flee.
¶ But all this while, the ship where *Ionah* sleepes,
Is tost and torne, and batter'd on the Deeps,
And well-nigh split upon the threatning Rocks,
With many a boistrous brush, and churly knocke:
God helpe all desp'rate voyagers, and keepe
All such as feeble thy wonders on the deepe.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Pilot thumps on Ionah's brest,
And rowzeth Ionah from his rest:
They all cast Lots, (being sore afrighted)
The sacred Lot on Ionah lightd.*

Scē 3.

He amazed Pilot finding no successe,
(But that the storme grew rather more than lesse,

For

For all their toilsome paines, and needles prayers
 Despairing both of life, and goods) repaires
 To *Ionahs* drowsie Cabbin, mainly calls;
 Calls *Ionah, Ionah*; and yet slower yawles;
 Yet *Ionah* sleepes; and gives a shrug, or two,
 And snores, (as greedy sleepers use to doe.)
 The wofull Pylot jogs him, (but in vaine.)
 (Perchance he dreames an idle word, or twaine;
 At length he tugs and pulls his heavy coarse,
 And thunders on his brest, with all his force:
 But (after many yawnes) he did awake him,
 And (being both affrighted) thus bespake him:

« Arise, O Sleeper, O, arise, and see,
 « There's not a twiny thred 'twixt death, and thee:
 « This darkesome place (thou ma'st see) is thy grave,
 « And sudden Death rides proud on yonder wave;
 « Arise, O sleeper, O arise, and pray;
 « Perhaps thy God will heare, and not say, Nay:
 « Repaire the losse of these our ill-spent houres,
 « Perchance thy God's more powerfull than ours;
 « Heavens hand may cease, and have compassion on us,
 « And turne away this mischief from us.

The sturdy Saylor (weary of their paine)
 Finding their bootlesse labour lost, and vaine,
 Forbare their toilsome task, & wrought no more
 Expecting Death, for which they lookt before;
 They call a parley, and consult together,
 They count their sinnes, (accusing one another)
 That for his sinne, or his, this ill was wrought:
 In fine, they all proove guilty of the fault:
 But yet the question was not ended so:
 One sayes, *Twas thine offence; but he sayes, No,*
But 'twas for thy sake, that accuses me;
Risht forth a third (the worst of the three)

A Feast for Wormes.

13

And swore it was anothers, which (be hearing)
 Deny'd it flat, and said, 'Twas thine for swearing:
 In came a fift, accusing all, (replying
 But little else) they all chid him for lying;
 One said it was, another said 'twas not:
 So all agreed, to stint the strife by Lott:
 Then all was whist, and all to prayer went;
 (For such a bus'nesse a fit complement)
 The Lott was cast; t'pleas'd God by Lots to tell,
 The Lott was cast, the Lott on *Isaiah* fell,

Medusa. 3.

O Sacred Subject of a Meditation!
 Thy Workes (O Lord) are full of Admiration,
 Thy judgements all are just, severe, and sure,
 They quite cut off, or else, by lancing, cure
 The festring sore of a rebellious heart,
 Lest soule infection taint th'immortall part,
 How deepe a Lethargy doth this disease
 Bring to the slumbring soule; through carelessse ease!
 Which once being wak't, (as from a golden dreame)
 Lookes up, and sees her griefes the more extreme.
 How seeming sweet's the quiet sleepe of sin?
 Which when a wretched man's once nuzzl'd in,
 How soundly sleepes he, without feare, or wit?
 No sooner doe his armes infolded knit
 A drowzie knot upon his carelessse brest,
 But there he snorts, and snores in endlessse rest;
 His eyes are closed fast, and deafe his eares,
 And (like *Endymion*) sleeps himselfe in yeares;
 His sense-bound heart relents not at the voice
 Of gentle warning, neither does the noise

OF

Of strong reproofe awake his sleeping eare,
Nor louder threatnings thunder makes him heare
So deafe's the sinners eare, so numb'd his sense,
That sinne's no corrosive, breeds no offence;
For custome brings delight, deludes the heart,
Beguiles the sense, and takes away the smart.

¶ But stay; Did one of Gods elected number,
(Whose eies should never sleep, nor eie-lids slumber)
So much forget himselfe? Did *Ionah* sleepe,
That should be watchfull, and the Tower keepe?
Did *Ionah* (the selected mouth of God)
In stead of roaring judgements, does he nod?
Did *Ionah* sleepe so sound? Could he sleepe then,
When (with the sudden sight of Death) the men
(So many men) with yelling shriekes, and cries,
Made very heaven report? Were *Ionah's* eyes
Still clos'd, and he, not of his life bereaven?

Hard must he wink that shuts his eies frō heaven
O righteous *Isr'el*, where, O, where art thou?
Where is thy Lampe? thy zealous Shepheard now
Alas! the rav'nous Wolves will worr' thy Sheepe
Thy Shepheard's carelesse, and is false asleepe;
Thy wandring flockes are frighted from their fold
Their Shepheard's gone, and Foxes are too bold;
They, they whose smooth-fac'd words become the
Their works dissent, & first begin to sault; (altay
And they that should be watchlights in the Temple
Are snuffes, and want the oyle of good example,
The chosen Watch-men that the tow'r should keepe
Are waxen heavy-ey'd, and false asleepe.

¶ Lord, if thy watchmen wink too much, awake the
Although they slumber, do not quite forsake them
The flesh is weake, say not (if dulnesse seize
Their heavie eies) sleep henceforth; take your ease

An

and we poore weaklings, when we sleepe in sin,
knocke at our drowzie hearts, and never lin,
ill thou awake our sin-congealed eyes,
lest (drown'd in sleepe) we sinke, and never rise.

THE ARGUMENT.

*They question Ionah whence he came,
His Country, and his peoples Name.
He makes reply: They mone their woe,
And aske his counsell what to doe.*

Secl. 4.

AS when a Thiefe's appr'hended on suspect,
And charg'd for some supposed malefact,
rude concourse of people, straight accrewes,
whose itching eares even smart to know the newes;
the guilty pris'ner (to himselfe betraid)
stands dejected, trembling and afraid:
so Ionah stood the Sailers all among,
enclosed round amid the ruder throng.
as in a Summers evening you shall heare
in Hives of Bees (if you lay close your eare)
confused buzzing, and seditious noise,
such was the murmure of the Saylers voice.
What was thy sinfull act, that causes this,
(Sayer one) wherein hast thou so done amisse?
Tell us, what is thine Art (another sayes)
That thou professest? Speake man, whence awayer,
From what Confiner cam'st thou? (A third replyes)
What is thy Country? and of what allies?
What, art thou borne a Jew? or Gentile? whether?
(Arg he could lend an answer unto either)

at A fourth

« A fourth demands, Where hath thy breeding been?
 All what they askt, they all askt o're again:
 In fine, their eares (impatient of delay)
 Becalm'd their tongues to hear what he could say

So *Jonas* (humbly rearing up his eyes)
 Breaking his long-kept silence, thus replies:

« I am an Hebrew, sonne of Abraham,
 « From whom my Land did first derive her name,
 « Within the Land of Tury was I borne,
 « My name is *Jonah*, richlesse, and forlorn:
 « I am a Prophet: ah! but woe is me,
 « For from before the face of God I flee;
 « From whence (through a disobedience) I am driven:
 « I feare *Iehovah*, the great God of Heaven:
 « I feare the Lord of Hosts, whose glorious hand
 « Did make this stormy Sea, and massie Land.

So said, their eares with double ravishment,
 Still hung upon his melting lips, attent,
 Whose dreadful words their harts so neer impierd
 That from themselves, themselves were quite di-
 As in a fowltry Summers euening tide, (vers
 (When lustfull *Phobus* re-salutes his Bride,
 And *Philomela* 'gins her caroling)

A Herd of Deere are browzing in a Spring,
 With eger appetite, misdeeming nought,
 Nor in so deepe a silence fearing ought:
 A sudden cracke, or sonie unthought-of sound,
 Or bounce of Fowlers Peece, or yelp of Hound
 Disturbs their quiet peace wth strange amaze (g
 Where (senseless halfe) through feare, they stand
 So stand the Sea-men, (as with Ghosts affrighted
 Entraunc'd with what this man-of God recited:
 Their tyred limbes doe now waxe faint, and lide
 Their harts did yern, their knees did smite togeth

Cong

A Feast for Wormes. . 17

Congealed blood usurpe their trembling hearts,
And left a faintnesse in their feeble parts :
Who (trembling out distracting language,) thus :

- « *Why hast thou brought this mischiefe upon us ?*
« *What humour led thee to a place unknowne,*
« *To seeke a ferraigne Land, and leave thine owne ?*
« *What faith hadst thou, by leaving thine abode,*
« *To thinke to flye the presence of thy God ?*
« *Why hast thou not obey'd (but thus transgress)*
« *The voice of God, whom thou acknowledgest ?*
« *Art thou a Prophet, and dost thou amisse ?*
« *What is the cause ? and why hast thou done this ?*
« *What shall we doe ? The tempest lends no eare*
« *To fruitlesse chat, nor doe the billowes heare,*
« *Or marke our language : waves are not attent,*
« *Our goods they float, our needlesse paines are spent :*
« *Our Barke's not weather prooffe : no Fort's so stout,*
« *To keepe continuall siege and battry out,*
« *The Lot accuses thee, thy words condemne thee,*
« *The waves (thy deaths-men) strive to overwhelm thee :*
« *What shall we doe ? Thou Prophet, speake, we pray thee :*
« *Thou fearest the Lord ; Alas ! we may not slay thee :*
« *Or shall we save thee ? No, for thou dost flye*
« *The face of God, and so deserv'st to dye :*
« *Thou Prophet, speake, what shall be done to thee,*
« *That angry Seas may calme, and quiet be ?*

Medita. 4.

GIve leave a little to adjourn your text, (plext)
And ease my soule, my soule with doubts per-
Can he be said to feare the Lord, that flies him ?
Can word confession him, when as deed denyes him ?

C

My

18 *A Feast for Wormes.*

My sacred Muse hath rounded in mine eare,
And read the myst'ry of a twofold feare :
The first, a servile feare, for judgements sake ;
And thus hells Fire-brands doe feare and quake.
Thus *Adam* fear'd, and fled behinde a tree :
And thus did bloody *Cain* feare and flee.

Vnlike to this, there is a second kinde
Of feare, extracted from a zealous minde,
Full fraught with love, and with a conscience clear
From base respects : It is a filiall feare ;
A feare whose ground would just remaine, & level,
Were neither Heaven, nor Hel, nor God, nor devil.
Such was the feare that Princely *David* had ;
And thus our wretched *Ionah* fear'd, and fled :
He fled asham'd, because his sinnes were such ;
He fled asham'd, because his feare was much.
He fear'd *Jehovah*, other fear'd he none :
Him he acknowledg'd ; him he fear'd alone :
Vnlike to those who (being blinde with error)
Frame many gods, and multiply their terrour.
Th' *Egyptians*, god *Apis* did implore,
God *Assa* the *Chaldeans* did adore :
Babel to the *Deuouring Dragon* seekes ;
Th' *Arabians*, *Astarab* ; *Iuna*, the *Greekes* ;
The name of *Belus*, the *Affyrians* hallow,
The *Troians*, *Vesta* ; *Corinth*, wise *Apollo* ;
Th' *Arginians* sacrifice unto the *Sunne* ;
To light-foot *Mercury* bowes *Macedon* ;
To god *Volumnus*, Lovers bend their knee :
To *Pavor*, those that faint, and fearfull be :
Who pray for health, and strength, to *Marcia* those
And to *Tuffin*, they that feare to lose :
To *Muta*, they that feare a womans tongue :
To great *Lucina*, women great wish young :

To *Esculapius*, they that live oppress:
And such to *Quies*, that desire rest.

O blinded ignorance of antique times,
How blent with errour, and how stult with crimes
Your Temples were! And how adulterate!
How clogg'd with needlesse gods! How obstinate!
How void of reason, order, how confuse!
How full of dangerous and foule abuse!
How sandy were thy grounds, and how unstable!
How many Deities! yet how unable!

Implore these gods, that list to howle and barke,
They bow to *Dagon*, *Dagon* to the Arke:
But he to whom the seale of mercy's given,
Adores *Iehovah*, the great God of Heaven:
Vpon the mention of whose sacred Name,
Meeke Lambs grow fierce, & the fierce Lions tame:
Bright *Sol* shall stop, & heaven shall turn his courser:
Mountains shall dance, and *Neptune* slake his force:
The Seas shall part, the fire want his flame,
Vpon the mention of *Iehovah's* Name:
A Name, that makes the rooſe of heaven to shake,
The frame of Earth to quiver, Hell to quake:
A Name, to which all Angells blow their Trumps;
A Name, puts frolicke man into his dumps,
(Though ne're so blythe) A Name of high renown,
It mounts the meeke, and beats the lofty downe;
A Name, divides the marrow in the bone;
A Name, which out of hard, and flinty stone,
Extracteth hearts of flesh, and makes relent
Those hearts that never knew what mercy meant.

O Lord! how great's thy Name in all the Land?
How mighty are the wonders of thy hand?
How is thy glory plac't above the heaven?
To tender mouths of Sucklings thou hast given

Cocreative pow'r; and boldnesse to reprove;
 When elder men doe what them not behoove.
 O Lord! how great's the power of thy hand?
 O God! how great's thy Name in all the Land?

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Prophet doth his fault discover,
 Perswades the men to cast him over:
 They row, and toile, but doe no good,
 They pray to be excus'd from blood.*

SECT. 5.

SO Ionab fram'd this speech to their demand;
 Not that I seeke to traverse the command
 Of my deare Lord, and out of minde perverse,
 To avoid the Ninivites, doe I amerce
 My selfe; Nor that I ever heard you threat,
 (Unlesse I went to Ninivch (the great)
 And doe the message sent her from the Lord)
 That you would kill, or cast me over-board,
 Doe I doe this; 'Tis my deserved fine:
 You all are guiltlesse, and the fault is mine:
 'Tis I, 'tis I alone, 'tis I am he
 The tempest comes from heaven, the cause from me;
 You shall not lose a haire for this my sin,
 Nor perish for the fault that mine hath bin;
 Lo, if the man am here: Lo, I am he,
 The root of all; End your revenge on me;
 I fled th' Eternall God; O, let me then
 (Because I fled my God) so flye from men:
 Redeeme your lives with mine; Ah, why should I,
 Not guiltlesse live; and you, not guilty, dye?

as I am

A Feast for Wormes.

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*I am the man, for whom these billowes dance,
My death shall purchase your deliverance ;
Feare not to cease your feares ; but throw me in ;
Alas ! my soule is burthensd with my sin,
And God is just, and bent to his Decree,
Which certaine is, and cannot alter'd be ;
I am proclam'd a Traitor to the King
Of heauen, and earth : The windes with speedy wing
Acquaint the Seas : The Seas mount up on bie,
And cannot rest, untill the Traytor dye ;
Ob, cast me in, and let my life be ended ;
Let Death make Iustice mends, which Life offended ;
Ob, let the swelling waters me embalme ;
So shall the waves be still, and Sea be calme,*
So said, th'amazed Mariners grew sad,
New Love abstracted, what old Feare did adde ;
Love called Pity : Feare call'd Vengeance in ;
Love view'd the Sinner ; Feare beheld the Sin ;
Love cry'd out, Hold ; for better sav'd, than spil'd ;
But Feare cry'd, Kill ; O better kill, than kill'd :
Thus plung'd with Passions, they distracted were
Betwixt the hopes, and doubts, of Love and Feare ;
Some cry'd out, Save : if this soule deed we doe,
Vengeance that haunted him, will haunt us too :
Others cry'd, No ; May rather death befall
To one (that hath deserv'd to dye) then all :
Save him (sayes one,) Oh save the man, that thus
His dearest blood hath profer'd, to save us ;
No, (sayes another) vengeance must have blood,
And vengeance strikes most hard, when most with-
In fine (say all :) Then let the Prophet die, (stood.
And we shall live ; For Prophets cannot lye.
Loth to be guilty of their owne, yet loth
To haste poore *Ionahs* death, with hope, that both

Th' approaching evils might be at once prevented,
 With prayers and paines reutter'd, reatented,
 They try'd new wayes, despairing of the old,
 Love quickens courage, makes the spirits bold;
 They strove, in vaine, by toile to win the shiore,
 And wrought more hard than er'e they did before;
 But now, both hands and hearts begin to quaille,
 (For bodieꝝ wanting rest, must faint and faile;)
 The Seas are angry, and the waves arise,
 Appeas'd with nothing, but a Sacrifice;
 Gods vengeance stornieth like the raging Seas,
 Which nought but *Jonah* (dying) can appease:
 Fond is that labour, which attempts to free,
 What Heaven hath bound by a divine decree:
Jonah must dye, Heaven hath decreed it so,
Jonah must die, or else they all die too;
Jonah must die, that from his Lord did flye;
 The Lott determines, *Jonah* then must dye;
 His guilty word confirmes the sacred Lott,
Jonah must dye then, if they perish not.
 ¶ If Justice then appoints, (since he must die,
 ¶ Said they) us Actors of his Tragedy,
 ¶ (we beg not (Lord) a warrant to offend)
 ¶ O, pardon blood-shed, that we must intend;
 ¶ Though hot our hands, yet shall our hearts be cleare;
 ¶ Then let not shamelesse consciences beare
 ¶ The pond'rous burden of a Murderers guilt,
 ¶ Or pay the price of blood, that must be still;
 ¶ For loe, (deare Lord) it is thine owne decree,
 ¶ And we sad ministers of Justice be.

Medita. 9

Medita. 5.

BVt stay a while; this thing would first be knowne:
 Can *Ionah* give himselfe, and not his owne?
 That part to God, and to his Country, this
 Pertaines, so that a slender third is his;
 Why then should *Ionah* doe a double wrong,
 To deale himselfe away, that did belong
 The least unto himselfe? or how could he
 Teach this, (*Thou shalt not kill*) if *Ionah* be
 His lifes owne Butcher? What, was this a deed
 That with the Calling he profess't, agreed?
 The purblind age (whose workes (almost divine)
 Did meereley with the oyle of Nature shine,
 That knew no written Law, nor Grace, nor God,
 To whip their conscience with a steely rod,)
 How much did they abhorre so foule a fact?
 When (led by Natures glimpse) they made an act,
 Selfe-murtherers should be deny'd to have
 The charitable honour of a grave:
 Can such doe so, when *Ionah* does amisse?
 What, *Ionah*, *Israels* Teacher! and doe this?
 The Law of Charity doth all forbid,
 In this thing to doe that which *Ionah* did;
 Moreo're, in charity, 'tis thy behest,
 Of dying men to thinke, and speake the best;
 The mighty *Samson* did as much as this;
 And who dare say, that *Samson* did amisse,
 If heavens high Spirit whisper'd in his eare
 Expresse command to doe't? No wavering feare
 Drew backe the righteous *Abram's* armed hand
 From *Haacks* death, secur'd by heavens command.
 ¶ Sure is the knot that true Religion tyes,
 And Love that's rightly groundd, never dyes;

C 4

It

It seemes a paradoxe, beyond beliefe,
That men in trouble should prolong reliefe;
That Pagans (to withstand a Strangers Fate)
Should be neglective of their owne estate.

Where is this love become in later age?

Alas! 'tis gone in endlesse pilgrimage
From hence, and never to returne (I doubt)
Till revolution wheele those times about:
Chill brests have starv'd her here, and she is driven
Away; and with *Astrea* fled to heaven.

Poore Charity, that naked Babe is gone,
Her honey's spent, and all her store is done;
Her winglesse Bees can finde out ne're a bloome,
And crooked *Atis* doth usurpe her roome:

Nepenthe's dry, and Love can get no drinke,
And curs'd *Ardenne* flowes above the brinke.

Brave Mariners, the world your names shall hallow
Admiring that in you, that none dare follow;
Your friendship's rare, & your conversion strange,
From Paganisme to zeale? A sudden change!

Those men doe now the God of heaven implore,
That bow'd to Puppets, but an houre before;
Their zeale is fervent, (though but new begun)
Before their egge-shells were done off, they run:

As when bright *Phabus*, in a Summer tide,
(New risen from the bosome of his Bride)

Enveloped with misty fogges, at length (strength;
Breakes forth, displays the mist, with Southerne
Even so these Mariners (of peerlesse mirrour)

Their faith b'ing veil'd within the mist of errour,
At length their zeale chac'd ignorance away,
They left their Puppets, and began to pray.

¶ Lord how unlimited are thy confines,
That still pursu'st man in his good designs!

Thy

Thy mercy's like the dew of *Hermon* hill,
Or like the Oyntment, dropping downward still
From *Aarons* head, to beard; from beard to foot:
So doe thy mercies drench us round about:
Thy love is boundlesse; Thou art apt, and free,
To turne to Man, when Man returns to thee.

THE ARGUMENT.

*They cast the Prophet over board:
The storme alay'd: They feare the Lord;
A mighty Fish him quick devoures,
Where he remained many houres.*

SECT. 6.

EVEN as a member, whose corrupted sore
Infects, and rankl's, eating more and more,
Threatning the bodies losse (if not prevented)
The wise chirurgeon (all faire meanes attended)
Cuts off, and with advised skill doth choöse,
To lose a part, then all the body lose;
Even so the feeble Sailors (that addresse
Their idle armes, where heaven denyes successe)
Forbeare their thievelesse labours, and devise
To reöte that Evil, from whence their harms arise:
Treason is in their thoughts, and in their eares
Danger revives the old, and addes new feares;
Their hearts grow fierce, and every soule applyes
To abandon mercy from his tender eyes: (stood,
They cease t'attempt what heaven so long with-
And bent to kill, their thoughts are all on blood;
They whisper oft, each word is Deaths Alarme;
They hoyst him up; Each lends a busie arme,

And

And with united powers they entombe
 His out-cast body in *Tbetu* angry wombe :
 Whereat grim *Neptune* wip't his fomy mouth,
 Held his tridented Mace upon the South;
 The winds were whist, the billows danc't no more,
 The storme allay'd, the heavens left off to rore,
 The waves (obedient to their pilgrimage)
 Gave ready passage, and surceast their rage,
 The skie grew cleare, and now the welcome light
 Begins to put the gloomy clouds to flight :
 Thus all on sudden was the Sea tranquill,
 The heav'ns were quiet, and the Waves were still.
 As when a friendly Creditor (to get
 A long forborne, and much-concerning debt)
 Still plyes his willing debtor with entreats,
 Importunes dayly, dayly thumps, and beates
 The batter'd Portalls of his tyred cares,
 Bedeasing him with what he knowes, and heares
 The weary debtor, to avoyd the sight
 He loathes, shifts here, and there, and ev'ry night
 Seekes out Protection of another bed,
 Yet ne'rethelss (pursu'd and followed)
 His cares are still layd at with lowder volley
 Of harder Dialect; He melancholy,
 Sits downe, and sighs, and after long foreslowing,
 (T'avoid his presence) payes him what is owing;
 The thankfull Creditor is now appeas'd,
 Takes leave, and goes away content, and pleas'd.
 Even so these angry waves, with restless rage,
 Accosted *Ionas* in his pilgrimage,
 And thundred Iudgement in his fearfull care,
 Presenting *Hubbubs* to his guilty feare :
 The Waves rose discontent, the Surges beat,
 And every moments death, the billowes threat,

The weather-beaten Ship did every minuit
 Await destruction, while he was in it:
 But when his (long expected) corps they threw
 Into the deepe, (a debt, through trespassse, due)!
 The Sea grew kind, and all her frownes abated,
 Her face was smooth to all that navigated.
 'Twas sinfull *Ionah* made her storme and rage,
 'Twas sinfull *Jenah* did her storme asswage.
 With that the Mariners astonisht were,
 And fear'd *Jehovah* with a mighty feare,
 Offering up Sacrifice with one accord,
 And vowing solemné vows unto the Lord.
 But he whose word can make the earth's foundatiō
 Tremble, and with his Word can make cessation,
 Whose wrath doth mouēt the waves, & tosse the Seas
 And make the calme & smooth, whē e're he please:
 This God, (whose mercy runs on endless wheel,
 And pulls (like *Isaac*) Iustice by the heele)
 Prepar'd a Fish, prepar'd a mighty Whale,
 Whose belly was both prison-house, and baile,
 For retchlesse *Ionah*. As the two-leaf'd dore
 Opens, to welcome home the fruitfull store,
 Wherewith the harvest quits the Plowmans hope,
 Even so the great *Leviathan* set ope
 His beame-like Iawes, (prepar'd for such a boone)
 And at a morsell, swallow'd *Ionah* downe.
 Till dewy-cheek't *Aurora*'s purple dye
 Thrice dappell'd had the ruddy morning skye,
 And thirce had spred the Curtaines of the morne,
 To let in *Titan*, when the Day was borne,
Ionah was Tenant to this living Grave,
 Embowel'd deepe in this stupendious Cave.

Meditatio

Meditatio 6.

LO, Death is now, as alwayes it hath bin,
 The just procured stipend of our sinne:
 Sinne is a golden Cause, and a Road
 Garnisht with joyes, whose pathes are evē & broad
 But leads at length to death, and endlesse griefe,
 To torment, and to pains, without reliefe.
 Justice feares none, but maketh all afraid,
 And then falls hardest, when 'tis most delaid,
 But thou reply'st, Thy sinnes are daily great,
 Yet thou sitt'st uncontrold upon thy seat;
 Thy wheat doth flourish, and thy barnes do thrive,
 Thy sheepe encrease, thy sonnes are all alive,
 And thou art buxom, and hast nothing scant,
 Finding no want of any thing, but want,
 Whil'st others, whom the squint-ey'd world counts
 Sit sadly drooping in a melancholy, (holy,
 With brow dejected, and downe-hanging head,
 Or take of almes, or poorely begge their bread:
 But young man, know there is a Day of doome,
 The Feast is good, untill the reck'ning come.
 The time runnes fastest, where is least regard;
 The stone that's long in falling, falleth hard;
 There is a dying day, (thou prosp'rous foole)
 When all thy laughter shall be turn'd to Doole,
 Thy roabes to tort'ring plagues, & fell tormenting
 Thy whoops of Ioy, to howles of sad lamenting:
 Thy tongue shall yell, and yawle, and never stop,
 And wish a world, to give for one poore drop,
 To flatter thine intolerable paine;
 The wealth of *Pluto* could not then obtaine

minutes freedome from that hellish rour,
whose fire burnes, and never goeth out:
nor house, nor land, nor measur'd heaps of wealth,
in render to a dying man, his health:
nor life on earth is like a thred of flax,
that all may touch, and being rought, it cracks.
As when an Archer snooteth for his sport,
sometimes his shaft is gone, sometimes 'tis short,
sometimes o'th' left hand wide; sometimes o'th' right;
at last (through often tryall) hits the White;
death sometimes with her uncertaine Rover,
strikes our Superiours (and so shootes over)
sometimes for change, she strikes the meaner sort,
strikes our inferiours (and then comes short)
sometimes upon the left hand wide she goes,
and so (still wounding some) she strikes our foes;
and sometimes wide upon the right hand bends,
where with impartial shafts, she strikes our friends;
length, (through often tryall) hits the White,
and so strikes us into Eternall night.
Death is a Kalender compos'd by Fate,
concerning all men, never out of Date:
her dayes Deminical are writ in blood;
she shewes more bad daies, then she sheweth good:
she tels when dayes, & monthes, & termes expire,
casing the lives of mortalls by her squire.
Death is a Pursivant, with Eagles wings,
that knocks at poor mens doors, & gates of Kings.
Mortall, beware betime; death sculks behind thee
as she leaves thee, so will Iudgement find thee.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Within the bowels of the Fish,
 Jonah laments in great anguish;
 God heard his pray'r, at whose command,
 The Fish disgorg'd him on the Land.

SECT. 7.

Then *Jonah* turn'd his face to heav'n, and pray'd
 Within the bowels of the Whale, and said,
 « I cry'd out of my balefull misery
 « Unto my God, and he hath heard my cry;
 « From out the paunch of hell I made a voyce,
 « And thou hast answer'd me, and heard my voyce:
 « Into the Doopes and bottome thou hast throwne me,
 « Thy Surges, and thy Waves have pass upon me.
 « Then Lord (said I) from thy resplendent sight
 « I am expell'd, I am forsaken quite;
 « Nay't blesse while those my wretched eyes remaine,
 « Unto thy Temple will I looke againe.
 « The boyl'rous Waters compass'd me about,
 « My body threatn'd, to let her pris'ner out,
 « The boundlesse depth enclos'd me, (almost dead)
 « The weeds are wrapt about my fainting head,
 « I liv'd on earth rejoic'd at thine hand,
 « And a perpetuall pris'ner in the Land;
 « Yet thou wilt cause my life t' ascend at length,
 « From out this pit, O Lord, my God, my Strength;
 « When as my soule was over-welm'd, and faint,
 « I had recourse to thee, did thee acquaint
 « With the condition of my wofull case,
 « My cry came to thee, in thine holy Place.

Those to Vanities themselves betake,
 Renounce thy mercies, and thy love forsake:
 To thee I'll sacrifice in endless dayes,
 With voice of thanks, and ever-sounding praise:
 I'll pay my vowes, for all the world records
 With one consent, Salvation is the Lords.
 But he (whose word's a deed, whose breath's a law;
 whose just command implies a dreadfull awe,
 whose Word prepar'd a Whale upon the Deepe,
 to tend, and wait for *Jonah's* fall, and keepe
 his out-cast body safe, and soule secure)
 his very God (whose mercy must endure,
 when heaven, & earth, when sea, & all things faile)
 disclos'd his purpose, and bespake the Whale,
 to redeliver *Jonah* to his hand;
 thereat the Whale disgorg'd him on the land.

Medita. 7.

Well record, a holy Father sayes,
 * He teaches to deny, that faintly prayes:
 he suit surceases, when desire failes,
 but who so prayes with fervency, prevails;
 for Pray'r's the key that opes th' eternall gate,
 and findes admittance, whether earl' or late;
 it forces audience, it unlockes the eare * (heare.
 Of heavens great God (though deafe) it makes him
 Vpon a time *Babel* (the worlds faire Queene
 made drunk with choller, and enrag'd with spleen)
 through fell disdain, derraigned war' gainst them
 that tender homage to *Ierusalem*:
 a maiden-fight it was, yet they were strong
 as men of Warre; The Battaille lasted long,

Much

Much blood was shed, and spilt on either side;
 That all the ground with purple gore was dyde;
 In fine, a Souldier of *Ierusalem*:
Charissa hight, (the Almner of the Realme)
 Chill'd with an ague, and unapt to fight,
 Into *Iustitia's* Castle rooke her flight,
 Whereat great *Babels* *Queene* commanded all,
 To lay their siege against the Castle wall;
 But poore *Tymissa* (not with warre acquainted)
 Fearing *Charissa's* death, fell downe, and fainted;
 Dauntlesse *Prudentia* rear'd her from the ground,
 Where she lay (pale, and senselesse) in a ffound,
 She rub'd her temples, and at length awaking,
 She gave her water, of *Fidissa's* making,
 And said, Cheare up, (deare sister) though our fate
 Hath tane us Captives, thus besieg'd with woe,
 We have a King puissant, and of might,
 Will see us take no wrong, and doe us right;
 If we possesse him with our sad complaint,
 Cheare up, wee'l send to him, and him acquaint.
Tymissa (new awak'd from ffound) replies,
 Our Castle is begirt with enemies,
 And troops of armed men besiege our walls,
 Then surer Death, or worse then death befalls
 To her, (who ere she be) that stirres a foot,
 Or rashly dares attempt to venture out,
 Alas! what hope have we to find reliefe,
 And want the means that may divulge our griefe
 Within that place a jolly Matron dwell'd,
 Whose looks were fixt and sad; her left hand held
 A payre of equall ballances; her right,
 A two-edg'd sword; her eyes were quicke & bright
 Not apt to squint; but nimble to discern;
 Her visage lovely was, yet bold and sterne;

Her name *Iustitia*; to her they make
 Their moane; who, well advis'd, them thus bespake
 Faire Maidens, more beloved then the light,
 True the suffrance of your wofull plight,
 But pittie's fond alone, recures no grieffe,
 But fruitlesse falls, unlesse it yeeld reliefe.
 Cheare up, I have a Messenger in store,
 Whose speed is much, but faithfull trust is more,
 Whose nimble wings shall cleave the flitting skies,
 And scorne the terrour of your enemies,
Oratio hight, well knowne unto your King,
 Your mellage she shall doe, and tydings bring,
 Provided that *Fidissa* travaile with her,
 And so (on Christs name) let them goe together.
 With that, *Fidissa* having ta'ne her errant,
 And good *Oratio* with *Iustitia*'s Warrant,
 In silence of the midnight tooke her flight,
 Arriving at the Court that very night;
 But they were both as flames of fire hot,
 For they did fly as swift, as Cannon shot,
 But they (lest sudden cold should do them harme)
 Together clung, and kept each other warme:
 But now, the kingly gates were spar'd, and lockt,
 They call'd, but none made answer, the they knockt
 Together joyning both their force in one,
 They knockt againe; Yet answer there was none;
 But they that never learn'd to take deniall,
 With importunity made further tryall;
 The King heard well, although he list not speake,
 Till they with strokes the gate did wel-nie break:
 In fine, the brazen gates flew open wide;
Oratio moov'd her fine, The King replide,
Oratio was a faire, and welcome guest;
 So heard her suite, so granted her request.

D

Fraille

Frail Man, observe; In thee the practice lies,
 Let sacred Meditation moralize:
 Let Pray'r be fervent, and thy Faith intire,
 And heaven, at last, will grant thee thy desire.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The second time was Ionah sent
 To Niniveh: now Ionah went:
 Against her crying sinnes he cry'd,
 And her destruction prophecy'd.*

Sect. 8.

ONce more the voice of heav'ns-high-Cōmāder
 (Like horrid claps of heav'ns-dividing-thun-
 Or like the fall of waters breach (the noise (der,
 B'ing heard farre distant off) such was the voice)
 Came downe from heav'n to Ionah new-borne-
 To re-baptized Ionah, and thus began; (Many
*Am I a God? Or art thou ought but Dust?
 More then a man? Or are my Lawes unjust?
 Am I a God, and shall I not command?
 Art thou a man, and darst my Lawes withstand?
 Shall I (the motion of whose breath shall make
 Both Earth, and Sea, and Hell, and Heaven quake)
 By thee (foule man) shall I be thus neglected;
 And thy presumption scape uncorrected?
 Thy faith hath sav'd thee (Ionah:) Sin no more,
 Let worse things happen after, then before;
 Arise, let all th' assembled pow'rs agree
 To do th' Embassage I impose on thee,
 Trifle no more; and, to avoyd my sight,
 Thinke not to banke me with a second flight.*

Arise

Arise, and goe to Ninivch (the great)
Where broods of Gentiles have ta'ne up their seat,
The great Queene regent mother of the Land,
That multiplies in people like the sand;
Away, with wings of time, (I'll not essaye thee)
Denounce these fiery Iudgements, I enjoyne thee.

Like as a yongling that to schoole is sent,
(Scarce weaned from his mothers blandishment
Where he was cockerd with a stroking hand)
With stubborne heart, denyes the Iust command
His Tutor wills: But being once corrected,
His home-bred stomach's curb'd, or quite ejected:
His crooked nature's chang'd, and mollified,
And humbly seekes, what stoutly he deny'd;
So *Iomah's* stout, perverse, and stubborne hart,
Was hardned once, but when it felt the smart
Of heav'ns avenging wrath, it straight dissolv'd,
And what it once avoided, now resolv'd
T' effect with speed, and with a carefull hand
Fully replenish'd with his Lords Command,
To *Niniveb* he flyeth like a Roe,
Each step the other strives to overgoe;
And as an Arrow to the marke does flye,
So (bent to flight) flyes he to *Niniveb*.

Now *Niniveb* a mighty City was,
Which all the Cities of the world did passe,
A City which o're all the rest aspires,
Like midnight-*Phæbe* 'mongst the lesser fires,
A City, which (although to men was given)
Better bescem'd the Majestie of Heaven:
A City Great to God, whose ample wall,
Who undertakes to mete with paces, shall
Bring *Phæbus* thrice to bed, ere it be dun,
(Although with dawning *Hesperus* begun.)

When *Jonas* had approacht the City gate,
 He made no stay to rest, nor yet to bait,
 No supple oyle, his fainting head anoints,
 Stayes not to bathe his weather-beaten joynts,
 Nor smooth'd his countenance, nor slick't his skin,
 Nor craved he the Hostage of an Inne,
 To ease his aking bones (with travell sore)
 But went as speedy, as he fled before;
 The Cities greatnelle made him not refuse,
 To be the trump of that unwelcome newes
 His tongue was great with; But (like thunders noise)
 His mouth flew ope, and out there rush'd a voyce.

*When drowny cheek't Aurora shall display
 Her golden locks, and summon up the Day
 Twice twenty times, and rest her drowny head
 Twice twenty nights, in aged Tithons bed,
 Then Nineveh this place of high renowne,
 Shall be destroy'd, and sike, and batter'd downe.*

He sat not downe to take deliberation,
 What manner people were they, or what Nation,
 Or Gent', or Salvage; nor did he enquier
 What place were most convenient for a Cryer,
 Nor like a sweet-lip'd Orator did steare;
 Or tune his language to the peoples eare,
 But bold, and rough, yet full of Majestic,
 Lift up his trumpet, and began to cry,

*When forty times Don Phabus shall fulfill
 His Iournall course upon Olympian Hill,
 Then Niniveh (the worlds great wonder) shall
 Startle the worlds foundation with her fall.*

The dismall Prophet stands not to admire
 The Cities pompe, or peoples qualne attire,
 Nor yet (with fond affection) doth pitie
 Th'approaching downfall of so brave a City,

But

But dauntlesse he his dreadfull voice extends,
Respectlesse, whom this bolder cry offends,
Within forty dayes shall be expir'd, and run,
And that poore Inch of time drawne out and done,
Then Niniveh (the Worlds Imperiall throne)
Shall not be left a stone, upon a stone.

Meditat. 8.

BUt stay; Is God like one of us? Can he,
When he hath said it, alter his Decree?
Can he that is the God of Truth, dispence
With what he vow'd? or offer violence
Vpon his sacred Iustice? Can his minde
Revolt at all? or vary like the winde?
How comes this alteration then, that He
Thus limiting th'effect of his Decree
Vpon the expiring date of fortie dayes,
He then performes it not? But still delayes
His plagues denounc't, & Iudgment stil forbears,
And stead of forty Dayes gives many yeares?
Yet forty Dayes, and *Niniveh* shall perish?
Yet forty yeares, and *Niniveh* doth flourish:
A change in man's infirmie; in God 'tis strange;
In God, to change his Will, and will a Change,
Are diuers things: When He repeates from ill,
He wills a change; he changes not his Will;
The subject's chang'd, which secret was to us,
But not the mind, that did dispose it thus;
Denounced Iudgement God doth off'p'rent;
But neither changes counsell, nor intent:
The voyce of heaven doth seldome threat perdition
But with expresse, or an imply'd condition,
So that, if *Niniveh* returne from ill,
God turnes his hand, he doth not turne his Will.

¶ The stint of *Niniveb* was forty dayes,
 To change the Byas of her crooked wayes :
 To some the time is large; To others, small;
 To some 'tis many yeares; And not at all
 To others; Some an hower have, and some
 Have scarce a minute of their time to come;
 Thy span of life (*Malsido*) is thy space,
 To call for mercy, and to cry for grace.

¶ Lord! what is man, but like a worme that crawles
 Open to danger, every foot that falls
 Death creeps (unheard) and steals abroad (unseen)
 Her darts are sudden, and her arrowes keene,
 Vncertaine when, but certaine she will strike,
 Respecting King and Begger both alike;
 The stroke is deadly, come it soone, or late,
 Which once being stricke, repenting's out of date;
 Death is a minute, full of sudden sorrow :
 " Then live to day, as thou maist dye to morrow.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Ninivites beleve the word,
 Their hearts returne unto their Lord;
 In him they put their onely trust :
 They mourne in Sackcloth, and in dust.*

SECT. 9.

SO said; the *Ninivites* beleev'd the Word,
 Beleev'd *Iomas*, and beleev'd the Lord;
 They made no pause, nor jested at the newes
 Nor slighted it, because it was a Jew's
 Denouncement : No, Nor did their gazing eyes
 (As taken captives with such novelties)

Admire

Admire the strangers garb, so quaint to theirs,
No idle chat possess their itching cares,
The while 't he spake; nor were their tongues on fier
To raile upon, or interrupt the Cryer,
Nor did they question whether true the message,
Or false the prophet were, that brought th' embassage
But they gave faith to what he said; relented,
And (changing their mis-wandred waies) repented;
Before the searching Ayre could coole his word,
Their hearts returned, and belceev'd the Lord;
And they, whose dainty lips were cloy'd while ere,
With cates, and vyands, and with wanton cheare,
Doe now enjoyne their palats not to tast
The offall bread, (for they proclam'd a Fast)
And they, whose looser bodies once did lye
Wrapt up in Robes, and Silks of Princely Dye,
Lo now, in stead of Robes, in rags they mourne,
And all their Silkes doe into Sack-cloath turne,
They read themselves sad Lectures on the ground,
Learning to want, as well as to abound;
The Prince was not exempted, nor the Peere,
Nor yet the richest, nor the poorest there;
The old man was not freed, (whose hoary age
Had ev'n almost outworne his Pilgrimage;)
Nor yet the yong, whose Glasse (but new begun)
By course of Nature had an age to run:

For when that fatall Word came to the King,
(Convay'd with speed upon the nimble wing
Of flitting Fame) He straight dismounts his Throne
Forfakes his Chaire of State he sate upon,
Disrob'd his body, and his head discrown'd,
In dust and ashes grou'ling on the ground,
And when he rear'd his trembling corps againe,
(His haire all filthy with the dust he lay in)

He clad in pensive Sackcloth, did depose
 Himselfe from State Imperiall, and chose
 To live a Vassall, or a baser thing,
 Then to usurpe the Scepter of a King:
 (Respectlesse of his pompe) he quite forgate
 He was a Monarch mindlesse of his State,
 He neither sought to rule, or be obey'd,
 Nor with the Sword, nor with the Scepter sway'd.

Meditat. 9.

IS fasting then the thing that God requires?
 Can fasting expiate, or slake those fires
 That sinne hath blowne to such a mighty flame?
 Can sackcloth cloth a fault? or hide a shame?
 Can ashes cleanse thy blot? or purge thy offence?
 Or doe thy hands make heaven a recompence,
 By strowing dust upon thy bryny face?
 Are these the trickes to purchase heavenly grace?
 No, though thou pine thy selfe with willing want;
 Or face looke thinne, or Carcas ne're so gaunt,
 Although thou worser weeds then sackcloth wear;
 Or naked goe, or sleepe in shirts of haire,
 Or though thou chuse an ash-tub for thy bed,
 Or make a daily dunghill on thy head,
 Thy labour is not pay'd with equal gaines,
 For thou hast nought but labour for thy paines:
 Such holy madnesse God rejects, and loathes,
 That sinkes no deeper, than the skin, or cloathes:
 'Tis not thine eyes which (taught to weepe by art)
 Looke red with teares, (not guilty of thy hart)
 'Tis not the holding of thy hands so hye,
 Nor yet the puer squinting of thine eye;

'Tis

Tis not your mimick mouthes, your antick faces,
Your Scripture phrases, or affected Graces,
Nor prodigall up-banding of thine eyes,
Whose gashtull balls doe seeme to pelt the skyes;
Tis not the strict reforming of your haire
So close, that all the neighbour skull is bare;
Tis not the drooping of thy head so low,
Nor yet the lowring of thy sullen brow,
Nor wolvisht howling that disturbs the aire,
Nor repetitions of your tedious prayer;
No, no, 'tis none of this, that God regards;
Such sort of fooles their owne applause rewards,
Such puppet-plaies, to heavē are strange, & quaint,
Their service is unsweet, and foully taint,
Their words fall fruitlesse from their idle braine;
But true repentance runnes in other straine;
Where sad contrition harbours, there the heart
Is truly acquainted with the secret smart
Of past offences, hates that bosome sin
The most, which most the soule tooke pleasure in;
No crime unsifted, no sinne unpresented
Can lurke unscene; and scene, none unlamented;
The troubled soule's amaz'd with dire aspects
Of lesser sinnes committed: and defects
The wounded Conscience; it cryes amaine
For mercy, mercy, cryes, and cryes againe;
It sadly grieves, and soberly laments,
It yernes for grace, reformes, returns, repents;
This is incense, whose accepted savour
Mounts up the heavenly Throne, & findeth favour:
This is it, whose valour never failes,
With God it stourly wrestles, and prevails:
This is it, that pierces heaven above,
Never returning home (like *Nah's Dove*) ..

Rut

But brings an Olive leafe, or some encrease,
That workes Salvation, and eternall Peace.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Prince and people fasts, and prays;
God heard, accepted, lik'd their waies:
Vpon their timely true repentance,
God revers'd, and chang'd his sentence.*

Self. 10.

Then suddenly, with holy zeale inflam'd,
He caus'd a generall Act to be proclam'd,
By sage advice, and counsell of his Peeres;
« Let neither man, nor child, of youth, or years
« From greatest in the City, to the least,
« Nor Herd, nor pining Flock, nor hungry beast,
« Nor any thing that draweth ayre, or breath,
« On forfeiture of life, or present death,
« Presume to taste of nourishment, or food,
« Or move their hungry lips, to chew the cud;
« From out their eyes let Springs of water burst,
« With tears (or nothing) let the slake their thirst,
« Moreo're, let every man (what e're he be)
« Of higher quality, or low degree,
« D'off all they weare (excepting but the same
« That nature craves, & that which covers shame
« Their nakednesse with sackcloth let them hide,
« And mue the vest'ments of their silken pride;
« And let the brave cariering Horse of Warre,
« (Whose rich Caparisons, and Trappings are
« The glorious Wardrobe of a Victors show)
« Let him disroabe, and put on sackcloth too;

* The Oxe (ordain'd for yoke) the Ass (for load)
* The Horse (as well for race, as for the road)
* The burthen-bearing Camell (strong and great)
* The fruitfull Kine, and every kinde of Neate,
* Let all put sackcloth on, and spare no voice,
* But cry aloud to heaven, with mighty noise;
* Let all men turne the bias of their wayes,
* And change their fiercer hands, to force of praise:
* For who can tell, if God (whose angry face
* Hath long bin waining from us) will embrace
* This slender pittance of our best endeavour?
* Who knowes, if God will his intent persevere?
* Or who can tell, if he (whose tender love
* Transcends his sharper Justice) will remove
* And change his high decree, & turne his sentence
* Vpon a timely, and unfain'd repentance?
* And who can tell, if heaven will change the lot,
* That we, and ours may live, and perish not?
So God perceiv'd their works, & saw their waies,
Approv'd the faith, that in their works did blaze,
Approv'd their works, approv'd their works the ra-
because their faith & works wēt both together: (ther
He saw their faith, because their faith abounded;
He saw their works, because on faith they grounded
He saw their faith, their works, and so relented,
H' approv'd their works, their faith, & so repented;
Repented of the plagues, they apprehended;
Repented of the evill, that he intended:
So God the vengeance of his hand withdrew,
He tooke no forfeiture, although 'twere due;
The evill, that once he meant, he now forgot,
Cancell'd the forfeit bond, and did it not.

Meditatio

Meditat. 10.

SEE, into what an ebbe of low estate
 The soule that seekes to be regenerate,
 Must first descend; before the ball rebound,
 It must be throwne with force against the ground
 The seed increases not in fruitfull cares,
 Nor can she reare the goodly stalke she beares,
 Vnlesse bestrow'd upon a mould of earth,
 And made more glorious by a second birth:
 So man, before his wisdome can bring forth
 The brave exploits of truly noble worth,
 Or hope the granting of his sinnes remission,
 He must be humbl'd first in sad contrition.
 The plant (through want of skill, or by neglect)
 If it be planted from the Sunnes reflect,
 Or lacke the dew of seasonable showres,
 Decayes, and beareth neither Fruit, nor Flowres
 So wretched Man, if his repentance hath
 No quickning Sun-shine of a lively Faith,
 Or not bedew'd with showres of timely teares,
 Or workes of mercy (wherein Faith appeares)
 His prayers and deeds, and all his forced grones,
 Are like the howles of dogs, and works of Drone
 The wise Chirurgcon, first (by letting blood)
 Weakens his Patient, ere he does him good;
 Before the Soule can a true comfort finde,
 The Body must be prostrate, and the Minde
 Truly repentive, and contrite within,
 And loathe the tawning of a bosome sin.

But Lord! Can Man deserve? Or can his best
 Doe iustice equall right, which he transgress?
 When Dust and Ashes mortally offends,
 Can Dust and Ashes make eternall mends?

Heaven unjust ? Must not the recompence
be full equivalent to the offence ?

What mends by mortall Man can then be given
To the offended Majesty of heaven ?

O Mercy ! Mercy ! on thee my soule relies,
On thee we build our Faith, we bend our eyes ;
Thou fill'st my empty strain, thou fill'st my tongue ;
Thou art the subject of my Swan-like song ;
Like pinion'd pris'ners at the dying tree,
Our lingring hopes attend and wait on thee ;
(Arraign'd at Iustice barre) prevent our doome ;
To thee with joyfull hearts we cheerly come ;
Thou art our Clergy ; Thou that dearest Booke,
Wherein our fainting eyes desire to looke ;
In thee, we trust to reade (what will release us)
In bloody Characters, that name of I E S V S,
What shall we then returne the God of heaven ?
Where nothing is (Lord) nothing can be given ;
Our soules, our bodies, strength, and all our pow'rs,
(Alas !) were all too little, were they ours :
Or shall we burne (untill our life expires)
An endlesse Sacrifice in Holy fires ?
My Sacrifice shall be my H E A R T intire,
My Christ the Altar, and my Zeale the Fire.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The Prophet discontented prays
To God, that he would end his dayes;
God blames his wrath so unrepent,
Reprooves his unadvised request.

SECT. II.

BUT this displeasing was in Ionah's eyes,
His heart grew hot, his blood began to rise,
His eyes did sparkle, and his teeth stricke fire,
His veines did boile, his heart was full of ire:
At last brake forth into a strange request,
These words he pray'd, and mumbld out the rest.

Was not, O was not this my thought (O Lord)
Before I fled? Nay, *was not this my word,*
The very word, my jealous language vented,
When this mis-hap mought well have beene prevented?
Was there, O was there not a just suspect,
My preaching would procure this effect?
For Lord, I knew of old, thy tender love;
I knew the power, thou gav'st my tongue, would move
Their Adamantine hearts; I knew 'twould thaw
Their frozen spirits, and breed relenting awe;
I knew (great God) upon their true repentance,
That thou determin'dst to reverse thy sentence;
For well I knew, thou wert a gracious God,
Of long forbearance, slow to use the Rod;
I knew, the power of thy Mercies bent
The strength of all thy other workes out-went;
I knew thy tender kindnesse, and how loath
Thou wert to punish, and how slow to wrath;

Turning thy Iudgements, and thy plagues preventing,
thy mind reversing, and of ev'ill repenning:
Th'efore (O therefore) upon this perswasion,
I fled to Tarsish, there to make evasion,
To save thy credit (Lord) to save mine owne:
For when this blast of reale is over-blowne,
And sackcloth left, and they surcease to mourne,
Then they (like dogs) shall to their vomit turne,
They'll vilipend thy Sacred Word, and scoffe it,
Saying, Was that a God, or this a Prophet?
They'll scorne thy Iudgements, and thy threats despise,
And call thy Prophets, Messengers of lies.

Now therefore (Lord) bow downe attentive care,
For ah my burthen's more than flesh can beare)
Make speed (O Lord) and banish all delays,
Extinguish (now) the Taper of my dayes:
Let not the minutes of my time extend,
Let let my wretched bowers finde an end;
Let not my fainting spirit longer stay
In this fraile mansion of distempered clay:
The tread's but weake, my life depends upon;
Cut that tread, and let my life be done;
My brest stands faire, strike then, and strike againe,
For nought but dying can asswage my paine:
May I rather dye, than live in shame;
Better it is to leave, and yeeld the game,
Than toile for what, at length, must needs be lost;
Kill me, for my heart is sore imboss:
Thy latter boone unto thy servant give;
It better 'tis for me, to die than live.

So wretched Ionah: But Iehovah thus,
What boot's it so to storme outrageous?
Comet it thus my servants heart to swell:
Canst thou helpe thee, Ionah? dost thou well?

Medicat:

Medita. 12.

HOW poor a thing is man ! how vain's his mind
 How strange, how base ! & wav'ring like the wind
 How uncouth are his wales ! how full of danger !
 How to himselfe, is he himselfe a stranger !
 His heart's corrupt, and all his thoughts are vain
 His actions sinfull, and his words prophane,
 His will's deprav'd, his senses are beguil'd,
 His reason's darke, his members all defil'd,
 His hasty feet are swift, and prone to ill,
 His guilty hands are ever bent to kill,
 His tongue's a sponge of venome, (or of woe)
 Her practice is to sweare, her skill to curse ;
 His eyes, are fire-balls of lustfull fire,
 And outward helps to inward soule desire,
 His body is a well-erected station,
 But full of folly and corrupted passion :
 Fond love ; and raging lust ; and foolish feares ;
 Griefes overwhelmed with immoderate teares ;
 Excessive joy ; prodigious desire ;
 Vnholy anger, red and hot as fire ;
 These daily clog the soule, that's fast in prison,
 From whose increase this lucklesse brood is risen
 Respectlesse pride, and lustfull idlenesse,
 Base ribbauld talke, and lothsome drunkennesse,
 Faithlesse Despaire, and vaine Curiosity ;
 Both false, yet double-tongu'd Hypocrisie ;
 Soft flattery, and haughty-ey'd Ambition ;
 Heart-gnawing Hatred, and squint-ey'd Suspition ;
 Selfe-eating Envie, envious Detraction,
 Hopelesse distrust, and too-too sad Dejection ;
 Revengefull Malice, hellish Blasphemy,
 Idolatry, and light Inconstancy ;

Dan

Daring Presumption, wry-mouth'd Derision,
Damned Apostasie, Fond superstition,
What heedfull watch? Ah what contin'all ward?
How great respect? and howerly regard,
Stands man in hand to have; when such a brood
Of furious hell-hounds seeke to suck his blood?
Day, night, and hower, they rebell, and wrastle,
And never cease; till they subdue the Castle.
How slight a thing is man? how fraile and brittle?
How seeming great is he? How truly little?
Within the bosome of his holiest works,
Some hidden Embers of old *Adam* lurkes;
Which oftentimes in men of purest wayes,
Burst out in flame, and for a season blaze. (restitutions)
Lord, teach our hearts, and give our soules diet
Subdue our passions, curb our stout affections,
Nip thou the bud, before the bloome begins:
Lord, shield thy servants from presumptuous sins.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Booth for shelter Ionah made;
God sent a Gourd for better shade;
But by the next approaching light,
God sent a Worme consum'd it quite.*

SECT. 12.

O *Ionah* (sore oppress'd, and heavie-hearted)
From out the Cities circuit straight departed;
Departed to the Easterne borders of it,
Where sicke with anguish sate this sullen Prophet;
He built a Booth, and in the Booth he sate,
Untill some few dayes had expir'd their date

E

With

With over-tedious pace) where he might see,
What would betide to threatned *Niniveh*.

A trunke that wanteth sap, is soone decay'd ;
The slender Booth of boughes and branches made,
Soone yeelding to the Sun's consuming Ray,
Crombled to dust, and early dry'd away :
Whereat, the great *Iehovah* spake the word,
And over *Jonah's* head there sprang a Gourd,
Whose roots were fixt within the quickning earth,
Which gave it nourishment, as well as birth ;
God raised up a Gourd, a Gourd should last,
Let winde, or scorching Sun, or blow, or blast :

As coales of fier rak'd in Embers lye
Obscure, and undiscerned by the eye ;
But being stirr'd, regaine a glimmi'ring light,
Revive, and glow, burning a-fresh and bright ;
So *Jonah* 'gan to cheere through this reliefe,
And joyfull was, devoided all his griefe;
He joy'd to see that God had not forgot
His drooping servant, and forsooke him not ;
He joy'd, in hope the Gourds strange wonder will
Perswade the people, he's a Prophet still ;
The fresh aspect did much refresh his sight,
The herball savour gave his sense delight ;
Thus *Jonah* much delighted in his Gourd,
Enjoy'd the pleasures that it did afford.

But Lord ! what earthly thing can long remaine
How momentary are they ! and how vaine !
How vaine is earth, that man's delighted in it !
Her pleasures rise, and vanish in a minute :
How fleeting are the joyes, we finde below,
Whose tides (uncertain) oftner ebbe than flow !
For see ! this Gourd (that was so faire, and sound)
Is quite consum'd, and eaten to the ground ;

No sooner *Titan* had up-heav'd his head,
From off the pillow of his Saffron bed,
But heaven prepar'd a silly, gilly worme,
(Perchance brought thither by an Eastern storme)
The worme that must obey, and well knew how,
Consum'd the Gourd, nor left it root, nor bough;
Consum'd it straight, within a minutes space,
Left nought, but (sleeping) *Ionas* in the place.

Medita. 12.

THe pleasures of the world, (which soon abate)
Are lively Emblemes of our owne estate,
Which (like a Banquet at a Fun'rall show)
But sweeten grieve, and serve to flatter woe.
¶ Pleasure is fleeting still, and makes no stay,
It lends a smile or twaine, and steales away :
¶ Man's life is fickle, full of winged haste,
It mockes the sense with joy, and soone does waste;
¶ Pleasure does crown thy youth, & luls thy wants,
But (sullen age approaching) straight avaults :
¶ Man's life is joy, and sorrow seekes to banish,
It doth lament, and mourne in age, and vanish.
¶ The time of pleasure's like the life of Man ;
Both joyfull, both contained in a span ;
Both highly priz'd, and both on sudden lost,
When most we trust them, they deceive us most ;
What fit of madnesse makes us love them thus ?
We leave our lives, and pleasure leaveth us :
Why, what is pleasure ? But a golden dreame,
Which (waking) makes our wats the more extreme ?
And what is Life ? A bubble full of care,
Which (prickt by death) straight empties into aire :

E a

The

The flowers (clad in farre more rich aray,
 Than e're was *Salomon*) doe soone decay;
 What thing more sweet, or fairer than a flowre?
 And yet it bloomes, and fades within an houre;
 What greater pleasure than a rising Sun?
 Yet is this pleasure every evening done:
 But thou art heire to *Craesus*, and thy treasure
 Being great, and endlesse, endlesse is thy pleasure;
 But thou (thou *Craesus* heire) consider must,
 Thy wealth, and thou, came from, and goes to dust;
 Another's noble, and his name is great,
 And takes his place upon a lofty seat;
 True 'tis, but yet his many wants are such,
 That better 'twere he were not knowne so much.
 Another bindes his soule in *Hymens* knot,
 His Spouse is chaste, unblemisht with a spot,
 But yet his comfort is bedasht, and done,
 His grounds are stockt, and now he wants a sonne.
 ¶ How fickle and unconstant's mans estate!
 Man fain would have, but then he knows not what
 And having, rightly knowes not how to prize it,
 But like that foolish Dunghill-cock imployes it:
 But who desires to live a life content,
 Wherein his Cruze of joy shall ne're be spent,
 With fierce pursuit, let him that good desire,
 Whose date no change, no fortune can expire.
 For that's not worth the craving, to obtaine
 A happinesse, that must be lost againe;
 Nor that, which most doe covet most, is best;
 Best are the goods, mixt with contented rest;
 Gasp not for Honour, with no blazing glory,
 For these will perish in an ages story;
 Nor yet for power; power may be carv'd
 To fooles, as well as thee, that hast deserv'd.

Thir

Thirst not for Lands, nor Money; wish for none,
For wealth is neither lasting, nor our owne:
Riches are faire inticements, to deceive us;
They flatter, while we live, and dying, leave us.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Jonah desires to die, the Lord
Rebukes him, he maintaines his word,
His anger he doth iustifie,
God pleads the cause for Ninivie.*

SECT. 12.

WHEN ruddy Phœbus had, with morning light
Subdu'd the East, & put the stars to flight,
Heav'ns hand prepar'd a fervent easterne winde,
Whose drought together with the Sun combin'd,
The one, as bellowes, blowing t'others fire,
With strong united force, did both conspire
To make assault upon the fainting head
Of helpless *Jonah*, that was well nye dead,
Who turning oft, and tossing to and fro,
(As they that are in torments use to doe)
And (restlesse) finding no successe of ease,
But rather, that his tortures still encrease;
His secret passion to his soule betraid,
Craving no sweeter boone than death, and said,
Kill me (Lord) or loe, my heart will rive;
'Tis better 'tis for me to dye than live.

So said, the Lord did interrupt his passion,
And said, *How now? is this a seemely fashion?*
What become my servants heart to swell?
Thy anger helpe thee? Jonah, dost thou well?

Is this a fit speech? or a well-plac'd word?
 What, art thou angry (Jonah) for a Gourd?
 What, if th' Arabians with their ruder traine,
 Had kild thine Oxen, and thy Cattel slaine?
 What, if consuming fire (false from heaven)
 Had all thy servants of their lives bereaven,
 And burnt thy Sheepe? What, if by strong oppression
 The Chaldges had usurpt unjust possession
 Vpon thy Camels? Or had Boreas blowne
 His full-mouth'd blast, and cast thy houses downe,
 And slaine thy sonnes amid their jollities?
 Or hadst thou lost thy Vineyard full of trees?
 Hadst thou bin ravish't of thine onely Sheepe,
 That in thy tender bosome us'd to sleepe?
 How would thine hasty spirit then bin stee'd,
 If thou art angry, Jonah, for a Gourd?
 To which, thus Jonah vents his idle breath,
 Lord, I doe well to vex unto the death;
 I blush not to acknowledge, and professe
 Deserved rage, I'm angry, I confesse;
 'Twould make a spirit that is thorow frozen,
 To blaze like flaming Pitch, and fry like Rozen:
 Why dost thou aske that thing that thou canst tell?
 Thou know'st I'm angry, and it beemes me well.

So said, the Lord to Ionah thus respake;
 Dost thou bemoane, and such compassion take
 Vpon a Gourd, whose seed thou didst not sow,
 Nor mov'd thy busie hands to make it grow,
 Whose beauty small; and value was but slight,
 Which sprang, as also perisht in a night?
 Hadst thou (O dust, and ashes) such a care,
 Such in-bred pity, 'a trifling plant to spare?
 Hadst thou, (O hard and incompassionate,
 To wish the razing of so brave a State)

A Feast for Wormes.

55

Hadst thou (I say) compassion, to bewaile
The extirpation of a Gourd so fraile?
And shall not I (that am the Lord of Lords)
Whose fountaine's never dry, but still affords
Sweet streames of mercy, with a fresh supply,
To those that thirst for grace: What shall not I,
(That am the God of mercy, and have sworn
To pardon sinners, whensoever they turne?
(I say) shall I disclaime my wonted pity,
And bring to ruine such a goodly City,
Whose hearts (so truly penitent) implore me,
Who day and night powre forth their soules before me?
Shall I destroy the mighty Ninivie,
Whose people are like sands about the Sea?
'Mong which are sixe score thousand babes (at least)
That hang upon their tender mothers brest,
Whose pretty smiles could never yet descry
The deare affection of their mothers eye?
Shall I subvert, and bring to desolation
A City, (nay, more aptly term'd a Nation)
Whose walls boast lesse their beauty than their might?
Whose hearts are sorrowfull, and soules contrite?
Whose Infants are in number, so amounting?
And beasts, and cattell, endlesse, without counting?
What, Iona, shall a Gourd so move thy pittie?
And shall not I spare such a goodly City?

Meditatio ultima.

MY heart is full; my vent is too too straight;
My tongue's too trusty to my poore conceit;
My minde's in labour, and findes no redresse;
My heart conceives, my lips cannot expresse;

E 4

My

My organs suffer, through a maine defect;
 Alas! I want a proper Dialect,
 To blazon forth the tythe of what I muse;
 The more I meditate, the more accrewes;
 But lo, my faultring tongue must say no more,
 Vnlesse she step where she hath trod before.
 What? shall I then be silent? No, I'll speake
 (Till tongue be tyred, and my lungs be weake)
 Of dearest mercy, in as sweet a straine,
 As it shall please my Muse to lend a vaine;
 And when my voice shall stop within her sourse,
 And speech shall falter in this high discourse,
 My tyred tongue (untham'd) shall thus extend,
 Onely to name, Deare mercy, and so end.
 ¶ Oh high Imperiall King, heavens Architect!
 Is man a thing befitting thy respect?
 Lord, thou art wisdom, and thy wayes are holy,
 But man's polluted, full of filth, and folly,
 Yet is he (Lord) the fabrike of thy hand,
 And in his soule he beares thy glorious brand,
 Howe're defaced with the rust of sin,
 Which hath abus'd thy stamp, and eaten in;
 'Tis not the fraity of mans corrupted nature,
 Makes thee asham'd, t'acknowledge man, thy crea-
 But like a tender father, here on earth, (ture;
 (Whose childe by nature, or abortive birth,
 Doth want that sweet and favourable rellish,
 Wherewith, her creatures, Nature doth imbellish)
 Respects him ne'rtheless; even so thy Grace
 (Great God) extends to man; though sin deface
 The glorious pourtraiture that man doth beare,
 Whereby he loath'd and ugly doth appeare,
 Yet thou (within whose tender bowells are
 Deepe gulfes of mercy, sweet beyond compare)

Regard

Regardst, and lov'st (with rev'rence be it said)
 May seem'st to dote on man; when he hath strayd,
 Lord, thou hast brought him to his fold againe;
 When he was lost, thou didst not then disdain
 To thinke upon a vagabond, and give
 Thy dearest Sonne to dye, that he might live.
 How poore a mite art thou content withall,
 That man may scape his downe-approching fall?
 Though base we are, yet dost not thou abhorre us;
 But (as our Story speaks) art pleading for us,
 To save us harmelesse from our soemans jawes;
 Art thou turn'd Orator, to plead our cause?
 ¶ How are thy mercies full of admiration!
 How soveraigne! How sweet's their application!
 Fatning the soule with sweetnesse, and repaying
 The rotten ruines of a soule despayring.
 ¶ Loe here (*Atalido*) is the feast prepar'd,
 Fall too with courage, and let nought be spar'd;
 Taste freely of it, Here's no Misers feast;
 Eat what thou canst, and pocket up the rest:
 These precious vyans are Restoritic,
 Eat then; and if the sweetnesse make thee drie,
 Drinke large Carouses out of Mercies cup,
 The best lies in the bottome, Drinke all up:
 These cates are sweet Ambrosia to thy soule,
 And that, which fills the brim of Mercies boule,
 Is dainty Nectar; Eat and drinke thy fill;
 Spare not the one, nor yet the other spill;
 Provide in time: Thy Banquet is begun,
 Lay up in store, against the feast be done:
 For loe, the time of banquetting is short,
 And once being done, the world cannot restor't
 It is a feast of Mercy, and of Grace;
 It is a feast for all, or hye, or base:

A feast for him that begs upon the way,
 As well for him that does the Scepter sway;
 A feast for him that howerly bemoanes
 His dearest finnes, with sighs, and teares & groanes;
 A feast for him, whose gentle heart reformes;
 A feast for MEN; and so a FEAST FOR WORMES.
 ¶ Deare liefest Lord, that feast'st the world with grace,
 Extend thy bounteous hand, thy glorions face:
 Bid joyfull welcome to thy hungry guest,
 That we may praise the Master of the Feast;
 And in thy mercy grant this boone to mee,
 That I may dye to sinne, and live to thee.

FINIS.

S. AMBROSE.

Misericordia est plenitudo omnium virtutum:

THE GENERALL VSE OF this Historie.

¶ **W**Hen as the ancient world did all imbarke
 Within the compass of good Noahs Arke,
 Forth to the new-washt earth a Dove was sent,
 Who in her mouth return'd an Olive plant,
 Which in a silent language this related,
 How that the waters were at length abated;
 Those swelling waters, is the wrath of God,
 And like the Dove, are Prophets sent abroad;
 The Olive leafe's a joyfull type of peace,
 A faithfull signe Gods vengeance doth decrease;

They

The generall use of this History. 59

They salve the wounded heart, & make it whole,
They bring glad tydings to the drooping soule,
Proclaiming grace to them that thirst for Grace,
Mercy to those that Mercy will embrace.

¶ *Malvido*, thou, in whose distrustfull brest
Despaire hath brought in sticks to build her nest,
Where she may safely lodge her lucklesse brood,
To feed upon thy heart, and suck thy blood,
Beware betimes, lest custome and permission
Prescribe a title, and so clame possession.

¶ Despairing man, whose burthen makes thee stoop
Vnder the terrour of thy sinnes, and droop
Through dull despaire, whose too too fullen grieffe
Makes heaven unable to apply reliefe; (chaines,
Whose eares are dull'd with noise of whips and
And yels of damned soules, through tort' red pains;
Come here, and rouze thy selfe; unseele those eyes,
Which sad Despaire cloz'd up; Arise, Arise,
And goe to *Niniveb*, the worlds great Palace,
Earths mighty wonder, and behold, the ballace,
And burthen of her bulk, is nought but sin,
Which (wilfull) she commits, and wallowes in;
Behold her Images, her fornications,
Her crying sinnes, her vile abominations;
Behold the guiltlesse blood that she did spill,
Like Spring-tides in the streets, and reekind still:
Behold her scorching lusts, and taint desier
Like sulph'rous *Aetna* blaze, and blaze up hier;
She rapes, and rends, and theeves, & there is none
Can justly call the thing he hath, his owne;
That sacred Name of God, that Name of wonder,
In stead of worshipping, she teares in sunder;
She's not enthrall'd to this sinne, or another,
But like a Leper's all infected over;

Not

60 *The generall use of this History.*

Not onely sinfull, but in sinnes subjection,
She's not infected, but a meere infection.

No sooner had the Prophet (Heav'n's great Spy)
Begun an onset to his lowder Cry,
But she repented, sigh'd, and wept, and tore
Her curious haire, and garments that she wore,
She sate in ashes, and with sackcloth clad her,
All drencht in brine, that grieve cannot be sadder;
She calls a Fast, proclames a prohibition
To man, and beast; (sad tokens of contrition)

No sooner pray'd, but heard; No sooner groan'd,
But pittied; No sooner griev'd, but moan'd;
Timely Repentance speedy grace procur'd,
The sore that's salu'd in time, is easily cur'd:
No sooner had her trickling teares or' flowne
Her blubberd cheekes, but heav'n was apt to mone
Her pensive heart, wip'd her suffused eyes,
And gently strok'd her cheekes, and bid her rise;
No faults were scene, as if no fault had bin,
Deare Mercy made a Quittance for her sin.

¶ *Malsidor* ouze thy leaden spirit, Bestir thee;
Hold up thy drowzie head, Here's comfort for thee
What if thy zeale be frozen hard? What then?
Thy Saviours blood, will thaw that frost agen:
Thy pray'rs that should be fervent, hot as fier,
Proceed but coldly from a dull desier;
What then? Grieve inly, But do not dismay, (pray;
Who heares thy pray'rs, will give thee strength to
Though left a while, thou art not quite giv'n o're,
where Sinne abounds, there Grace aboundeth more:
This, this is all the good that I can doe thee,
To ease thy grieve, I here commend unto thee
A little booke, but a great Mystery,
A great delight, A little History;

The generall use of this Historie. 61

A little branch slipt from a saving tree,
But bearing fruit as great, as great mought be;
A small abridgement of thy Lords great love;
A message sent from heaven by a Dove:
It is a heavenly Lecture, that relates
To Princes, Pastors, People, all Estates
Their sev' rall duties.
¶ Peruse it well, and binde it to thy brest,
There rests the Cause of thy defect of rest:
But read it often, or else read it not:
Once read, is not observ'd, and soone forgot,
Nor is't enough to read, but understand,
Or else thy tongue, for want of wit, 's prophand,
Nor is't enough to purchase knowledge by it;
Salve heales no sore, unlesse the party' apply it:
Apply it then; which if thy flesh restraines,
Survive what thou canst, & pray for what remaines.

The particular application.

Then thou, that art oppress'd with sad Despaire,
Here shalt thou see the strong effect of praire:
Then pray with faith, and (servent) without ceasing
(Like *Jacob*) wrestle, till thou get a blessing. (our;
Here shalt thou see the type of Christ, thy Savi-
Then let thy suits be through his name, and favour.
¶ Here shalt thou finde repentance and true griefe
Of sinners like thy selfe, and their believe;
Then suit thy griefe to theirs, and let thy soule
Cry mightily, untill her wounds be whole.
Here shalt thou see the meeknesse of thy God,
Who on Repentance turnes, and burnes the Rod;
Repents of what he purpos'd, and is sorry;
Here may ye heare him stoutly pleading for ye:
Thou

62 The generall use of this History.

Then thus shall be thy meed, if thou repent,
 In stead of plagues and direfull punishment,
 Thou shalt find mercy, love, and heavens applause,
 And God of heayen (himselfe) will plead thy cause.
 ¶ Here hast thou the compil'd within this treasure,
 First, the Almightyes high, and just displeasure
 Against foule sinne, or such as sinfull be,
 Or Prince, or poore, or high, or low degree.
 ¶ Here is descri'd the beaten Road to Faith:
 ¶ Here maist thou see the force that preaching hath
 ¶ Here is describ'd in (brieft but) full expression,
 The nature of a Convert, and his passion:
 His sober Diet, which is thin, and spare;
 His clothing, which is Sackcloth; and his Prayre
 Not faintly sent to heaven, nor sparingly,
 But piercing, fervent, and a mighty cry:
 ¶ Here maist thou see, how prai'r, & true repentāce
 Do strive with God, prevaile, and turne his sentēce
 From strokes to stroking, & from plagues infernall,
 To boundlesse Mercies, and to life Eternall.
 ¶ Till Zepher lend my Barke a second Gale,
 I slip mine Anchor, and I strike my saile.

FINIS.

*O dulcis Salvator Mundi! ultima verba quæ tu dixisti in
 Cruce, sint ultima mea verba in Luce; & quando am-
 plius scribere non possum, exaudi in cordis mei desiderium.*

A Hymne to God.

WHO gives me then an Adamantine quill?
 A marble tablet? And a *David's* skill?
 To blazon forth the praise of my deare Lord
 In deepe grav'n Characters, upon Record
 To last, for times eternall processe, suer,
 So long, as Sunne, and Moone, and starres enduere
 Had I as many mouthes, as Sands there are,
 Had I a nimble tongue for euery Starre,
 And every word I speake, a Character,
 And every minutes time ten ages were,
 To chant forth all thy prayse it no'te availe,
 For tongues & words, and time, and all would faile:
 Much lesse can I, poore Weakling, tune my tongue,
 To take a taske befits an Angels song;
 Sing what thou canst; when thou canst sing no more
 Weepe then as fast that thou canst sing no more,
 Beblurre thy booke with teares, and goe thy wayes,
 For every blurre will prove a booke of praise.
 Thine eye that viewes the moving Spheares above
 Let it give praise to him that makes them move:
 Thou riches hast; Thy Hands that hold, & have the
 Let them give praise to him, that freely gave them:
 Thine Armes defend thee, then for recompence,
 Let them praise him, that gave thee such defence:
 Thy tongue was giv' to praise thy Lord, the Giver
 Then let thy tongue praise highest God for ever:
 Faith comes by hearing, & thy faith will save thee;
 The let thine ears praise him, that hearing gave thee
 Thy hart is begg'd by him whose hāds did make it,
 My sonne, give me thy heart; *Lord, freely take it:*
 Eyes, hands, and armes, tongues, eares, & hearts of
 Sing praise, and let the people say, Amen. (men

¶ Tune

¶ Tune you your Instruments, and let them vary,
 Praise him upon them in his Sanctuary,
 Praise him within the highest Firmament,
 Which shewes his power and his governnient,
 Praise him, for all his mighty Acts are knowne,
 And suit thy praises to his high Renowne,
 Praise him with Trump victorious, shrill, & sharpe,
 With Psaltry lowd, and many-stringed Harpe,
 With sounding Tymbrell, and the warbling Flute,
 With (Musicks full Interpreter) the Lute,
 Praise him upon the Maiden Virginalls,
 Vpon the clerick Organs, and Cymballs,
 Vpon the sweet majestick Vyalls touch,
 Double your joyes, and let your praise be such;
 Let all, in whom is life and breath, give praise
 To heavens Eternall God, in endlesse daies;
 Let every Soule, to whom a voice is given,
 Sing Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of heaven;
 For loe, a Lambe is found, that undertooke
 To breake the seven-fold-seale, & ope the Booke.
 ¶ O let my life adde number to my dayes,
 To shew thy glory, and to sing thy praise;
 Let every minute in thy praise be spent,
 Let every head be bare, and knee be bent
 To thee (deare Lambe;) Who-ere thy praises hide
 Clos'd be his lippes, and tongue for ever ty'de.

*Hallelujah :**Gloria Deo in excelsis.**Eleva*

ELEVEN PIOVS

Meditations.

1.

Within the holy Legend I discover
 Three speciall Attributes of God; his
 His *Iustice*, and his *Mercy*: All uncreated, (*Power*,
 Eternall all, and all unseparated
 From Gods pure Essence, and from thence proceed
 All very God, All perfect, All exceeding: (ding
 And from that selfe-same text three names I gather
 Of Great Ichova; *Lord*, and *God*, and *Father*;
 The first denotes him mounted on his Throne,
 In Power, Majestie, Dominion;
 The second shoves him on his kingly Bench,
 Rewarding Evill with equall punishments;
 The third describes him on his Mercy-sear,
 Full great in Grace; and in his Mercy, great;
 All three I worship, and before all three
 My heart shall humbly prostrate, with my knee;
 But in my private choice, I fancy rather,
 Then call him *Lord*, or *God*, to call him *Father*.

2

In hell no *Life*, in Heaven no *Death* there is,
 In Earth both *Life* and *Death*, both Bale & Bliss;
 In Heaven's all *Life*, no end, nor new supplying;
 In Hell's all *Death*, and yet there is no dying;
 Earth (like a partiall Ambidexter) doth
 Prepare for *Death*, or *Life*, prepares for both;

F

Who

Who liuesto sinne, in Hell his portlon's given,
Who dyes to sinne, shall after live in Heaven.

¶ Though Earth my *Nurse* be, Heaven, be thou my
Ten thousand deaths let me endure rather (*Father*;
Within my *Nurses* armes, then One to *Thee*;
Earths honour, with thy frownes is death to mee:
I live on Earth, as on a *Stage* of sorrow;
Lord, if thou pleasest, end the *Play* to morrow:
I live on Earth, as in a Dreame of pleasure,
Awake me when thou wilt, I wait thy leisure:
I live on Earth, but as of life bereaven,
My life's with thee, for (Lord) *thou art in Heaven*.

3.

Nothing that e'r was made, was made for nothing
Beasts for thy food, their *skins* were for thy cloth-
Flowers for thy smell, and *herbs* for Cuer good (ing,
Trees for thy shade, Their *Fruit* for pleasing Food:
The *showers* fall upon the fruitfull ground,
Whose kindly *Dew* makes tender *Grasse* abound,
The *Grasse* springs forth for *Beasts* to feed upon,
And *Beasts* are food for *Man*: But *Man* alone
Is made to serve his *Lord* in all his wayes,
And be the Trumpet of his Makers praise.
¶ Let *Heav'n* be then to me obdure as brasse,
The *Earth* as iron, unapt for graine or grasse,
Then let my *Flock* consume, and never steed me,
Let pinching *Famine* want, wherewith to feed me,
When I forget to honour thee, (my Lord)
Thy glorious Attributes, thy *Works*, thy *Word*.
O let the Trump of thine eternall Fame,
Teach us to answer, *Hallow'd be thy Name*.

¶ G

4.

God built the World, and all that therein is
 He framed, yet how poore a part is his?
 Quarter the Earth, and see, how small a rome
 Is stiled with the name of *Christendome*;
 The rest (through blinded ignorance) rebels,
 O're-run with *Agans, Turks, and Infidels*:
 Nor yet is all this little quarter his,
 For (though all know him) halfe know him amisse,
 Professing *Christ* for lucre, (as they list)
 And serve the triple Crown of *Antichrist*;
 Yet is this little handfull much made lesse,
 There's many *Libertines*, for one *Professor*:
 Nor doe Professors all professie aright,
 'Mong whom there often lurks an *Hypocrite*.
 O where, and what's thy Kingdome (blessed God)
 Where is thy *Scepter*? where's thine iron *Rod*?
 Reduce thy reck'nings to their totall summe,
 O let thy Power, and *thy Kingdome Come*.

5.

MAN in himselfe's a little *World*, Alone,
 His *Soul*'s the *Court*, or high Imperiall throne
 Wherein as *Empresse*, sits the *Vnderstanding*
 Gently directing, yet with awe Commanding:
 Her Handmaid's will: *Affections*, Maids of Honor,
 All following close, and duely waiting on her:
 But *Sin*, that alwayes envi'd mans Condition,
 Within this Kingdome raised up *Division*;

F a

With

Withdrawne the *Will*, and brib'd the false *Affection*,
 That *This*, no order hath; nor *That*, Election;
 The *Will* proves Traitor to the *Vnderstanding*;
Reason hath lost her power, and left commanding,
 She's quite depos'd, and put to foule disgrace,
 And Tyrant *Passion* now usurps her place.

¶ Vouchsafe (Lord) in this little *World* of mine
 To raigne, that I may raigne with *Thee* in thine:
 And since my *Will* is quite of good bereaven,
Thy will be done in earth, as 'tis in Heaven.

6.

¶ **W**Ho live to sin, are all but *thieves* to heavē
 And Earth, They steale frō God, & take
 Good men they *rob*, & such as live upright, (ungivē;
 And (being bastards) share the freemans Right:
 They're all as owners, in the owners stead,
 And (like to *Dogs*) devoure the childrens bread;
 They have, and lacke, and want that they possesse,
 Vnhappy most, in their most happinesse:
 They are not *goods*, but *riches*, that they wast,
 And not be'ng goods, to *ev'ls* they turne at last.

¶ (Lord) what I have, let me enjoy in *thee*,
 And *thee* in it, or else take it from *mee*;
 My *store* or *want*, make thou, or *fade*, or *flourish*,
 So shall my comforts neither change, nor perish;
That little I enjoy, (Lord) make it *mine*,
 In making me (that am a Sinner) *thine*;
 'Tis thou or none, that shall supply my need,
 O Lord; *Give us this day our daily bread.*

¶ The

7.

THe quick conceited *Schoole-men* do approve
 A difference 'twixt *Charity* and *Love*:
Love is a vertue, whereby we explaine
 Our selves to *God*, and *God* to us againe:
 But *Charitie's* imparted to our Brother,
 Whereby we trafficke, *one* man with *another*:
 The *first* extends to *God*; The *last* belongs
 To *Man*, in giving *right*, and bearing *wrongs*;
 In number, they are *twaine*, In vertue *One*;
 For one not truely being, t'other's none,
 ¶ In loving *God*, if I neglect my *Neighbour*,
 My *love* hath lost his prooffe, and I my labour:
 My *Zeale*, my *Faith*, my *Hope* that never failes me,
 (If *Charity* be wanting) nought availes me.
 ¶ (Lord) in my Soule, a spirit of *Love* create me,
 And I will love my *Brother*, if he hate me:
 In nought but *love*, let me envy my betters;
 And then, *Forgive my debts, as I my debtors.*

8.

¶ Finde a true resemblance in the growth
 Of *Sin*, and *Man*; Alike in breeding, both;
 The *Soul's* the *Mother*, and the *Devill, Syer*;
 Who lusting long in mutuall desier
 Enjoy their *wills*, and joyne in *Copulation*;
 The *Seed* that fills her *wombe*, is foule *Tentation*;
 The sinnes *Conception*, is the Soules *consent*;
 And then *quickens*, when it breeds *content*;

The birth of *Sin* is finisht in the *action*;
And *Custom* brings it to its full *perfection*.

¶ O let my fruitlesse *Soule* be barren rather,
Then bring forth such a *Child* for such a *Father*;
Or if my *Soule* breed *Sinne* (not being wary)
Let not her wombe bring forth, or elle *misery*;
She is thy Spouse (O Lord) doe thou advise her,
Keepe thou her chaste, Let not the *Fiend* entice her:
Try thou my heart, Thy *Tryalls* bring *Salvation*.
But *let me not be led into Temptation*.

¶ *Fortune* (that blind supposed Goddesse) is
Still rated at, if ought succeed amiss; so
'Tis she (the vaine abuse of Providence)
That beares the *blame*, when others make th' office;
When this mans *barne* finds not her wonted *store*,
Fortune's condemn'd, because she sent no more;
If this man dye, or that man live too long,
Fortune's accus'd, and she hath done the wrong;
Ah foolish *Dolls*, and (like your Goddesse) blind!
You make the *fault*, and call your *Saint* unkind;
For when the cause of *Ev'll* begins in *Man*,
Th' effect ensues from whence the cause began;
Then know the reason of thy discontent,
Thy ev'll of *Sinne*, makes *Ev'll* of *punishment*.
¶ (Lord) hold me up, or spurre me, when I fall;
So shall my *Eu'll* be *just*, or not at all:
Defend me from the *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Devill*,
And so thou shalt *deliver me from Evill*.

10.

THe Priestly *skirts* of *A'rons* holy coate
 I kisse; and to my morning *Muse* devote:
 Had never *King*, in any age, or Nation,
 Such glorious *Robes*, set forth in such a fashion,
 With *Gold*, and *Gemmes*, and *Silks* of Princely Dye,
 And *Stones* besitting more then *Majesty*:
 The Persian *Sophies*, and rich *Shah's* *Queene*
 Had n'er the like, nor e'r the like had scene;
 Vpon the *skirts* (in order as they fell)
 First, a *Pomegranat* was, and then a *Bell*;
 By each *Pomegranat* did a *Bell* appeare;
 Many *Pomegranats*, many *Bells* there were;
Pomegranats nourish, *Bells* doe make a sound,
 As *blessings* fall, *Thanksgiving* must rebound.
 ¶ If thou wilt cloth my heart with *A'rons* tyer,
 My *tongue* shall praise, as well as *heart* desier.
 My *tongue*, and pen, shall dwell vpon thy *Story*,
 (Great God) for thine is *Kingdome*, *Power*, *Glory*.

11.

THe Ancient *Sophists*, that were so precise,
 (and oftentimes (perchance) too *curious* nice)
 Auerre, that *Nature* hath bestow'd on Man
 Three perfect *Soules*: When this I truly scan,
 Me thinks, their *Learning* swath'd in Errour, lyes;
 They were not *wise* enough, and yet too *wise*;
 Too *curious* wise, because they mention more
 Then *one*; Not *wise* enough, because not *sure*;
Nature, not *Grace*, is Mistris of their *Schools*;
Grace counts them *wise*, that are veriest *Fooles*:

Three

Three Soules in man? *Grace* doth a *fourth* allow,
 The Soule of *Faith*: But this is *Grace* to you:
 'Tis *Faith* that makes man *truly* wise; 'Tis *Faith*
 Makes him possesse that thing he never hath.
 ¶ This *Glorious* Soule of *Faith* bestow on me,
 (O Lord) or else take thou the *other* three:
Faith makes men *lesse* then Children, *more* the Men
 It makes the Soule cry *Abba*, and *Amen*.

The End.

PENTELOGIA.

*Mors tua, Mors Christi, Frans Mundi, Gloyia Coeli,
Et Dolor Inferni, sunt meditanda tibi.*

Me Thy death, the death of Christ, the worlds tēration;
Heavens joy, hells torment, be thy meditation.



LONDON,
Printed for IOHN MARRIOT.

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Mors tua.

1.

ME thinkes, I see the nimble-aged *Sire*
Passie swiftly by, with feet unapt to tire;
 on his head an *Hower-glasse* he weares,
 and in his wrinkled hand a *Syrbe* he beares,
 both *Instruments*, to take the lives from *Men*)
 if one shewes with *what*, the other sheweth *when*:
 he thinkes, I heare the dolefull *Passing-bell*,
 setting an *onset* on his louder *knell*,
 This moody musick of impartiall *death*
 who dances after, dances out of *breath*.)
 he thinkes I see my dearest friends *lament*,
 with *sighes*, and *teares*, and wofull *dryrimment*,
 my tender *Wife*, and *Children* standing by,
 viewing the *Death-bed*, whereupon I lye:
 he thinkes, I heare a *voice* (in secret) say,
 my *Glasse* is runne, and thou must dye to day.

Mors Christi.

2.

ANd am I here, and my *Redeemer* gone?
 Can *He* be dead, and is not *my life* done?
 as he tormented in *excesse* of measure,
 and doe I *live* yet? and yet *live* in pleasure?
 as! could *Sinners* finde out ne're a *one*,
 more fit than *Thee*, for them to spit upon?
 and thy *cheekes* entertaine a *Traytors* lips?
 as thy deare *body* scourg'd, and torne with *whips*?
 So

So that the guiltlesse blood came trickling after
 And did thy fainting browes sweat blood and water
 Wert thou (Lord) hang'd upon the *Cursed Tree*?
 O world of griefe! And was all this for me?
 ¶ Burst forth, my *teares*, into a world of sorrow,
 And let my *nights* of griefe finde ne're a *morrow*;
 Since thou art dead (Lord) grant thy *servant* room
 Within his *heart*, to build thy heart a *Tombe*.

Fraus Mundi.

3.

¶ **W**Hat is the *World*? a great *Exchange* of wares
 Wherein all *sorts*, and *sexes* cheapning are
 The *Flesh*, the *Devill* sit, and cry, *What lacke ye?*
 When most they fawn, they most intend to rack
 The wares, are cups of *Joy*, and beds of *Pleasure*,
 Ther's goodly choice, down weight, & flowing me
 A soul's the *price*, but they give time to pay, (sure
 Vpon the *Death-bed*, on the dying *day*.
 ¶ Hard is the *bargaine*, and unjust the *measure*,
 When as the *price* so much out-lasteth the *pleasure*:
 The *joyes* that are on earth, are *counterfeits*;
 If ought be true, 'tis this, Th'are true *deceits*:
 They flatter, fawne, and (like the *Crocodile*)
 Kill where they laugh, and *murther* where they smile
 They daily dip within thy *Dish*, and cry,
Who hath betraid thee? Master, Is it I?

Gloria Cæli.

4.

When I behold, and well advise upon
 The Wisemans speech, *There's nought be-*
comity, my soule rebels within, (neath the Sun,
and lothes the dunghill prison she is in:
when I looke to new Ierusalem,
herein's reserv'd my Crowne, my Diadem,
what a Heaven of blisse my Soule enjoys,
sudden rapt into that heaven of Ioyes!
here ravisht (in the depth of meditation)
he well discernes, with Eye of Contemplation,
the glory' of God, in his Imployall Seat,
All throng in Might, in Majesty compleat,
here troops of Powers, Vertues, Cherubims,
Angels, Archangels, Saints, and Seraphims,
the chaunting prayes to their heavenly King,
here Hall. Injab they for ever sing.

Dolor Inferni.

5.

Et Poets please to torture *Tantalus,*
 Let griping Vultures gnaw *Prometheus,*
 Let poore *Ixon* turne his endlesse wheele,
 Let *Nemesis* torment with whips of Steele;
 They far come short, t'expresse the paines of those
 In rage in *Hell*, enwrapt in endlesse woe;
 There *time* no end, and *plagues* finde no exemption;
 There *eyes* admit no helpe, nor *place* redemption;
 Where

Where fier lacks no *flame*, the *flame* no *heat*,
 To make their *torments* sharpe, and *plagues* comple
 Where wretched Soules to *torments* bound shall be
 Serving a *world of yeates*, and not be *Free* ;
 Where nothing's heard, but *yells*, and *sudden cryes*
 Where *fiere* never *slakes*, nor *Worme* e're *dyes* ;
 But where this *Hell* is plac'd (*my Muse*) stop there;
 Lord, shew me *what* it is, but never *where*.

Mors tua.

I.

¶ CAn he be *faire*, that withers at a blast ?
 Or he be *strong*, that Ayery Breath can cast
 Can he be *wise* that knowes not how to live ?
 Or he be *rich*, that nothing hath to give ?
 Can he be young, that's *teeble*, *weake*, and *wane* ?
 So faire, strong, wise, so rich, so yong is man :
 So faire is *Man*, that *Death* (a parting Blast)
 Blasts his faire Flow'r, and makes him *Earth* at last
 So strong is *Man*, that with a gasping *Breath*
 He totters, and bequeathes his strength to *Death*
 So wise is *Man*, that if with *Death* he strive,
 His wisdome cannot teach him how to live;
 So rich is *Man*, that (all his *Debts* b'ing paid)
 His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid
 So yong is *Man*, that (broke with *care* and *sorrow*)
 He's sold enough to day, to *Dye to morrow* :
 Why brag'st thou then, thou *worm* of five-foot
 Th'art neither *faire*, nor *strong*, nor *wise*, nor *rich*.

Mors Christi.

2.

I *thurst* ; and who shall quench this eager *Thurst* ?
 I *grieve* ; and with my *griefe* my heart will *burst* ;
 I *grieve*, because I *thurst* without reliefe ;
 I *thurst*, because my Soule is burnt with *griefe* ;
 I *thurst* , and (dry'd with *griefe*) my heart will dye ;
 I *grieve*, and *thurst* the more, for Sorrow's dry :
 The more I *grieve*, the more my *thurst* appeares :
 Would God ! I had not griev'd out all my *teares* ;
 I *thurst* ; and yet my *griefes* have made a *Floud* ;
 But *teares* are salt ; I *grieve*, and *thurst* for *blood* ;
 I *grieve* for *blood*, for *blood* must send reliefe ;
 I *thurst* for *blood*, for *blood* must ease my *griefe* ;
 I *thurst* for sacred blood of a deare *Lambe* ;
 I *grieve* to thinke from whence that deare *blood* came ;
 'Twas shed for *me*, O let me drinke my fill,
 Although my *griefe* remaine entier still :
 O soveraigne pow'r of that Vermilian Spring, (sing.)
 Whose vertue, neither *heart* conceives, nor *tongue* can

Fraus Mundi.

3.

I Love the *World* (as Clients love the *Lawes*)
 To manage the uprightnesse of my *Cause* ;
 The *World* loves me, as *Shepherds* doe their *flockes*,
 To rob, and spoile them of their fleecy lockes ;
 I love the *World*, and use it as mine *lure*,
 To bait, and rest my tyred *carkeise* in :

The

The *World* loves me : For what ? To make her gaze ;
 For filthy *sinne*, she sells me timely *shame* ;
 She's like the *Basiliske*. by whose sharpe eyes
 The living object, first discover'd, dyes ;
 Forth from her eyes empoysoned beames do burst ;
 Dyes like a *Basiliske*, discerned first ;
 We live at *jarras* as froward Gamesters doe,
 Still *guarding*, not *regarding* others foe ;
 I love the *World*, to *serve my turne*, and leave her,
 'Tis no *deceit* to *coozen* a *Deceiver* ;
 She'll not misse me ; I, lesse the *World* shall misse,
 To lose a *world* of *griefe*, t' enjoy a *world* of *Blisse*.

Gloria Cæli.

4.

Earth stands immov'd, and fixt ; her situation
 Admits no locall *change*, no alteration,
Heaven alway *moves*, renewing still his place,
 And ever sees us with another *Face* ;
Earth standeth *fixt*, yet there I live *opprest* ;
Heaven alway *mooves*, yet there is all my *rest* :
 Enlarge thy selfe, my *Soule*. with *meditation*,
 Mount there, and there bespeake thy *habitation* ;
 Where *joies* are full, & pure, not mixt with mourning
 All endlesse, and from which is no returning :
 No *theft*, no cruell *murder* harbours there,
 No hoary-headed *Care*, no sudden *Feare*,
 No pinching *want*, no (gripping fast) *oppression*,
 Nor *Death* the *slipend* of our first *transgression* :
 But dearest *Friendship*, *Love*, and lasting *Pleasure*,
 Still there abides, without or stint, or *measure* ;

Fulso

*Fulnesse of Riches, comfort sempoternall,
Excesse without a surfetting; And Life eternall.*

Dolor Inferni.

5.

THe Trump shall blow, the dead (awak'd) shall rise;
And to the Clouds shall turn their wondring eyes;
The heav'ns shall ope, the Bridegroom forth shall come,
To judge the World, and give the World her doome:
Joy to the lust, to others endlesse smart;
To those the Voice bids come; to these, Depart;
Depart from Life, yet (dying) live for ever;
For ever dying be, and yet Dye never;
Depart like Dogs, with Devils take your lot;
Depart like Devils, for I know you not;
Like Dogs, like Devils goe, Goe howle, and barke;
Depart in darknesse, for your deeds were darke;
Let roving be your Musicke, and your Food
Be flesh of Vipers, and your drinke, their blood;
Let Fiends afflict you, with Reproach, and Shame,
Depart, depart into Eternall Flame:
If Hell the Guerdon then of Sinners be,
(Lord) give me Hell on earth, (Lord) give me heav'n
with thee.

—vv—vv— *Iam Desine Tibia versus.*

FINIS.

[G

Hadassa.

Horat. Ode 6.

*Conamur tennes, grandia; nec pudor,
Imbellisque Lyra Musa potens vetat.*

By *Fra. Quarles.*

LONDON,
Printed for JOHN MARRIOT.
1630.

Hadassah

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Printed for J. M. M. M. M.

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A PREFACE TO THE READER,



Sober yeine best suits Theologia: If therefore thou expect'st such Elegancy as takes the times, affect some subject as will beate it. Had I laboured with over-abundance of fictions, or flourishes, perhaps they had exposed mee, censurable, and disprized this sacred subject: Therefore I rest more sparing in that kinde.

Two things I would treat of: First, the *matter*, secondly, the *manner* of this History.

As for the *matter*, (so farre as I have dealt) it is Canonically, and indited by the holy Spirit of God, not lyable to errour, and needs no blanching.

In it, Theologie sits as Queene, attended by her handmaid Philosophy; both concurring, to make the understanding Reader a good Divine, and a wise Moralist.

As for the Divinity; it discovers the Almighty in his two great Attributes; in his Mercy, delivering his Church; in his Justice, confounding her enemies.

As for the Morality; it offers to us the
G 3 whole

whole practicke part of Philosophy, dealt out into Ethicks, Politicks, and Oeconomicks.

1. The Ethical part (the object whereof is the manners of a private man) ranges through the whole booke, and empties it selfe into the Catalogue of Morall vertues, either those that governe the body; as Fortitude, Chap. 9. 2. and Temperance, Chap. 1. 8. or those which direct the soule, either in outward things, as Liberality, Chap. 1. 3. Magnificence, Chap. 1. 6. Magnanimity, Chap. 2. 20. and Modesty, Chap. 6. 12. or in conversation, as Iustice, Chap. 7. 9. Mansuetude, Chap. 5. 2. &c.

2. The Politicall part (the object whereof is publike Societie) instructs, first, in the behaviour of a Prince to his Subject; in punishing his vice, Chap. 7. 10. in rewarding of vertues, Chap. 8. 2, 15. Secondly, in the behaviour of the Subject to his Prince; in observing his Lawes, and discovering his enemies, Chap. 2. 22. Thirdly, the behaviour of a Subject, to a Subject; in mutuality of love, Chap. 4. 7. in propagation of peace, Chap. 10. 3.

3. The Oeconomical part (the object whereof is private Society) teacheth, first, the carriage of the Wife, to her Husband: in obey-

ing,

ing, Chap. 1. 22. of the Husband to his Wife, in ruling, Chap. 1. 21. Secondly, of a Father to his Childe, in advising, Chap. 2. 7, 20. of a Childe to his Father, in observing, Chap. 2. 10. Thirdly, of a Master to his Servant, in commanding, Chap. 4. 5. of a Servant to his Master, in effecting his command, Chap. 4. 6.

Furthermore, in this history, the two principall faculties of the soule are (nor in vaine) imployed.

First, the Intellect, whose proper object is Truth. Secondly, the Will, whose proper object is good, whether Philosophicall, which that great Master of Philosophy calls Wisdom: or Theologicall, which wee point at now, hoping to enjoy hereafter.

Who the Pen-man of this sacred History was, or why the name of God (as in few other parts of the Bible) is unmentioned in this, it is immateriall, and doubtfull. For the first, it is enough for an uncurious questioner to know, it was indited by the Spirit of God's for the second, let it suffice, that that Spirit will'd not here to reveale his name.

As for the *Manner* of this history (consisting in the Periphrase, the adiournment of the story, and interposition of Meditations) I

88 *The Epistle to the Reader.*

I hope it hath not iniured the Matter: For in this I was not the least carefull, to use the light of the best Expositors, not daring to go un-led, for feare of stumbling. Some say, Divinity in Verse, is incongruous and unpleasing: such I referre to the *Psalmes of David*, or the Song of his sonne *Salomon*, to bee corrected. But in these lewd times, the salt, and soule of a Verse, is obscene scurrility, without which it seemes dull, and livelesse: And though the sacred *History* needs not (as humane doe) Poetry, to perpetuate the remembrance, (being by Gods owne mouth blest with Eternity) yet Verse (working so neare upon the soule, and spirit) will oft times draw those to have a history in familiarity, who (perchance) before, scarce knew there was such a Booke.

Reader, be more than my hasty pen stiles thee: Reade mee with advice, and thereafter iudge me, and in that iudgement censure me. If I iangle, thinke my intent thereby, is to toll better Ringers in. Farewell.

T N 3

THE INTRODVCTION.

WHEN Zedechia (He whose haplesse hand
 Once held the Scepter of Great Iudah's
 Went up the Palace of Proud Babylon, (Land)
 (The Prince Serajab him attending on,)
 A dreadfull Prophet, (from whose blasting breath
 Came sudden death, and nothing else but death)
 Into Serajab's peacefull hand betooke
 The sad Contents of a more dismall Booke :

Breake ope the leaves, these leaves so full of dread,
 Had (onne of thunder) said the Prophet, read;
 Say thus, say freely thus, The Lord hath spoke it,
 Tis done, the world's unable to revoke it;
 Wee, woe, and heavy woes ten thousand more
 Beside great Babylon, that painted whore;
 Thy buildings, and thy fensive Towers shall
 Flame on a sudden, and to cinders fall;
 None shall be left, to waile thy grieve with Howles:
 Thy streets shall peop'd be with Bats, and Owles:
 None shall remaine, to call thy places royd,
 None to possesse, nor ought to be enjoy'd;
 Naught shall be left for thee to terme thine owne,
 But hellesse ruines of a haplesse towne:

Said then the Prophet, when thy language hath
 Empt'y'd thy Cheekes of this thy borrow'd Breath,
 Close then the Booke, and binde a stone unto it,
 That done, into the swift Euphrates throw it,
 And let this following speech explaine withall
 The Hieroglyphick of proud Babels fall.

Thus, thus shall Babel, Thus shall Babels glory,
 Of her destruction leave a Tragick story:

Thus,

*Thus, thus shall Babel fall, and none relieve her,
Thus, thus shall Babel sink, Thus sink for ever.*

And false she is. Thus after-times make good
That sacred Prophecie, confirm'd in blood.

Great Royall Dreamer, where is now that thing
Thou so much vant'st of: where, O soveraign King
Is that great Babel, that was rais'd so hye,
To shew the highnesse of thy Majesty?
Where is thy Royall-off-spring to succeed
Thy Throne, and to preserve thy Princely seed
Till this time? Sleeping, how could'st thou foresee
That thing, which waking thou thoghest ne'r wold

And thou *Belsazzar*, (full of youthfull fire, (be)
Unlucky Grand-child to a lucklesse Syre)
On thee the sacred Oracles attended,
For with thy life, great Babels Kingdome ended:
What made thy Spirit tremble, and thy hayre
Bolt up? What made thee (fainting) gaspe for ayre?
A simple Word upon a painted Wall?
What's that to thee? If ought, what harme at all?
Could words affright thee? O preposterous wit,
To feare the writing, not the Hand that writ!
The Hand that writ, it selfe (unseene) did shroud
Within the gloomy bosome of a Cloud;
The Hand that writ, was bent, (nor bent in vaine)
To part the Kingdome, and the King in twaine,
The Hand that writ, did write the sentence downe,
And now stands armed to depose the Crowne;
The hand that writ, did threaten to translate
Thy Kingdome (Babel) to the Persian state;
Th'effect whereof did brooke no long delayes,
For when *Belsazzar* had spun out his dayes,
(Soone cut by that Avengers fatall knife,)
Proud Babels Empire ended with his life.

As when that rare Arabian Bird doth rest
 Her bedrid carcasſe in her Spicy neſt,
 The quick-devouring fire of heaven conſumes
 The willing ſacrifice, in ſweet perfumes,
 From whoſe ſad cinders (bawl'd in ſun'al ſpices)
 A ſecond Phœnix (like the firſt) ariſes ;
 So from the Ruines of great Babels Seat,
 The Medes and Perſians Monarchy grew great ;
 For when *Belſhazzar*, laſt of Babels Kings,
 Yeelded to death, (the ſumme of mortall things)
 Like earth-amazing thunder from above,
 And lightning from the houſe of angry *Jove*,
 Or like two billowes in th' Eubœan Seas,
 Whoſe ſwelling, nought but ſhipwrack can appeaſe
 So bravely came the fierce *Darius* on,
 Marching with *Cyrus* into Babylon,
 Two Armies Royall ſtoutly following,
 The one was Medes, the other Perſia's King:
 As when the Harveſter, with bubling brow,
 (Reaping the intreſt of his painfull Plough,)
 With crooked Sickle now a ſhock doth ſheare,
 A handfull here, and then a handfull there,
 Not leaving, till he nought but ſtubble leave;
 Here lies a new-falne ranke, and there a ſheave;
 Even ſo the Perſian Hoſt it ſelfe beſtur'd,
 So fell great Babel by the Perſian Sword,
 Which warm with ſlaughter, & with blood imbru'd
 Ne'r ſheath'd, till wounded Babel fell, ſubdn'd.
 But ſee ! Theſe brave Ioynt-tenants that ſurviv'd
 To ſee a little world of men unliy'd,
 Muſt now be parted : Great *Darius* dyes,
 And *Cyrus* ſhares alone, the new-got prize;
 He fights for Heaven, Heavens foemen he ſubdues:
 He builds the Temple, he reſtores the Jewes,

By

By him was *Zedecbia* force disjoynted,
 Vnknown to God he was, yet Gods Anointed;
 But marke the malice of a wayward Fate;
 He whom successe crown'd alwaies fortunate,
 He that was strong t'atchieve, bold to attempt,
 Wise to foresee, and wary to prevent,
 Valiant in warre, successefull to obtaine,
 Must now be flaine, and by a Woman flaine.

Accursed be thy sacrilegious hand,
 That of her Patron rob'd the holy Land;
 Curs'd be thy dying life, thy living death,
 And curs'd be all things, that proud *Tomyris* hath.

O worst that death can doe, to take a life,
 Which (lost) leaves Kingdomes to a Tyrants knife
 For now, alas! degenerate *Cambyfes* (vices)
 (Whose hand was fill'd with blood, whose hart with
 Site crowned King, to vex the Persian state;
 With heavy burthens, and with sore regrate.

O *Cyrus*, more unhappy in thy son,
 Then in that stroke wherewith thy life was done!
Cambyfes now sits King, now Tyrant (rather!)
 (Vnlucky Sonne of a renowned Father)
 Blood cries for Blood: Himselfe revenged hath
 His bloody Tyranny, with his owne death;
 That cruell sword on his owne flesh doth feed,
 Which made so many loyall Persians bleed,
 Whose wofull choyce made an indiff'rent thing,
 To leave their lives, or lose their Tyran' King:
Cambyfes dead, with him the latest drop
 Of *Cyrus* blood was spilt, his death did stop
 The infant source of his brave Syers worth,
 Ere after-times could spend his rivers forth.

Tyrant *Cambyfes* being dead, and gone,
 On the reversion of his empty Throne,

Mon

Mounts up a *Magus* with dissembled right,
Forging the name of him, whose greedy night
Too early did perpetuate her owne,
And silent death had snatcht away unknowne.
But when the tydings of his Royall cheat,
Times loyall Trunipe had sam'd, th'usurped seat
Grew too too hot, and longer could not beare
So proud a burthen on so proud a Chayre :
The Nobles sought their freedome to regaine,
Not resting, till the *Magi* all were slaine;
And so renowned was that happy slaughter,
That it solemniz'd was for ever after;
So that what pen shall write the Persian story,
Shall treat that Triumph, & write that daies glory;
For to this time the Persians (as they say)
Observe a Feast, and keepe it holy-day;
Now Persia lacks a King, and now the State
Labours as much in want, as it of late
Did in abundance. Too great calmes doe harme
Sometimes as much the Sea-man, as a storme;
One while they thinke t' erect a Monarchy;
But that (corrupted) breeds a Tyranny,
And dead *Cambyjes*, fresh before their eyes,
Afrights them with their new-scaped miseries;
Some to the Nobles would commit the State,
In change of Rule, expecting change of fate;
Others cri'd, no; more Kings then one, incumber;
Better admit one Tyrant, than a number:
The rule of many doth disquiet bring;
One Monarch is enough, one Lord, one King:
One saies, Let's rule our selves; *let's all be Kings;
No, sayes another, that confusion brings;
Thus moderne danger bred a carefull trouble,
Double their care is, as their feare is double;

And

And doubtfull to resolve of what conclusion,
 To barre confusion, thus they bred confusion;
 At last (and well advis'd) they put their choyce
 Vpon the verdict of a Iuries voyce;
 Seven is a perfect number, then by seven,
 Be Persia's royall Crowne, and Scepter given;
 Now Persia, doe thy plagues or joyes commence;
 God give thy Iurie sacred evidence:

Fearfull to chuse, and faithlesse in their choyce,
 (Since weale, or woe depended on their voice,)
 A few from many they extracted forth,
 Whose even-poys'd valour, and like-equall worth
 Had set a *Non plus* on their doubtfull tongues,
 Vnwetring where the most reward belongs,
 They this agreed, and thus (advis'd) bespake;

Since poor blind mortalls, of themselves, can make
 No difference 'twixt good, and evil, nor know
 A good from what is onely good, in show,
 But, with unconstant frailty, doth vary
 From what is good, to what is cleane contrary;
 And since it lies not in the braine of man,
 To make his drooping state more happy, than
 His unprosperious stars allot, much lesse
 To lend another, or a state success,
 In vaine you therefore shall expect this thing,
 That we should give you fortune, with a King:
 Since you have made us meanes to propagate
 The joyfull wefare of our headlesse State,
 (Bound by the tender service that we beare
 Our native soyle, saye then our lives more deare)
 We sified have, and boulded from the Rest,
 Whose worst admits no badnesse, and whose best
 Cannot be bettered:
 When Chaunticleere, (the Belman of the moyne)

The Introduction.

25

Shall summon twilight, with his bugle borne,
Let these brave Hero's, dress'd in warlike wise,
And richly mounted on their Palseries,
Attend our rising Sun-gods ruddie face,
Within the limits of our Royall place.
And he whose lusty Stallion first shall neigh,
To him be given the doubifull Monarchy,
The choyce of Kings lies not in mortall's brest,
Thi we; the Gods, and Fortune doe the rest.

So said; the people, tickl'd with the motion,
Some tost their caps, some fell to their devotion,
Some clapt their joyful hāds, some shout, some sing
And all at once cry'd out, A King, A King.

When Phæbus Harbinger had chac'd the night,
And tedious Phosphor brought the breaking light,
Complete in armes, and glorious in their trayne,
Came these brave Heroes, prancing o're the plaine,
With mighty streamers came these blazing starres,
Portending Warres, (and nothing else but Warres;)
Into the royall Palace now they come: (Drum,
There sounds the martiall Trump, here beats the
There stands a Steed, and champes his frothy Steele
This stroaks the ground; that scorns it with his heel;
One snorts, another puffs out angry wind;
This mounts, before; and that curvets, behind;

By this, the fomy Steeds of Phætoæ
Puffe too, and spurne the Easterne Horizon:
Whereat the Nobles, prostrate to the ground,
Ador'd their God, (their God was early found.)

Forthwith, from out the thickest of the crowd,
In depth of silence, there was heard the loud,
And lustfull language of Darius Horse,
Who in the dialect of his discourse,
Proclam'd his rider King; whereat the rest

(Patient

(Patient to beare what cannot be redrest)
 Dismount their lofty Steeds, and prostrate bring
 Their humbled bodies to their happy King;
God save the King, they joyntly say; God blesse
 Thy prosperous actions with a due successe;
 The people clap their sweatty palmes, and shew,
 The bonfires smoke, the bells ring round about,
 The minstrels play, the Parrats learne to sing,
 (Perchance as well as they,) *God save the King.*
Assuerus now's invested in the throne,
 And *Persia's* rul'd by him, and him alone;
 Prove happy *Persia* : Great *Assuerus* prove
 As equall happy in thy peoples love.

Enough; And let this broken breuiate
 Suffice to shadow forth the downfall state
 Of mighty Babel, and the conquest made
 By the fierce Medes, & Persians conqu'ring blade
 Whose just succession we have traced downe,
 Till great *Assuerus* wear the Persian Crowne;
 Him have we sought, and having found him, rest
 To morrow goe we to his royall Feast.

FINIS.

TO
THE HIGHEST:

His Humble Servant
Implores his gracious
ayde.

THou great Director of the hearts of men,
From whence I propagate what e'er is mine;
Still my disquiet thoughts, Direct my Pen
No more mine owne, if thou adopt it thine:
Oh, be thy Spirit All in All to me,
That will implore no ayde, no Muse, but thee:

Be thou the Load-starre to my wandering minde,
New rig'd, and bound upon a new Adventure:
O fill my Canvas with a prosp'rous winde;
Unlocke my soule, and let thy Spirit enter:
So blesse my Talent with a fruitfull Lone,
That it, at least, may render two for one.

H

Unworthy

Vnworthy I, to take so high a Taske;
 Vnworthy I, to crave so great a Boone:
 Alas! unseason'd is my slender Cause,
 My Winters day hath scarcely seene her Noon;
 But if the Childrens Bread must be deny'd,
 Yet let me licke the Crummes that fall beside.

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THE HISTORIE OF ESTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The King Asuerus makes two Feasts,
Invites his great and meaner guests;
He makes a Statute to repressse
The lothsome sin of Drunkenesse.*

SECT. I.

When great *Asuerus* (under whose Cōmand
the worlds most part did in subiectiō stād,
Whose Kingdome was to East and West confin'd,
And stretcht from *Ethiopia* unto *Ind*;) (power
When this brave Monarch had with two yeeres
Confirm'd himselfe the Persian Emperour;
The peoples patience nilling to sustaine
The hard oppression of a third yeeres raigne,
Softly began to grumble, sore to vexe,
Feeling such Tribute on their servile necks;
Which when the King (as he did quickly) heares,
(For Kings have tender, and the nimblest cares)
Partly to blow the coales of old affection,
Which now are dying through a forc'd subjection;
Partly to make his Princely might appeare,
To make them feare for love, or love for feare,
He made a Feast: He made a Royall Feast,
Fit for himselfe, had he himselfe bin Guest;

H 1

To

100 *The History of Queene Ester.*

To which he calls the Princes of his Land,
 Who (paying tribute) by his power stand;
 To which he calls his servants of Estate,
 His Captaines, and his Rulers of the State,
 That he may shew the glory of his store,
 The like unscene by any Prince before;
 That he may boast his Kingdomes beauty forth,
 His servant Princes, and their Princely worth;
 That he may shew the Type of Sov'raignty
 Fulfill'd, in th'honour of his Majesty:
 He made a Feast, whose Date should not expire,
 Vntill seven Moones had lost, and gain'd their fire.
 When as this royall-tedious Feast was ended,
 (For good more common 'tis, 'tis more comended)
 For meaner sort he made a second Feast;
 His Guests were from the greatest to the least
 In *Susa's* place; Seven dayes they did resort
 To Feast i'th Palace Garden of the Court;
 Where in the midst, the house of *Bacchus* stands
 To entertaine when Bounty claps her hands;
 The Tap'stry hangings were of divers hue,
 Pure white, and youthfull Greene, and joyful blue,
 The maine supporting Pillers of the Place
 Were perfect Marble of the purest race;
 The Beds were rich, right Princely to behold,
 Of beaten Silver, and of burnish't Gold.
 The Pavement was discolour'd Porphyry,
 • And during Marble, colour'd diversly;
 In lavish Cups of oft-refined gold,
 Came wine unwisht, drinke what the people would
 The Golden vessels did in number passe, (was
 Great choice of Cups, great choyce of wine them
 And since Abuse attends upon Excesse,
 Leading sweet Mirth to lothsome Drunkenesse,

The History of Queene Ester. 101

A temp'rate Law was made, that no man might
Inforce an undisposed Appetite :
So that a sober mind may use his pleasure, (sure.
And measure drinking, though not drinke by mea-

Meditat. 1.

NO man is borne unto himselfe alone;
Who lives unto himselfe, he lives to none :
The World's a body, each man a member is,
To adde some measure to the publike blisse;
Where much is given, there much shall be requir'd,
Where little, lesse; for riches are but hyr'd;
Wisdom is sold for sweat; Pleasures for paine;
Who lives unto himselfe, he lives in vaine;
To be a Monarch is a glorious thing;
Who lives not full of Care, he lives no King;
The boundlesse glory of a King is such,
To sweeten Care, because his Care is much;
The Sun (whose radiant beames reflect so bright)
Comforts, and warms, as well as it gives light,
By whose example *Pharoh* (though more diu)
Does counterfeit his beames, and shines from him :
So mighty Kings are not ordain'd alone
To pearch in glory on the Princely Throne,
But to direct in Peace, command in Warre
Those Subjects, for whose sakes they onely are;
So yall subjects must adapt them to
Such vertuous actions as their Princes doe :
So shall his people, even as well as He,
Princes (though in a lesser volume) be.
So often as I fixe my serious eye
Upon *Asuerus* Feast, me thinkes, I spy

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The Temple-daunce, me thinkes, my ravish'd eare,
(Rapt with the secret musicke that I heare)
Attends the warble of an Angels tongue,
Resounding forth this sence bereaving song;
Vashti shall fall, and Ester rise,
Sion shall thrive, when Haman dyes.

Blest are the meetings, and the Banquets blest,
Where Angels caroll musicke to the Feast;
¶ How doe our wretched times degenerate
From former ages! How intemperate
Hath lavish custome made our bed-ride Age,
Acting obscene Sceanes on her drunken Stage!
Our times are guided by a lewder lot,
As if that world another world begot:
Their friendly feasts were fill'd with sweet sobriety
Ours, with uncleane delights, and base ebriety;
Theirs, the unvalued prize of Love intended;
Ours seek the cause, whereby our Love is ended.
How in so blind an age could those men see!
And in a seeing Age, how blinde are we!

THE ARGVMENT.

*The King sends for the Queene; the Queene
Denies to come; His hasty spleene
Inflames, unto the Persian Ladies
He leaves the censure of his cause.*

Act. 1.

TO adde more honour to this Royall Feast,
That Glory may with Glory be increast,
Vashti the Queene (the fairest *Queene* on earth)
She made a Feast, and put on jolly mirth,

To bid sweet welcome with her Princely cheere
To all her Guests; Her Guests all, women were.

By this the Royall bounty of the King
Hath well-nigh spent the seven dales banqueting.
Six Ioviall dayes have runne their howers out,
And now the seventh revolves the weeke about,
Vpon which day, (the *Queenes* unlucky Day)
The King, with jollity intic'd away,
And gently having slipt the stricter reynes
Of Temperance, (that over-mirth restraines)
Rose up, commanded that without delay,
(How-e're the Persian custome doe gain-say
That men and married wives should feast together)
That faire *Queene Vasthi* be conducted thither,
For him to shew the sweetnesse of her face,
And peerlesse beauty mixt with Princely Graces,
To wound their wanton hearts, and to surprize
The Princes with th' Artill'rie of her eyes.

But fairest *Vasthi* (in whose scornfull Eyes
More haughty Pride, than heavenly beaurty lyes)
With bold deniall of a flinty brest,
Answer'd the longing of the Kings request;
And (fill'd with scorne) return'd this message home
Queene Vasthi cannot, Vasthi will not come,
Whereat, as *Boreas* with his blustering,
(When sturdy *Aries* ushers in the Spring)
Here fells an aged Oke, there cleaves a Tree,
Now holds his full-mouth'd blast, now lets it flee,
So stormes the King; now pale, now fy'ry red,
His colour comes and goes, his angry head
He sternly shakes, spits his iraged speene,
Now on the messenger, now on the *Queene*;
One while he deeply waighes the foule contempt,
And then his passion bids his wrath attempt

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A quicke revenge; now creepe into his thought;
Such things as aggravate the peevish fault;
The place, the persons present, and the time
Increase his wrath, increase his Ladies Crime.

But soone as Passion had restor'd the Reyne
To righteous Reason's government againe;
The King (unfit to judge his proper Cause)
Referr'd the triall to the Persian Lawes:
He call'd his learned Counsell, and display'd
The nature of his Grievance thus, and said:

*By vertue of a Husband, and a King,
(To make complete our Royall banquetting)
We gave command, we gave a strict command,
That by the office of our Eunuchs hand,
Queene Vashti should in state attended be
Into the presence of our Majestie,
But in contempt, shee slackes our dread behest
Neglects performance of our deare Request,
And (through disdain) disloyally deny'd,
Like a false subject, and a faithlesse Bride:
Say then (my Lords) for you (bring truly wise)
Have brains to judge, and judgements, to advise;
Say, boldly (say) what doe the Lawes assigne?
What punishment? or what deserved Fine?
Assuerus bids, the mighty King commands;
Vashti denies, the scornfull Queene withstands.*

Meditat. 2.

EVill manners breed good Lawes: And that's the
That e'r was made of bad: The Persian feast (best
(Finding the mischief that was growne so rife)
Admitted not with men a married wife.

How

How carefull were they in preserving that,
Which we so watchfull are to violate !
O Chastity, the Flower of the soule,
How is thy perfect fairnesse turn'd to foule !
How are thy Blossomes blasted all to dust,
By sudden lightning of untamed Lust !
How hast thou thus dekl'd thy Iv'ry feet !
Thy sweetnesse that was once, how far from sweet !
Where are thy maiden-smiles ? thy blushing cheek ?
Thy Lamb-like countenance, so faire, so mecke ?
Where is that spotlesse Flower that while-ere
Within thy lilly-bosome thou didst weare ?
Ha's wanton *Cupid* snatcht it ? Hath his Dart
Sent courtly tokens to thy simple heart ?
Where dost thou bide ? the Country halfe disclames
The City wonders when a body names thee : (thee;
Or have the rurall Woods ingroft thee there,
And thus forestall'd our empty markets here ?
Sure th'art not, or kept where no man shoves thee;
Or chang'd so much, scarce man or woman knows
Our Grandame *Eve*, before it was forbid, (thee.
Desired not the fruit, she after did :
Had not the Custome of those times ordain'd
That women from mens feasts should be restrain'd,
Perhaps (*Assuerus*) *Vashti* might have dyed
Wasent for, and thy selfe beene undenyed :
Such are the fruits of mirths, and wines abuse,
Customes must crack, and love must break his truce,
Conjugiall bands must loose, and sullen Hate
Ensues the Feast, where Wine's immoderate.
¶ More difficult it is, and greater skill
To beare a mischief, than prevent an ill :
Passion is naturall, but to bridle Passion,
Is more divine, and vertues operation :

To

106 *The History of Queene Ester.*

To doe amisse, is Natures act ; to erre,
Is but a wretched mortalls character :
But to prevent the danger of the ill,
Is more than Man, surpassing humane skill :
Who playes a happy game with crafty sleight,
Confirms himselfe but Fortunes Favourite ;
But he that husbands well an ill-dealt game,
Deserves the credit of a Gamesters name ;
¶ Lord, if my Cards be bad, yet lend me skill
To play them wisely and make the best of ill.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The learned Counsell plead the case ;
The Queene degraded from her place ;
Decrees are sent throughout the Land,
That wives obey, and men command.*

SECT. 3.

THe righteous Counsel (having heard the cause)
Adviz'd a while, (with respite of a pause,
Till Memucan (the first that silence brake)
Unseal'd his serious lips, and thus bespake :
The Great Assuerus Sov'raigne Lord and King,
(To grace the period of his banquetting)
Hath sent for Vasthi ; Vasthi would not come,
And now it rests in us to give the doome.
But lest that too much rashnesse violate
The sacred Iustice of our happy state,
We first propound the height of her offence,
Next, the succeeding Inconvenience,
Which through the circumstances does augment,
And so descend to th' equal punishment ;

To offend

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W^hence propounded, now we must relate
Such circumstances that might aggravate,
And first, the Place, (the Palace of the King,)
And next, the Time, (the Time of Banqueting)
Lastly, the Persons, (Princes of the Land)
Which witness the contempt of the command;
The Place, the Persons present, and the Time,
Make foule the fault, make foule the Ladies crime;
N^or was her fault unto the King alone,
But to the Princes, and to every one,
For when this speech divulg'd about shall be,
Vashti the Queene withstood the Kings Decree,
Women (that soone can an advantage take
Of things which for their private ends doe make)
Shall scorne their coward husbands, and despise
Their deare requests within their scornfull eyes,
And say, If we deny your beests, then blame not,
Assuerus sent for Vashti, but she came not;
By Vashties patterne others will be taught;
Thus her example's fouler than her fault:
Now therefore if it like our gracious King,
(Since he refers to us the censuring)
Let him proclaim (which untransgressed be)
His royall Edict, and his just Decree,
That Vashti come no more before his face,
But leave the titles of her Princely place:
Let firme divorce unloose the Nuptiall knot,
And let the name of Queene be quite forgot,
Let her estate, and princely dignity,
Her Royall Crowne, and seat assigned be
To one whose sacred vertue shall attaine
As high perfection, as her bold disdain;
So when this Royall Edict shall be saw'd,
And through the severall Provinces proclaim'd,

Disdain.

108 *The History of Queene Ester.*

*Disdainfull wives will learne, by Vassities fall,
To answer gently to their Husbands call.*

Thus ended *Memucan*; the King was pleas'd;
(His blustering passion now at length appeas'd)
And soone apply'd himselfe to undertake,
To put in practice what his Counsell spake:

So, into every Province of the Land,
He sent his speedy Letters, with command,
That Husbands rule their wives, & beare the sway,
And by subjection teach their Wives to obey.

Medita. 3.

WHÉ God with sacred breath did first inspire
The new-made earth with quick, and holy
He (well advising, what a goodly creature (fire,
He builded had, so like himselfe in feature)
Forth-with concluded by his preservation
T'eternize that great worke of Mans creation;
Into a sleepe he cast this living clay,
Lockt up his sense with drowzy *Morpheus* key,
Opened his fruitfull flanke, and from his side,
He drew the substance of his helpfull Bride,
Flesh of his flesh, and bone made of his bone
He framed Woman, making two of one;
Thus broke in two, he did anew ordaine
That these same two should be made One againe:
Till singling Death this sacred knot undoe,
And part this new-made One, once more in two.
¶ Since of a Rib first framed was a Wife,
Let Ribs be Hi' roglyphicks of their life:
Ribs coast the Heart, and guard it round about,
And like a trusty Watch keepe danger out;

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So tender wives should loyally impart
Their watchfull care, to fence their Spouses heart:
All members else from out their places rove,
But Ribs are firmly fixt, and seldome move:
Women (like Ribs) must keepe their wonted home,
And not (like *Dinah* that was ravisht) rome:
If Ribs be over-bent, or handled rough,
They breake; If let alone, they bend enough:
Women must (unconstrain'd) be plyent still,
And gently bending to their Husbands will.
The sacred Academy of mans life
Is holy wedlocke in a happy Wife.

It was a wisemans speech, *Could never they
Knew to command, that knew not first t'obey:*
Where's then that high command? that ample fame
Your sexe, to glorifie their honour'd name,
Your noble sexe in former dayes atchiev'd?
Whose sounding praise no after-times out-liv'd.
What brave exploits? what well-deserving glory
The subject of an everlasting story,
Their hands atchiev'd: they thrust their Scepters thē
As well in Kingdomes, as in hearts of men;
And sweet obedience was the lowly staire,
Mounted their steps to that commanding chaire.
A Womans Rule should be in such a fashion,
Onely to guide her household, and her passion:
And her obedience never's out of season,
So long as either Husband lasts, or Reason:
It thrives the haplesse Family, that shoves
A Cocke that's silent, and a Hen that crows.
I know not which live more unnaturall lives,
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

*Affuerus pleas'd; his servants motion
Propounded, gaine his approbation.
Esters descent, her Iewish race:
Her beauties, and her perfit grace.*

SECT. 4.

WHen Time (that endeth all things) did as
The burning Fever of *Affuerus* rage, (swage
And quiet satisfaction had assign'd
Delightfull Iu'lips to his troubled minde,
He call'd his old remembrance to account
Of *Vashti*, and her Crimes that did amount
To th' summe of her divorcement: In his thought
He weigh'd the censure of her heedlesse fault:
His fawning servants willing to prevent him, (him
Left too much thought should make his love repent
Said thus: (If it shall please our gracious Lord
To crowne with audience his servants word)
*Let strict Inquest, and carefull Inquisition
In all the Realme be made, and quicke provision
Throughout the Medes and Persians all along
For comely Virgins, beautifull and yong,
Which (curiously selected) let them bring
Into the Royall Palace of the King;
And let the Eunuchs of the King take care
For Princely Robes, and Vesture, and prepare
Sweet Odours, choise Perfumes, and all things want,
To add a greater sweetnesse to their sweet;
And she, whose perfect beames shall best delight,
And seeme most gracious in his princely sight;*

The History of Queene Ester. III

To her be given the Conquest of her face,
And be enthron'd in scornfull Vastities place.
The project pleas'd the King, who straight requires
That strict performance second their desires:
Within the walls of *Sbusa* dwelt there one,
By breeding; and by birth a Jew, and knowne
By th' name of *Mordecai*, of mighty kin,
Descended from the Tribe of *Benjamin*,
(Whose necke was subject to the slavish yoke,
When *Jeconiah* was surpris'd and rooke,
And caried captive into Babels Land,
With strength of mighty *Neb'chadnezzars* hand;))
Within his house abode a Virgin bright,
Whose name was *Ester*, or *Hadass'a* hight,
His brothers daughter, whom (her parents dead) ?
This Jew did foster, in her fathers stead,
She wanted none, though father she had none,
Her Vncles love assum'd her for his owne;
Bright beames of beauty streamed from her eye,
And in her cheek sate maiden modesty;
Which peerlesse beauty lent so kinde a relish
To modest vertue, that they did imbellish
Each others ex'lence, with a full assent,
In her to boast their perfect complement.

Meditat. 4.

THe strongest Arteries that knit and tye
The members of a mixed Monarchy,
Are learned Counsels, timely Consultations,
Rip'ned Advice, and sage Deliberations;
And if those Kingdomes be but ill be-blest,
Whose Rule's committed to a young mans breast;
Then

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Then such Estates are more unhappy farre,
 Whose choicest Councillors but Children are :
 How many Kingdomes blest with high renowne,
 (In all things happy else) have plac'd their crowne
 Vpon the Temples of a childish head,
 Vntill with ruine, King, or State be sped !
 What Massacres (begun by factious jarres,
 And ended by the spoile of ciuill warres)
 Have made brave Monarchies unfortunate,
 And raz'd the glory' of many' a mighty State ?
 How many hopefull Princes (ill advis'd
 By young, & smooth-fac'd Counsell) have despis'd
 The sacred Oracles of riper yeares,
 Till deare Repentance washt the Land with teares
 Witnesse thou lucklesse, and succeeding Son
 Of (Wisedomes Favourite) great *Salomon* ;
 How did thy rash, and beardless Counsell bring
 Thy fortunes subject to a stranger King ?
 And laying burthens on thy peoples necke,
 The weight hung sadly on thy bended backe.
 Thou second *Richard*, (once our Britaine King,
 whose Syr's, & Grandfyr's fame the world did ring)
 How was thy gentlo nature led aside,
 By greene advisements, which thy State did guide,
 Vntill the title of thy Crowne did cracke,
 And fortunes (as thy Fathers name) were blacke ?
 ¶ Now glorious Britaine, clap thy hands, and blesse
 Thy sacred fortunes ; for thy happinesse
 (As doth thy Iland) does it selfe diuide,
 And sequester from all the world beside ;
 Blest are thy open Gates with joyfull peace,
 Blest are thy fruitfull barnes with sweet increase,
 Blest in thy Counsell, whose industrious skill,
 Is but to make thy fortunes happy still ;

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In all things blest, that to a State pertaine;
Thrice happy in my dreaded Sovereigne,
My sacred Sov'raigne, in whose onely brest,
A wise Assembl' of Privie Counsell's rest,
Who conquers with his princely heart as far
By peace, as *Alexander* did by War,
And with his Olive branch more hearts did boord,
Than daring *Cesar* did, with *Cesar's* sword:
Long maist thou hold within thy Royall hand,
The peacefull Scepter of our happy Land:
Great *Judah's* Lyon, and the Flow'r of *Iesse*.
Preserve thy Lyons, and thy Flowers bleste.

THE ARGUMENT,
*Paire Virgins brought to Hegg's hand,
The custome of the Persian Land;
Ester's neglect of rich attire,
To what the wanton Kings desire.*

SECT. 5.

AND when the lustfull Kings Decree was read,
In ev'ry eare, and Shire proclam'd, and spread,
Forthwith unto the Eunuch *Hegg's* hand
The Bevy came, the pride of beauties band,
Armed with joy, and warring with their eyes,
To gaine the conquest of a princely prize;
But none in peerlesse beauty thin'd so bright,
As lovely *Ester* did, in *Hegg's* sight:
Inloyall service he observed her;
He sent for costly Oyles, and fragrant Myrrh,
To sit her for the presence of the King:
Rich Tyres, and change of vesture did he bring;

I

Seven

114 *The History of Queene Ester.*

Seven comely maids he gave, to tend upon her,
To shew his service, and increase her honour:
But she was watchfull of her lips, and wise,
Disclosing not her kinred, or alyes:
For trusty *Mardocheus* tender care
Gave hopefull *Ester* Items to beware
To blaze her kin, or make her people knowne,
Lest for their sake, her hopes be overthrowne.
Before the Gates he to and fro did passe,
Wherein inclos'd the Courtly *Ester* was,
To understand how *Ester* did behave her,
And how she kept her in the Eunuchs fauour.

Now when as Time had fitted ev'ry thing,
By course, these Virgins came before the King.

Such was the custome of the Persian soyle,
Six months the Virgins bath'd in Myrrh & Oyle,
Six months perfum'd in change of odours sweet,
That perfect lust, and great excess may meet;
What costly Robes, rare Jewels, rich attire,
Or curious Fare, these Virgins did desire,
'Twas given, and freely granted, when they bring
Their bodies to be prostrate to the King:
Each Virgin keeps her turne, and all the night
They lewdly lavish in the Kings delight,
And soone as morning shall restore the day,
They in their bosomes beare blacke night away,
And (in their guilty breasts, as are their sinnes
Close prisoners) in the house of Concubines
Remaine, untill the satiate King shall please
To lend their pamperd bodyes a release.

Now when the turne of *Ester* was at hand,
To satisfie the wanton Kings command,
Shee sought not (as the rest) with brave attire,
To lend a needlesse spurre t'unchast Desire,

Ne

The History of Queene of Ester. 115

Nor yet endeavours with a whorish Grace,
T'adulterate the beauty of her face;
Nothing she sought to make her glory braver,
But simply tooke, what gentle *Hege* gave her:
Her sober visage daily wan her honour:
Each wandring eye inflam'd, that look'd upon her.

Meditat. 5.

WHEN God had with his All-producing Blast,
Blowne up the bubble of the *World*, & plac'd
In order that, which he had made in measure,
As well for necessary use, as pleasure:
Then out of earthy mould he fram'd a creature
Farre more Divine, and of more glorious feature
Than eurst he made, indu'd with understanding,
With strength, victorious, & with awe commanding,
With Reason, Wit, replete with Majesty,
With heavenly knowledge, and Capacity,
True embleme of his Maker: Him he made
The sov'raigne Lord of all; Him all obey'd;
Yeelding their lives (as tribute) to their King;
Both Fish, and Bird, and Beast, and every thing:
His body's rear'd upright, and in his eye,
Stand radient beames of awfull sov'raignty;
All Creatures else pore downward to the ground,
Man lookes to heaven, and al his thoughts rebound
Vpon the Earth (where tydes of pleasures meet)
He treads, and daily tramples with his feet;
Which reade sweet Lectures to his wandring eyes,
And teach his lustfull heart to moralize:
Naked he liv'd, nak'd to the world he came;
For he had then nor fault to hide, nor shame:

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His state was leuell, and he had free will
 To stand or fall, unforst to good or ill;
 Man had (such state he was created in)
 Within his pow'r, a power not to sin:
 But Man was tempted, yeelded, sinn'd, and fell,
 Abus'd his free-will, lost it, then befell
 A worse succeeding state; who was created
 Complete, is now become poore, blind, and naked;
 He's drawne with head-strong bias unto ill,
 Bereft of active pow'r *to will, or nill*;
 A blessed Saint's become a balefull Deyill,
 His free-will's onely stinted now to evill:
 Pleasure's his Lord, and in his Ladies eyes
 His Christall Temple of devotion lyes:
 Pleasure's the white, whereat he takes his leuell,
 Which (too much wronged with the name of evill)
 With best of blessings takes her losty seat,
 Greatest of goods, and seeming best of great:
 What's good, (like Iron) rusts for want of use,
 And what is bad is worsed with abuse;
 Pleasure, whose apt, and right ordained end
 Is but to sweeten labour, and attend
 The frailty of man, is now preferr'd so hie,
 To be his Lord, and beare the sov'raignty,
 Ruling his slavish thoughts, ignoble actions,
 And gaines the conquest of his best affections,
 Sparing no cost to bolster up delight,
 But force vaine pleasures to unwonted height:
 ¶ Who addes excesse unto a lustfull heart,
 Commits a costly sin, with greater Art.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Ester's belov'd, wedded, crown'd;
A Treason Mordecai betrai'd;
The Traitors are pursu'd, and found,
And for their treason well appayd.

SECT. 6.

NOW, now the time is come, faire Ester must
Expose her beautie to the Lethers lust;
Now, now must Ester stake her honour downe,
And hazzard Chastity, to gaine a Crowne;
Gone, gone she is, attended to the Court,
And spends the euening in the Princes sport:
As when a Lady (walking *Flora's* Bowre)
Picks here a Pinke, and there a Gilly-flowre,
Now plucks a Vi'let from her purple bed,
And then a Primerose, (the yeeeres maiden-head)
There, nips the Bryer; here, the Louers Pauncy.
Shifting her dainty pleasures, with her Fancy,
This, on her arme; and that, she lists to weare
Vpon the borders of her curious haire,
At length, a Rose-bud (passing all the rest)
She plucks, and bosomes in her Lilly brest:
So when *Assuerus* (tickled with delight)
Perceiv'd the beauties of those virgins bright,
He lik't them all, but when with strict revye,
He viewed *Esters* face, his wounded eye
Sparkl'd, whilst *Cupid* with his youthfull Darr,
Transfixt the Center of his feeble heart;
Ester is now his joy, and in her eyes,
The sweetest flower of his Garland lyes:

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Who now but *Ester*? *Ester* crownes his blisse,
And hee's become her prisoner, that was his:
Ester obtaines the prize, her high desert
Like Di'mond's richly mounted in his heart;
Is, now *Jo Hymen* sings; for she
That crownes his joy, must likewise crowned be:
The Crowne is set on Princely *Esters* head,
Ester sits Queene in scornfull *Vashties* stead:

To consecrate this Day to more delights,
In due solemnizing the nuptiall rites,
In *Esters* name, *Ajjuerus* made a Feast,
Invited all his Princes, and releast
The hard taxation, that his heavy hand
Laid on the subjects of his groning Land;
No rites were wanting to augment his joyes,
Great gifts confirm'd the bounty of his choyce;
Yet had not *Esters* lavish tongue descri'd
Her Iewish kin, or where she was aly'd;
For still the words of *Mordecai* did rest
Within the Cabbin of her Royall brest,
Who was as plyent (being now a Queene)
To sage aduice, as ere before sh'ad been.

It came to passe, as *Mardocheus* sat
Within the Portall of the Princes gate,
He over-heard two servants of the King,
Closly combin'd in hollow whispering,
(Like whistling *Noxus* that foretells a raine)
To breathe out treason 'gainst their Sovereigne:
Which, soone as loyall *Mardocheus* heard,
Forthwith to *Esters* presence he repair'd;
Disclos'd to her, and to her care commended
The Traitors, and the treason they intended:
Whereat, the Queene (impatient of delay)
Betrayd the Traitors, that would her betray,

And

And to the King unbosom'd all her heart,
And who her Newes-man was, and his desert.

Now all on hurly-burly was the Court,
All tongues were filld with wonder and report:
The watch was set, pursuit was made about,
To guard the King, and finde the Traitors out,
Who found, and guilty found, by speedy triall,
(Where witnesse speakes, what boots a bare denial)
Were both hang'd up, upon the shamefull tree:
(To beare such fruit let trees ne'r barren be:)
And what successe this happy Day afforded,
Was in the Persian Chronicles recorded.

Meditat. 6.

THe hollow Concave of a humane brest
Is Gods Exchequer, and therein the best,
And summe of all his chiefest wealth consists,
Which he shuts up, and opens when he lists:
No power is of man; To love or hate,
Lyes not in mortals brest, or pow'r of Fate:
Man wants the strength to sway his strong affectiōs
What power is, is from Divine directions;
Which oft (unseene through dulnesse of the minde)
We nick-name, Chance, because our selves are blind
And that's the cause, mans first beholding eye
Oft loves, or hates, and knowes no reason why.
'Twas not the brightnesse of *Rebecca's* face,
Or servants skill, that wan the virgins grace:
'Twas not the wish, or wealth of *Abraham*,
Or *Isacks* fortune, or renowned name,
His comely personage, or his high desert,
Obtain'd the conquest of *Rebecca's* heart;

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Old *Abra'm* wist, in secret God directed;
'Twas *Abra'm* vs'd the meanes; 'twas God effected;
Best marriages are made in heauen; In heauen,
The hearts are ioyned; in earth the hands are giuen,
First God ordaines, then man confirms the Loue;
Proclaming that on earth, was done aboue.

¶ 'Twas not the sharpnesse of thy wandring eye,
(Great King *Assuerus*) to picke Maiesty
From out the sadnesse of a Captiues face;
'Twas not alone thy chusing, nor her grace;
Who mounts the meeke, and beates the lofty down
Gauē thee the heart to chuse, gauē her the Crowne;

Who blest thy fortunes with a second wife,
He blest thy fortunes with a second life;
That brest that entertain'd so sweet a Bride,
Stood faire to Treason, (by her meanes descride;)
With double fortunes, wer't thou doubly blest,
To finde so faire, and scape so foule a guest.

¶ Thou aged father of our yeeres, and howies,
(For thou as well discouerst, as deuoures)
Search still the entrails of thy iust Records,
Wherein are entred the diutnall words
And deeds of mortall men; Bring (thou) to light
All trech'rous proiects, mann'd by craft, or night;
With Towr's of Brasse, their faithfull hearts imbolde
That beare the Christian colours of the Crosse.

¶ And Thou Preseruer of all mortall things,
Within whose hands are plac'd the hearts of Kings
By whom all Kingdomes stand, and Princes raigne
Preserue thy CHARLES, and my deare Soueraigne
Let Traitors plots, like wandring Atomes, fly,
And on their heads pay ten-fold vsury;
His bosome tuter, and his safety, tender:
O be thou his, as hee's thy Faiths Defender:

That

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That thou in him, and he in thee may rest,
And we of both may live and dye possesse.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The line of Haman, and his race;
His fortunes in the Princes grace;
His rage to Mordecai express,
Not bowing to him, as the rest.*

Self. 7.

Vpon a time, to Persias Royall Court,
A forraigne Stranger used to resort,
He was the issue of a Royall breed,
The off-cast off-spring of the cursed seed
Of *Awelek* from him descended right,
That sold his birth-right for his Appetite;
Haman his name; His fortunes did improve,
Increase by favour of the Princes love;
Full great he grew, preferd to high command,
And plac'd before the Princes of the Land:
And since that honour, and due reverence
Belong where Princes give preeminence;
The King commands the servants of his State,
To suite respect to *Haman*'s high estate,
And doe him honour, sitting his degree,
With vailed Bonnet, and low-bended knee:
They all observ'd; But aged *Mordecai*
(Whose stubborne joynts neglected to obey
The seed which Heaven with infamy had brided)
Stoutly refused what the King commanded;
Which, when the servants of the King had seene,
Their fell disdain, mixt with an envious spleene,
Inflam'd;

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Inflam'd; They question'd how he durst withstand
The just performance of the Kings Command;
Daily they checkt him for his high disdain,
And he their checks did daily entertaine
With silent slight behaviour, which did prove
As full of care, as their rebukes of love.

Since then their hearts (not able to abide
A longer sufrance of his peevishe pride)
(Whose scorching fires, passion did augment,)
Must either breake, or finde a speedy vent:
To *Haman* they th'unwelcome newes related,
And what they said, their malice aggravated.
Envie did ope her Snake-devouring Iawes,
Foam'd frothy blood, and bent her unked Pawes,
Her hollow eyes did cast out sudden flame,
And pale as ashes lookt this angry Dame,
And thus bespake! *Art thou that man of might,
That Impe of Glory? Times great Favorite?
Hath thy deserved worth restr'd againe
The blemish'd honour of thy Princely Straine?
Art thou that Wonder which the Persian State
Stands gazing at so much, and paying at?
Filling all wondring eyes with Admiration,
And every loyall heart with Adoration?
Art thou that mighty He? How haps it then
That wretched Mordecai, the worst of men,
A captive slave, a superstitious Jew,
Slight's thee, and robs thee of thy rightfull due?
Nor was his fault disguis'd with Ignorance,
(The unfe'd Advocate of sinne) or Chance,
But backt with Arrogance and soule Despise:
Rise up, and doe thy suffering honour right.*

Vp (like his deepe Revenge) rose *Haman* then,
And like a sleeping Lion from his Den,

Rouz'd

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Rouze'd his relentlesse Rage; But when his eye
Confirm'd the newes Report did testifie,
His Reason straight was heav'd from off his henge,
And Fury rounded in his eare, Revenge,
And (like a rash Adviser) thus began :

*There's nothing (Haman) is more deare to man,
And cooles his boyling veines with sweeter pleasure,
Than quicke Revenge; for to revenge by leisure,
Is but like feeding, when the stomake's past,
Pleasing nor eager appetite, nor taste :*

*To when delay returnes Revenge the greater,
Like poyrant sauce, it makes the meat the sweeter :*

*It fits not th' honour of thy personage,
Nor stands it with thy Greatnesse, to ingage
Thy noble thoughts, to make Revenge so poore,
To be reveng'd on one alone : thy fore
Heads many plaisters : make thy honour good,
Not with a drop, but with a world of blood:
Turne the Sythe of Time, and let thy Passion
Mowe downe thy Iewish Foe, with all his Nation.*

Meditat. 7.

Fights God for cursed *Amalek*? That hand
That once did curse, doth now the curse with-
Is God unjust? Is Iustice fled from heaven; (stand:
Or are the righteous Ballances uneven?
Is this that Iust Ichova's sacred Word,
Firmely inroll'd within the Lawes Record,
To fight with *Amalek*, destroy his Nation,
And from remembrance blurre his Generation?
What, shall his Curse to *Amalek* be voyd?
And with those plagues shall Is'el be destroyd?

Ah,

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Ab, sooner shall the sprightly flames of fire
Descend and moisten; and dull earth, aspire,
And with her drynesse quench faire *Titan*'s heart;
Then shall thy words, and just Decrees retreat;
The Day, (as weary of his burthen) tyres;
The Yeere (full laden with her months) expires;
The heav'ns (grown great with age) must soone
The pondrous earth in time shall passe away; (cease)
But yet thy sacred Words shall alway flourish,
Though daies, & yeres, & heav' & earth do perish.

How perkes proud *Haman* then? What prosp'rous
Exalts his Pagan head? How fortunate (fate)
Hath favour crown'd his times? Hath God decreed
No other Curse upon that cursed seed?

The mortall eye of man can but perceive
Things present; when his heart cannot conceive,
Hee's either by his outward senses guided,
Or, like a *Quere*, leaves it undecided:
The fleshly eye that lends a feeble sight,
Failes in extent, and hath no further might
Than to attaine the object: and there ends
His office; and of what it apprehends,
Acquaints the understanding, which conceives,
And descants on that thing the sight perceives,
Or good, or bad; unable to project
The just occasion; or the true effect:
Man sees like man, and can but comprehend
Things as they present are; not as they end;
God sees a Kings heart, in a shepherds brest;
And in a mighty King, he sees a Beast:
'Tis not the Spring tide of an high estate
Creates a man (though seeming) Fortunate:
The blaze of Honour, Fortunes sweet excess,
Doe undervse the name of Happinesse:

The

The frownes of indisposed Fortune makes
Man poore, but not unhappy. He that takes
Her checks with patience, leaves the name of poore
And lets in Fortune at a backer doore.
Lord, let my fortunes be or rich, or poore:
Small, the lesse account; if great, the more.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Vnto the King proud Haman sues,
For the destruction of the Iewes:
The King consents, and in his name
Decrees were sent to effect the same.*

Act. 8.

NOW when the yeer had turn'd his course about
And fully worne his weary howers out,
And left his circling travell to his heire,
That now sets onset to th' ensuing yeere,
Proud Haman (pain'd with travell in the birth,
Still after-time could bring his mischief forth)
Sets Lots, from month to month, from day to day,
To pick the choycest time, when Fortune may
Be most propitious to his damned plot;
All on the last month fell th' unwilling Lot:
Haman guided by his Idoll Fate,
Cloking with publike good his private Hate)
In plaintive tearmes, where Reason forg'd a relish
Unto the King, his speech did thus embellish:
*Vpon the limbus of this happy Nation,
He flotes a skumme, an off-cast Generation,
Pierst, despis'd, and noysome to the Land,
Refractory to the Lawes, to thy Command,*

Not

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Not looking to thy Power, but despising
All Government, but of their owne devising;
Which stirs the glowing embers of division;
The hatefull mother of a States perdition,
The which (not soone redrest by Reformation)
Will ruine breed to thee, and to thy Nation,
Begetting Rebels, and scditions broyles,
And fill thy peacefull Land, with bloody spoiles:

Now therefore, if it please my gracious Lord,
To right this grievance with his Princely sword,
That Death, and equall Iustice may o'rewhelme
The secret Rainers of thy sacred Realme;
Vnto the Royall Treasure of the King,
Ten thousand silver Talents will I bring.

Then gave the King, from off his heedlesse hand
His Ring to Haman, with that Ring command,
And said: Thy proffer'd wealth possess,
Yet be thy just Position ne'r rhelesse
Entirely granted. Loe, before thy face
Thy vassals lye, with all their rebell race;
Thine be the people, and the power thine,
Tillat these Rebels their deserved Fine.

With the Scribes were summon'd to appear
Decrees were written, sent to ev'ry Shiere;
To all Lieutenants, Captaines of the Band,
And all the Provinces throughout the Land,
Stil'd in the name and person of the King,
And made authentick with his Royall Ring;
By speedy Post-men were the Letters sent;
And this the summe is of their sad content:

ASSYERVS REX.

Let ev'ry Province in the Persian Land,
(Upon the Day prefixed) prepare his hand,
To make the Channels flow with Rebels blood,

And from the earth to root the Iewish brood :
And let the finnesse of no partiall heart,
Through melting pity, love, or false desert,
Spare either yong or old, or man, or woman,
But like their faultes, so let their plagues be common.
Dececd, and signed by our Princely Grace,
And given at Sushan, from our Royall Place.

So Haman fill'd with joy (his fortunes blest
With faire successe of his so foule request)
Laid care aside to sleepe, and with the King,
Consum'd the time in jolly banquetting :
Meane while, the Iewes, (the poore afflicted Iewes
Perplext, and startl'd with the new-bred newes)
With drooping heads, and selfe-imbracing armes,
Went forth the Dirge of their ensuing harmes.

Medit. 8.

OF all diseases in a publike weale,
No one more dangerous, and hard to heale,
(Except a tyrant King) then when great might
Is trusted to the hands, that take delight
To bathe, and paddle in the blood of those,
Whom jealousies, and not just cause oppose :
For when as haughty power is conjoynd
Vnto the will of a distemper'd mind,
What e'r it can, it will, and what it will,
It in it selfe, hath power to fulfill:
What mischief then can linger, unattempted?
What base attempts can happen, unprevented?
Statutes must breake, good Lawes must go to wrack
And (like a Bow that's overbent) must cracke :
Justice (the life of Law) becomes so furious,
That (over-doing right) it proves injurious :

Mercy

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Mercy (the Steare of Iustice) flies the City,
And falsly must be term'd, a foolish Pity,
Meane while the gracious Princes tender brest
(Gently possesst with nothing but the best
Of the disguis'd dissembler) is abus'd
And made the cloke, wherewith his fault's excus'd;
The radiant beames that warme, & shine so bright,
Comfort this lower world with heat, and light,
But drawne, and recollected in a glasse,
They burne, and their appointed limits passe:
Even so the power from the Princes hand,
Directs the subject with a sweet command,
But to perverse fantasticks is confer'd,
Whom wealth, or blinded Fortune hath prefer'd;
It spurres on wrong, and makes the right retire,
And sets the grumbling Common-wealth on fire:
Their foule intent, the Common good pretends,
And with that good, they maske their private ends,
Their glorie's dymme, and cannot b' understood,
Vnlesse it shine in pride, or swimme in blood:
Their will's a Law, their mischiefe Policy,
Their frownes are Death, their power Tyranny:
Ill thrives the State, that harbours such a man,
That can, what e'r he wills; wills, what he can.

May my ungarnisht quill presume so much,
To glorifie it selfe, and give a touch
Vpon the Iland of my Sov'raigne Lord?
What language shall I use, what new-found word,
T'abridge the mighty volume of his worth,
And keepe me blamelesse, from th'untimely birth
Of (false repaid) flattery? He lends
No cursed *Human* pow'r, to worke his Ends
Vpon our mine, but transferres his grace
On just desert, which in the ugly face

Of foule Detraction, (untoucht) can dare,
And smile, till blackmouth'd Envy bluth, and rare
Her Snaky fleece. Thus, thus in happy peace
He rules, to make our happinelle increafe,
Directs with love, commands with Princely awe,
And in his brest he beares a Living Law:

Defend us thou, and heavens thee defend,
And let proud Haman have proud Hamans end.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Jewes, and Mordecai lament,
And waile the height of their distresses:
But Mordecai the Queene possesses,
With cruell Hamans foule intent.*

Self. 9.

NOW when as Fame (the daughter of the earth
Newly dis-burthen'd of her plumed birth)
From off her Turrets did her wings display,
And pearcht in the sad eares of *Mordecai*,
He rent his garments, wearing in their stead
Distressed sackcloth: on his fainting head
He strowed Dust, and from his showing eyes
Ran floods of sorrow, and with bitter cryes
His griefe saluted heaven; his groanes did borrow
No Art, to draw the true poutraict of sorrow:
Nor yet within his troubled brest alone,
(Too small a stage for griefe to trample on)
Did Tyrant sorrow act her lively Sceane,
But did inlarge (such griefe admits no meane)
The lawlesse limits of her Theater
Ith' hearts of all the Iewish Nation, where

K

With

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(With no dissembled Action) she exprest
The lively Passion of a penfive brest.
Forthwith he posteth to the Palace gate,
T'acquaint queene Ester with his sad estate,
But found no entrance: for the Persian Court
Gave welcome to delights, and youthly sport,
To jolly mirth, and such delightfull things:
Soft raiment best befits the Courts of Kings;
There lyes no welcome for a whining face,
A mourning habit suits no Princely Place:

Which when the Maids, and Eunuchs of the queen
(Vnable of themselves to helpe) had scene,
Their Royall Mistresse straight they did acquaint
With the dumb-shew of her sad Cousins plaint;
Whereat (till now a stranger to the cause)
Perplext, and forced by the tender Laws
Of deare Affection, her gentle heart
Did sympathize with his conceived smart:
She sent him change of raiment to put on,
To vaile his griefe; But he received none:
Then (fore dismay'd, impatient to forbear
The knowledge of the thing she fear'd to heare)
She sent her seruant to him, to importune,
What sudden Chance, or what disast'rous fortune
Had caus'd this strange, and ill-apparell'd griefe,
That she (if in her lyes) may send reliefe:
To whom his sorrowes made this sad Relation,
And this, the tenor of his Declaration:

Hamans, (*that cursed Hamans*) *haughty pride,*
(*Because my knee deservedly denyde*
To make an Idoll of his Greatnesse) bath
Incens'd the fury of his jealous wrath,
And profer'd lawlesse bribes to buy the blood
Of me, and all the faithfull Jewish breed:

The History of *Queene of Ester.* 131

Let here the copy, granted by the King,
Stil'd in his name, confirmed with his Ring,
By vertue of the whic h, into his hands,
Curst Haman baith ingross our liues, our lands :
Goe tell the *Queene*, it resteth in her powers
To helpe; the case is hers as well as Ours :
Goe tell my *Cousin Queene*, it is her charge,
To use the meanes, whereby she may enlarge
Her aged kinsmans life, and all her Nation;
Preserring to the King her supplication.

Mediat. 9.

WHo hopes t'attain the sweet Elysiac Layes
To reap the harvest of his well spent daies
Must passe the joylesse streames of Acheron,
The scorching waves of burning Phlegeton,
And sable billowes of the Stygian Lake :
Thus sweet with sowre, each mortall must partake.
What joyfull Harvester did ere obtaine
The sweet fruition of his hopefull gaine,
Vntill his hardy labours first had past
The Summers heat, and stormy Winters blast ?
A sable night returnes a shining morrow ;
And dayes of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow :
The way to blisse lyes not on beds of Downe,
And he that had no Crosse, deserves no Crowne :
There's but one Heav'n, one place of perfect ease,
In man it lies, to take it where he please,
Above, or here below; And few men doe
Lajoy the one; and tast the other too;
Swearing, and constant labour wins the Goale
Of Rest; Afflictions clarifie the soule,

K :

And

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And like hard Masters, give more hard directions,
 Tut'ring the nonage of uncurb'd affections :
 Wisedome (the Antidote of sad despaire)
 Makes sharpe Afflictions seeme not as they are,
 Through patient suffrance; and doth apprehend,
 Not as they seeming are, but as they end :
 To beare Affliction with a bended brow,
 Or stubborne heart, is but to disallow
 The speedy meanes to health; salve heales no sore,
 If mis-apply'd, but makes the griefe the more :
 Who sends Affliction, send an end; and He
 Best knowes what's best for him, what's best for me:
 'Tis not for me to carve me where I like;
 Him pleases when he list, to stroake or strike:
 Ile neither wish, nor yet avoid Tentation,
 But still expect it, and make Preparation :
 If he thinke best my Faith shall not be tryde,
 (Lord) keep me spotless from presumptuous prides
 If otherwise; with tryall, give me care,
 By thankfull patience, to prevent Despaire;
 Fit me to beare what e'r thou shalt assigne;
 I kisse the Rod, because the Rod is thine.
 How-e'r, let me not boast, nor yet repine,
 With triall, or without (Lord) make me thine.

THE ARGUMENT.

Her ayd implor'd, the *Queene* refuses
To helpe them, and herselfe excuses:
But (urg'd by *Mordecai*) consents
To die, or crosse their foes intents.

Scell. 10.

NOW when the servant had return'd the words
Of wretched *Mordecai*, like pointed swords,
They neere impiere't *Queene Esters* tender heart,
That well could pity, but no helpe impart;
Ballac'd with griefe, and with the burthen foyld,
(Like Ordnance over-charg'd) she thus recoyld:

Goe, *Hatach*, tell my wretched kinsman thus,
The case concernes not you alone, but us:
We are the subject of proud *Hamans* hate,
As well as you; our life is pointed at
As well as yours, or as the meanest Jew,
Nor can I helpe my selfe, nor them, nor you:
You know the Custome of the Persian State,
No King may breake, no subject violate:
How may I then presume to make acceffe
Before th'offended King? or rudely presse
(Vncall'd) into his presence? How can I
Expect my suit, and have deserv'd to dye?
May my desires hope to finde successe,
When to effect them, I the Law transgresse?
These thirty dayes uncall'd for have I bin
Vnto my Lord, How dare I now goe in?
Goe, *Hatach*, and returne this heauynewes
And shew the truth of my vnforc'd excuse.

K 3

Whereof

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Whercof when *Mordecai* was full posselt,
His troubled soule he boldly thus exprest :

*Go, tell the fearefull Queene; too great's her feare,
Too small her zeale; her life she rates too deare:
How poore's th' adventure, to ingage thy blood,
To save thy peoples life, and Churches good?
To what advantage canst thou more expose
Thy life than this? Th' art but a life to lose;
Thinke not, thy Greatnesse can excuse our death,
Or save thy life; thy life is but a breath
As well as ours; (Great Queene) thou hop'st in vaine,
In saving of a life, a life to gaine:
Who knows, if God on purpose did intend
Thy high preferment for this happy end?
If at this needfull time thou spare to speake,
Our speedy helpe shall (like the morning) breake
From heauen, together with thy woes; and he
That succours us, shall heape his plagues on thee.*

Which when queene *Ester* had right well perus'd
And on each wounding word had sadly mus'd,
Startled with zeale, not daring to deny,
She rouz'd her faith, and sent this meeke reply:

*Since heauen it is endowes each enterprize
With good successe, and onely in us lies
To plant, and water; let us first obtaine
Heavens high Assistance, lest the worke be vaine:
Let all the Levites in *Susa* summon'd be,
And keepe a solemne three dayes Fast, and we,
With all our servants, and our maiden traine,
Shall fast as long, and from our thoughts abstaine:
Then to the King (uncall'd) will I repaire,
(How e'r my boldnesse shall his Lawes contraine,)
And bravely welcome Death before mine eye,
And scorne her power: If I dye, I dye.*

Media

Meditat. 10.

AS in the winged Common-wealth of Bees,
(Whose carefull Summer-providence foresees
Th'approching fruitlesse Winter, which denyes
The crowne of labour) some with laden thighs
Take charge to beare their waxy burthens home;
Others receive the welcome load; and some
Dispose the waxe; others, the plot contrive;
Some build the curious Comb, some guard the Hive
Like armed Centinels; others distraine
The purer hony from the wax; some traine,
And discipline the young, while others drive
The sluggish Drones, from their deserved Hive:
Thus in this Common-wealth (untaught by Art)
Each winged Burger acts his busie part;
So man (whose first Creation did intend,
And chiefly pointed at no other end,
Then (as a faithfull Steward) to receive
The Fine and quit-rent of the lives we live,)
Must suit his deare indeavour to his might;
Each one must lift, to make the burthen light,
Proving the power, that his gifts afford,
To raise the best advantage for his Lord,
Whose substitute he is, and for whose sake
We live and breath; each his account must make,
Or more, or lesse; and he whose power lacks
The meanes to gather honey, must bring waxe:
Five Talents double five; two render foure;
Wher's little, little's crav'd, where much, there's
Kings by their Royall priviledge may doe, (more:
What unbefits a mind to search into,

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But by the force of their Prerogatives,
They cannot free the custome of their lives :
The silly Widow (from whose wrinkled browes
Faint drops distill, through labour that she owes
Her needy life,) must make her Audite too,
As well as Kings, and mighty Monarkes doe:
The world's a Stage; each mortall acts thereon,
As well the King that glitters on the Throne,
As needy beggers: Heav'n Spectator is,
And markes who acteth well, and who amisse.

¶ What part befits me best, I cannot tell:
It matters not how meane, so acted well.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Vnto the King Queene Ester goes,
He unexpected favour shewes,
Demands her suit, she doth request
The King and Haman to a Feast.*

SECT. II.

WHen as *Queene Esters* solemne 3. daies Fast
Had feasted heaven, with a sweet repast,
Her lowly bended body she unbow'd,
And (like faire *Tian* breaking from a cloud)
She rose, and with her Royall Robes she clad
Her livelesse limmes, and with a face as sad
As griefe could paint, (wanting no Art to borrow
A needlesse helpe to counterfeite a sorrow,)
Softly she did direct her feeble pace
Vnto the inner Court, where for a space,
She boldly stood before the Royall Throne,
Like one that would, but durst not make her mone:
Which

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Which when her princely husband did behold,
His heart relented, (Fortune helps the bold)
And to expresse a welcome unexpected,
Forth to the Queene his Scepter he directed;
Whom (now imboldned to approach secur'd)
In gracious termes, he gently thus conjur'd:

*What is't Queene Ester would? What sad request
Hangs on her lips, dwells in her doubtfull brest?*

*Say, say, (my lifes preserver) what's the thing,
That lyes in the performance of a King,
Shall be deny'd? Faire Lucene, what e're is mine
Vnto the moiety of my Kingdome's thine.*

So Ester thus: If in thy princely eyes
Thy loyall servant hath obtain'd the prize
Of undeserued favour, let the King
And Haman grace my this dayes-banqueting,
To crowne the dainties of his handmaids Feast,
Humbly devoted to so great a Guest.

The motion pleas'd, and fairly well succeeded:
(To willing mindes, no twice intreaty needed)
They camq; but in Queene Esters troubled face,
(Robd of the sweetnesse of her wonted grace)
The King read discontent; her face divin'd
The greatnesse of some further suit behinde.

*Say, say, (thy bounteous harvest of my joyes)
(Said then the King) what dumpish griefe annoyes
Thy troubled soule? Speake, Lady, what's the thing
Thy heart desires? By th'onour of a King,
My Kingdomes halfe, requested, I'll divide
To faire Queene Ester, to my fairest Bride.*

Lo then the tenour of my deare request,
(Reply'd the Queene,) unto a second Feast,
Thy humble suitor doth presume to bid
The King, and Haman, as before she did:

Now

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*Now therefore if it please my gracious Lord,
To daigne his Royall presence, and afford
The peerlesse treasure of his Princely Grace,
To dry the sorrowes of his Handmaids face,
Then to my Kingly, and thrice-welcome Guest.
His servant shall unbosome her Request.*

Medusa. 17.

HE that invites his Maker to a Feast,
(Advising well the greatnesse of his Guest)
Must purge his dining chamber from infections,
And sweepe the Cobwebs of his lewd affections,
And then provide such Cates, as most delight
His Palate, and best please his Appetite:
And such are holy workes, and pious deeds,
These are the dainties whercon heaven feeds:
Faith playes the Cook, seasons, directs, and guides
So man findes meat, so God the Cooke provides:
His drinke are teares, sprung from a midnight cry,
Heaven sips out Nectar from a sinners eye;
The dining Chamber is the soule opprest;
God keepes his revells in a Sinners brest:
The musicke that attends the Feast, are grones,
Deep-sounding sighes, and loud-lamenting moanes
Heav'n heares no sweeter musick, than complaints
The Fastes of sinners, are the Feasts of Saints,
To which heav'n dains to stoop, & heav'n's hie King
Descends, whilst all the quire of Angels sing,
And with such sense-bercaving Sonnets fill
The hearts of wretched men, that my rude quill
(Dazeld with too much light) it selfe addressing
To blaze them forth, obscures the in th'expressing

Thi

The History of Queene Ester. 139

Thrice happy man, and thrice thrice happy Feast,
Grac'd with the presence of so great a Guest;
To him are freely giv'n the privy keyes
Of heav'n and earth, to open when he please,
And locke when e're he list; In him it lyes
To ope the snowring flood-gates of the skies,
Or shut them at his pleasure; in his hand
The Host of heaven is put; if he command,
The Sunne (not daring to withstand) obeyes,
Out-runnes his equall howres, flies back, or stayes,
To him there's nought uneasy to atchieve;
Hee'le rouse the graves, and make the dead alive.
¶ Lord, I'me unft t'invite thee to my home,
My Cates are all too coorse, too meane my Roomes:
Yet come and welcome; By thy pow'r Divine,
Thy Grace may turne my Water into Wine.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Good Mordecai's unreverence
Great Hamans haughty pride offends:
H'acquaints his wife with the offence;
The counsell of his wife and friends.*

Self. 12.

THat day went *Haman* forth; for his twolne brest
Was fill'd with joyes, and heart was full possess
Of all the height Ambition could require,
To satisfie her prodigall Desire.

But when he pass'd through the Palace Gate,
(His eye-sore) aged *Mardocheus* sate,
With head unbar'd, and stubborn knee unbent,
Vnapt to fawne, with slavish blandishment:

Which

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Which when great Haman saw, his boiling brest
(So great disdaine unable to digest)
Ran o're; his blood grew hot, and new desires
Incens'd, and kindled his avenging fires:
Surcharg'd with griefe, and sick with male-content
Through his distemper'd passion, home he went,
Where (to assuage the swelling of his sorrow
With words, the poorest helps distresse can borrow)
His wife, and friends he summon'd to partake
His cause of discontent, and thus bespake:

*See, see, how Fortune with a lib'rall hand,
Hath with the best, and sweetest of the Land,
Crown'd my desires, and bath timely blowne
My budded hopes, whose ripenessse hath out-growne
The limits, and the height of expectation,
Scarce to be had, but in a Contemplation:*

*See, see, how Fortune (to enlarge my breath,
And make me living in despite of Death)
Hath multiply'd my loynes, that after-Fame
May in my stocke preserve my Blood, my Name:*

*To make my honour with my fortunes even,
Behold, my gracious Lord the King hath given
And trusted to my hand the sword of Pow'r,
Or life, or death lies where I laugh or lowre:
Who stands more gracious in my Princes eye?
How frownes the King, if Haman be not by?*

*Ester the Queene hath made the King her Guest,
And (wisely weighing how to grace the Feast
With most advantage) hath (in policy)
Invited me; And no man else but I
(Quely a fit Companion for a King)
May taste the secrets of the banquetting*

*Yet what avails my wealth, my place, my might?
How can I tellish them? with what delight?*

What pleasure is in daintier, if the taste
 In it selfe displemper'd? Better fast:
 As many sweets, one sorre offends the Pallate,
 One loathsom weed annoyes the choicest Sallat:
 What are my Riches? What my honour'd Place?
 What are my Children? or my Princes Grace,
 As long as cursed Mordecai survives?
 Whose very breath infects, whose life deprives
 My life of blisse, and visage sternly strikes
 Worse venom to mine eyes, than Basiliskes

When Haman then had lanc'd his ripened griefe;
 In bloody tearmes, they thus apply'd reliefe:

Erect a Gibbes, fifty Cubits high,
 Then urge the King (what will the King deny
 When Haman sues?) that slavish Mordecai
 Hang'd thereon; his blood will soone allay
 The heat of thine; his cursed death shall some
 The highnesse of thy power, and his shame;
 When thy suit shall finde a faire vent,
 Go banquet with the King, and live content.

The Counsell pleas'd: The Gibbet fairly stands,
 Soone done, as said: Revenge findes nimble hands.

Meditat. 12.

SOME Ev'ls I must approve; al Goods, I dare not:
 Some are, & seem not good; some seem, & are not:
 In chusing goods, my heart shall make the choice,
 My flattring eye shall have no casting voice;
 No outward sense may chuse an inward blisse,
 For seeming Happinesse least happy is:
 The eye (the chiefest Cinque-port of the Heart)
 Keepes open doores, and playes the Traitors part,

Lets

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Lets painted pleasures in, to bribe th' Affections,
Which masks foule faces under false complexion;
It hath no pow'r to judge, nor can it see
Things as they are, but as they seeme to be.

There's but one happinesse, one perfect blisse;
But how obtain'd, or where, or what it is,
The world of nature ne're could apprehend,
Grounding their labours on no other end
Than bare opinion, diversly affecting
Some one thing, some another, still projecting
Prodigious fancies, till their learned Schooles
Lent so much knowledge, as to make them foolcs:
One builds his blisse upon the blaze of glory:
Can perfect happinesse be transitory?
In strength, another summes Felicity:
What horse is not more happy farre than he?
Some pile their happinesse on heapes of wealth,
Which (sicke) they'd loath, if gold could purchase
Some, in the use of beauty place their end; (health)
Some, in th' enjoyment of a Courtly friend:
Like wasted Lamps, such happinessees smother;
Age puffeth out the one; and wants, the other.
The happinesse, whose worth deserves the name
Of chiefe, with such a fier doth inflame
The brests of mortalls, that heav'n thinks it fit
That men should rather thinke, than taste of it,
All earthly joyes some other aime intend,
This, for it selfe's desir'd, no other end:
Those, (if injoy'd) are crost with discontent,
If not in the pursuit, in the event:
This (truly good) admits no contrariety,
Without defect, or yet a loath'd satiety.
¶ The least is more than my desert can claime,
(Thankfull for both) at this alone I aime.

THI

THE ARGUMENT.

The King asks Haman, what respects
Besits the man that he affects;
And with that honour doth appay
The good deserts of Mordecai.

Self. 13.

NOW when as *Morphens* (Serjeant of the night)
Had laid his mace upon the dawning light,
And with his lustlesse limbs had closly spred
The sable Curtaines of his drowzie Bed,
The King slept not, but (indispos'd to rest)
Disguised thoughts within his troubled brest
Kept midnight Revells.
Wherefore (to recollect his randome thought)
He gave command the Chronicles be brought,
And read before him, where, with good attention,
He mark'd how *Mordecai* (with faire prevention)
Of a foule treason 'gainst his blood intended)
His life, and state had loyally defended;
Whereat the King (impatient to repay
Such faithfull service, with the least delay)
Gently demands, What thankfull recompence,
What worship, or deserved reverence,
Equivalent to such great service, hath
Iustly repayd this loyall Liege-mans faith?
They answer'd, none: Now *Haman* (fully bent
To give the vessell of his poison, vent)
Stood ready charg'd with fell Revenge, prepar'd
To beg his life, whom highly to reward,
The King intends: Say (*Haman*) quoth the King,
What worship, or what honourable thing

Best

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*Best fits the person, whom the King shall place
Within the bounty of his highest Grace?*

*So Haman thus bethought, Whom more than I
Deserves the Sun-shine of my Princes eye?*

Whom seeks the King to honour more than me?

From Hamans mouth, shall Haman honour'd be?

Speake freely then; And let thy tongue proclaim

An honour futing to thy worth, thy name:

So Haman thus: This honour, this respect

Be done to him the King shall most affect,

In Robes Imperiall be his body dress,

And bravely mounted on that very Beast

The King bestrides; then be the Crowne of State

Plac'd on his lofty browes; let Princes waite

Vpon his Stirrop, and in triumph leade

This Imp of Honour in Assuerus Reade;

And to expresse the glory of his name,

Like Heralds, let the Princes thus proclame;

« This peerlesse honour, and these Princely rites

« Be done to him, in whom the King delights.

Said then the King, (O sudden change of Fate!)

Within the Portall of our Palace Gate

There sits a Jew, whose name is Mordecai,

Be he the man; Let no peruerse delay

Protract; But what thy lavish tongue hath said,

Doe thou to him: So Haman sore dismayd:

His tongue (ty'd to his Roofe) made no reply,

But (neither daring answer nor deny)

Perforce obeyd, and so his Page became,

Whose life he sought to have bereav'd with shame

The Rites solemniz'd, Mordecai return'd

Vnto the Gate; Haman went home and mourn'd,

(His visage muffled in a mournfull vafe)

And told his wife this melancholy Tale;

Where

The History of Queene of Ester. 145

Whereat amaz'd, and startled at the newes,
Despairing, thus she spake : *If from the lines*
This Mordecai derive his happy line,
His be the palme of victory, not thine ;
The highest heavens have still conspir'd to blesse
That faithfull seed, and with a faire successe
Have crown'd their just designs : If Mordecai
Descend from thence, thy hopes shall soone decay,
And melt like waxe before the mid-day Sun.
So said, her broken speech not fully done,
Heman was hasted to Queene Esters Feast;
To mirth and joy, an indisposed Guest.

Meditat. 13.

THere's nothing under heaven more glorifies
The name of King, or in a subjects eyes
Winnes more observance, or true loyalty,
Than sacred Iustice, shared equally :
No greater glory can belong to Might,
Than to defend the feeble in their right ;
To helpe the helpleffe, and their wrongs redresse ;
To curbe the haughty-hearted, and suppress
The proud ; requiting ev'ry speciall deed
With punishment, or honourable meed :
Herein kings aptly may deserve the name
Of Gods, enshrined in an earthly frame ;
Nor can they any way approach more nye
The full perfection of a Deity,
Than by true iustice, imitating heaven
In nothing more, than in the poizing eaven
Their righteous ballance : Iustice is not blind,
As Poets feigne ; but, with a sight refin'd,

L

Her

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Her Lyncian eyes are clear'd, and shine as bright
As doe their errorrs, that deny her sight;
The soule of Iustice resteth in her eye,
Her contemplation's chiefly to descry
True worth, from painted showes; and loyalty,
From false, and deepe-dissembled trechery;
A noble Statesman, from a Parasite;
And good, from what is meerely good in sight:
Such hidden things her piercing eye can see:
If Iustice then be blinde, how blinde are we!

¶ Right fondly have the Poets pleas'd to say,
From earth the faire *Astrea*'s fled away,
And in the shining Baudrike takes her seat,
To make the number of the Signes compleat:

For why? *Astrea* doth repose and rest
Within the Zodiacke of my Sov'raignes brest,
And from the Cradle of his infancy,
Hath train'd his Royall heart with industry,
In depth of righteous lore, and sacred thewes
Of Iustice Schoole; that this my Haggard Muse
Cannot containe the freeness of her spright,
But make a Mountry at so faire a flight,
(Perchance) though (like a bastard Eagle daz'd
With too great light) she winke, and fall amaz'd
¶ Heav'n make my heart more thankfull, in confession
So high a blisse, than skilfull, in expressing. (fin)

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Queene brings Hamans accusation;
The King's displeas'd, and growes in passion:
Proud Hamans treachery descry'd;
The shamefull end of shamelesse pride.*

SECT. 14.

Forthwith, to satisfie the queenes request,
The King and Haman came unto her Feast,
Whereat the King (what then can hap amillie?)
Became her suitor, that was humbly his,
And fairly thus entreating, this bespake:

*What is't Queene Ester would? and for her sake,
What is't the King would not? prefferre thy suit,
Faire Queene: Those that despaire, let them be mute;
There up those cloud'd beames (my fairest Bride)
My Kingdomes halfe (request) I'll divide.*

Whereat the Queen, halfe hoping, halfe afraid,
Disclos'd her trembling lips, and thus she said:

*If in the bounty of thy Princely Grace,
Thy sad Petitioner may finde a place
To shew her most unutterable grieve,
Which (if not there) may hope for no reliefe;
If in the treasure of thy gracious eyes,
(Where mercy, and relenting pity lies)
Thy hand-maid hath found fauour; let my Lord
Grant me my life (my life is much abhor'd,
To doe him service) and my people's life,
Which now lye open to a Tyrants knife:
Her liues are sold, 'tis I, 'tis guiltlesse I,
Thy legall spouse, thy Queene and hers must dye:*

L 2

The

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*The spotlesse blood of me, thy faithfull Bride,
Must swage the swelling of a Tyrants pride :
Had we beene sold for drudges, to attend
The busie Spindle ; or for slaves, to spend
Our weary howers, to deserve our bread,
So as the gaine stood but my Lord in stead,
I had beene silent, and ne're spent my breath :
But neither he that seekes it, nor my death,
Can to himselfe the least advantage bring,
(Except revenge) nor to my Lord the King.*

*Like to a Lyon rouzed from his rest,
Rag'd then the King, and thus his rage exprest :*

*Who is the man, that dares attempt this thing ?
Where is the Traitor ? What ? am I a King ?
May not our subjects serve, but must our Queene
Be made the subject of a villaines spleene ;
Is not Queene Ester bosom'd in our heart ?
What Traitor then dares be so bold, to part
Our heart, and us ? Who dares attempt this thing ?
Can Ester then be slaine, and not the King ?*

*Reply'd the Queene, The man that hath done this,
That cursed Haman, wicked Haman is.*

*Like as a Felon shakes before the Bench,
Whose troubled silence proves the Evidence,
So Haman trembled, when queene Ester spake,
Nor answer, nor excuse, his Guilt could make*

*The King, no longer able to digest
So foule a trechery, forsooke the Feast,
Walk'd in the Garden, where consuming rage
Boil'd in his heart, with fire (unapt t'allwage.)
So Haman pleading guilty to the fault,
Besought his life of her, whose life he sought.
When as the King had walk'd a little space,
(So rage and choller often shift their place)*

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In he return'd, where Haman fallen flat
Was on the bed, whereon *Queene Ester* sat;
Whereat the King new cause of rage debates,
(Apt to suppose the worst, of whom he hates)
New passion, addes new suell to his fire,
And faines a cause, to make it blaze the higher:
It's not enough for him to seeke her death,
(Said he) but with a Litchers tainted breath,
Will he inforce my *Queene* before my face?
And make his Brothell in our Royall Place?

So said, they veiled Hamans face, as he
Unfit were to be scene, or yet to see:

Said then an Eunuch sadly standing by,
In Hamans Garden, fifty Cubits high,
There stands a Gibbet, built but yesterday,
Made for thy loyall servant Mordecai,
Whose faithfull lips thy life from danger freed,
And merit leads him to a fairer meed.

Said then the King, It seemeth just and good,
To shed his blood, that thirsted after blood;
Who plants the tree, deserves the fruit; 'tis fit
That he that bought the purchase, himselfe it:
Hang Haman there; It is his proper good;
So let the Horseleach burst himselfe with blood:
They straight obeyd: Lo here the end of Pride:
Now rests the King appeas'd, and satisfi'd.

Meditat. 14.

CHeere up, and caroll forth your silver ditie,
(Heavens winged quiristers) and fill your City
(The new Ierusalem) with jolly mirth: (earth:
The Church hath peace in heaven, hath peace on
L 3 Spread

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Spread forth your golden pinions, and cleave
 The flitting skyes, dismount, and quite bereave
 Our stupid senses with your heavenly mirth,
 For loe, there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on
 Let *Halelujah* fill your warbling tongues, (earth:
 And let the ayre, compos'd of saintly songs,
 Breathe such celestiall Sonnets in our eares;
 That whosoe're this heav'nly musicke heares,
 May stand amaz'd, & (ravisht at the mirth) (earth:
 Chât forth, there's peace in heav'n, ther's peace on
 Let mountaines clap their joyfull, joyfull hands,
 And let the lesser Hills trace o're the lands
 In equal measure; and resounding woods
 Bow downe your heads, and kisse your neigh'ring
 Let peace and love exalt your key of mirth; (floods:
 For now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on
 You holy Temples of the highest King, (earth:
 Triumph with joy; Your sacred Anthemes sing;
 Chant forth your Hymns, & heav'nly roundelaies,
 And touch your Organs on their louder keys:
 For *Haman's* dead that danted al your mirth, (earth:
 And now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on
 Proud *Haman's* dead, whose life disturb'd thy rest,
 Who sought to cut, and scare thy Lilly brest;
 The rav'nous Fox, that did annoyance bring
 Vnto thy Vineyard, 's taken in a Spring.
 ¶ Seem'd not thy Spouse unkind, to hear thee weep
 And not redresse thee? Seem'd he not asleepe?
 No, (Sion) no, he heard thy bitter pray'r,
 But let thee weepe: for weeping makes thee faire.
 The morning Sun reflects, and shines most bright,
 When Pilgrims grope in darknesse all the night:
 The Church must conquer, c're she gets the prize,
 But there's no conquest, where's no enemies:

The

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The day is thine ; In triumph make thy mirth,
For now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on
What man's so dul, or in his brains undone, (earth
To say, (because he sees not) There's no Sun ?
Weake is the faith, upon a sudden griefe,
That sayes, (because not now) There's no reliefe :
God's bound to helpe, but loves to see men sue :
Though datelesse, yet the bond's not present due.
¶ Like to the sorrowes of our child-bed wives,
Is the sad pilgrimage of humane lives :
But when by throes God sends a joyfull birth,
Then find we peace in heav'n, & peace on earth.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Vpon the Queene and Mordecai
Dead Hamans wealth and dignity
The King bestowes : to their discretion
Referses the Jewes decreed oppression.*

SECT. 15.

THat very day, the King did freely adde
More bounty to his gift : What *Haman* had
Borrow'd of smiling Fortune, he repayd
To *Esters* hand, and to her use convoid :
And *Mordecai* found favour with the King ;
Vpon his hand he put his Royall Ring,
Whose Princely pow'r proud *Haman* did abuse,
In late betraying of the guiltlesse Jewes ;
For now had *Ester* to the King descry'd
Her Iewish kin, how neere she was ally'd
To *Mardocheus*, whom (her father dead)
His love did foster in her fathers stead.

L 4

Once

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Once more the *Queene* prefers an earnest suite,
Her humble body lowly prostitute
Before his Royall feet, her cheekes o'reflowne
With marish teares, and thus her plain'full mone,
Commixt with bitter singults, she exprest :

*If in the Cabin of thy princely brest
Thy loyall servant (undeserv'd) hath found
A place, wherein his wishes might be crown'd
With faire successe; If in thy gracious sight
I pleasing, or my cause seeme just, and right,
Be speedy Letters writt'n, to reverse
Those bloody Writs which Haman did disperse
Throughout thy Provinces, whose sad content
Was the subversion of my innocent
And faithfull people; Helpe, (my gracious Lord)
The iux't's prefixt, wherein th'impartiall Sword
Must make this massacre, the day's at hand,
Unlesse thy speedy Grace send countermmand :
How can I brooke within my tender brest,
To break the bonds of natures high behest,
And see my people (for whose sake I breathe)
Like stalled Oxen, bought and sold for death?
How can I see such mischiefe? How can I
Survive, to see my kin, and people dye?
Said then the King; Lo, curs'd Haman hath
The execution of our highest wrath,
The equall hire of his malicious pride;
His wealth to thee I gave, (my fairest Bride)
His honour (better plac'd) I have bestow'd
On him, to whom my borrow'd life hath ow'd
Her five yeares breath, the trusty Mordecai,
Our loyall kinsman : Let his hand portray
Our pleasure, as best liketh him, and thee;
Let him set downe, and be it our Decree,*

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Let him confirme it with our Royall Ring,
And we shall signe it with the name of King:
For none may alter, or reverse the same
That's seal'd and written in our Princely name.

Meditat. 15.

TO breathe, 's a necessary gift of nature,
Whereby we may discern a living Creature
From plants, or stones: 'Tis but a meere degree
From Vegetation; and this, hath she
Like equally shar'd out to brutish beasts
With man, who lesse observes her due behests
(Sometimes) than they; and oft, by accident,
Doe lesse improve the gift in the event:
But man, whose organs are more fairly drest,
To entertaine a farre more noble Guest,
Hath, through the excellenc of his Creation,
A Soule Divine; Divine by inspiration;
Divine through likenesse to that pow'r Divine,
That made and plac'd her in her fleshy shrine;
From hence we challenge lifes prerogative;
Beasts onely breath; 'Tis man alone doth live;
One end of mans Creation, was Society,
Mutuall Communion, and friendly Piety:
The man that lives unto himselfe alone,
Subsists and breaths, but lives not; Never one
Deserv'd the moiety of himselfe, for he
That's borne, may challenge but one part of three;
Triparted thus; his Country clames the best;
The next, his Parents; and himselfe, the least.
The husbands best his life, that freely gives
For the publike good; He rightly lives,

That

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That nobly dies: 'tis greatest mastery,
Not to be fond to live, nor feare to dye
On just occasion; He that (in case) despises
Life, earneſt it beſt, but he that over-prizes
His deareſt blood, when honour bids him dye,
Steales but a life, and lives by Robbery.

O ſweet Redeemer of the world, whoſe death
Deſerv'd a world of lives! Had Thy deare bread
Been deare to Thee; Oh had'ſt Thou but deny'd
Thy precious Blood, the world for e'r had dy'd:

O ſpoile my life, when I deſire to ſave it,
By keeping it from Thee, that freely gave it.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Letters are ſent by Mordecai,
That all the Iewes, upon the day
Appointed for their death, withſtand
The fury of their foe-mens hand.*

SECT. 16.

Forthwith the Scribes were ſummon'd to appeare
To ev'ry Province, and to ev'ry Shiere
Letters they wrote (as Mordecai directed)
To all the Iewes, (the Iewes ſo much dejected)
To all Liev-tenants, Captaines of the Band,
To all the States and Princes of the Land,
According to the phraſe, and divers faſhion
Of Dialect, and ſpeech of ev'ry Nation;
All which was ſtil'd in the name of King,
Sign'd with his hand, ſeal'd with his Royall Ring
Loc here the tenor of the Kings Commiſſion;
Whereas of late, (at Hamans urg'd petition,)

De

Decrees were sent, and spread throughout the Land,
To spoile the Jewes, and with impartiall hand,
(Upon a day prefixt) to kill, and slay;
Welikewise grant upon that very day,
Full power to the Jewes, to make defence,
And quit their lives, and for a Recompence,
To take the spoiles of those they shall suppress,
Shewing like mercy to the mercilesse.

By posts, as swift as Time, was this Decree
Commanded forth; As fast as Day they flee,
Spurr'd on, and hast'ned with the Kings Command
Which straight was noys'd, & publisht through the
As warning to the Jewes, to make provision (Land
To entertaine so great an opposition.

So Mordecai (disburthned of his grieffe,
Which now found hopefull tokens of reliefe)
Departs the presence of the King, addrest
In royall Robes, and on his lofty Crest
He bore a Crowne of gold, his body spread
With Lawne, and Purple deeply coloured:
Fill'd were the Jewes with triumphs, & with noise,
(The common Heralds to proclame true joyes :)
Like as a prisoner muffled at the tree,
Whose life's remov'd from death scarce one degree
His last pray'r said, and hearts confession made,
(His eyes possessing deaths eternall shade)
At last (unlook'd for comes a slow Reprieve,
And makes him (even as dead) once more alive :
Amaz'd, he reads deaths muffer from his eyes,
And (over-joy'd) knowes not he lives, or dyes;
So joy'd the Jewes, whose lives, this new Decree
Had quit from death and danger, and set free
Their gasping soules, and (like a blazing light)
Dispers'd the darknesse of th' approaching night;

So

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So joy'd the Iewes : and with their solemne Feast
They chas'd dull sorrow from their pensive brest
Meane while, the people (startled at the newes)
Some griev'd, some envi'd, some (for feare) turn'd
(Iewes)

Secl. 16.

AMong the Noble Greekes, it was no shame
To lose a Sword ; It but deserv'd the name
Of Warres disastrous fortune; but to yeeld
The right and safe possession of the Shield,
Was foule reproach, and manlesse cowardize,
Farre worse than death to him that scorn'd to print
His life before his Honour, Honour's wonne
Most in a just defence ; Defence is gone,
The Shield once lost: The wounded Theban cry'd
How fares my Sheild? which safe, he smil'd, & dy'd
True honour bides at home, and takes delight
In keeping, not in gaining of a Right ;
Scornes usurpation, nor seekes she blood,
And thirsts to make her name not great, as good:
God gives a Right to man; To man, defence
To guard it giv'n; But when a false pretence
Shall ground her title on a greater Might,
What doth he else but warre with Heav'n, and fight
With Providence ? God sets the Princely Crowne
On heads of Kings; Who then may take it downe
No juster quarrell, or more nobler Fight,
Than to maintaine, where God hath giv'n a Right
There's no despaire of Conquest in that warre,
Where God's the Leader; Policy's no barre
To his Designes; no Power can withstand
His high exploits; within whose mighty Hand

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Are all the corners of the earth; the hills
His sensitive bulwarks are, which, when he wills,
His lesser breath can bandy up and downe,
And crush the world, and with a winke, can drowne
The spacious Vniverse in suds of Clay;
Where heav'n is Leader, heav'n must win the day:
God reapes his honour hence; That combat's fate,
Where hee's a Combatant, and ventures halfe:
Right's not impair'd with weaknesse, but prevails
In spite of strength, when strength & power failes;
Fraile is the trust repos'd on Troopes of Horse;
Truth in a handfull, finds a greater force.
¶ Lord, maile my heart with faith, and be my shield
And if a world confront me, I'll not yeeld.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The bloody Massacre: The Jewes
Prevaile: their satall sword subdues
A world of men, and in that fray,
Hamans ten cursed sonnes they slay.*

SECT. 17.

NOW when as Time had rip'ned the Decree,
(Whose Winter fruit unshaken from the tree
Full ready was to fall) and brought that Day,
Wherein pretended mischief was to play
Her tragicke Sceane upon the Iewish Stage,
And spit the venome of her bloody rage
Vpon the face of that dispersed Nation,
And in a minute breathe their desolation,
Vpon that day (as patients in the fight)
Their scatter'd force, the Iewes did reunite,
And

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And to a head their straggling strength reduc'd,
 And with their fatall hand (their hand disus'd
 To bathe in blood) they made so strong recoyle,
 That with a purple streame, the thirsty soyle
 O'rflowd: & on the pavement (drown'd with blood)
 Where never was before, they rais'd a flood:
 There lyes a headlesse body, here a limme
 Newly dis-joynted from the trunk of him
 That there lyes groning; here, a gasping head
 Cropt frō his neighbors shoulders; there, halfe dead
 Full heapes of bodies, whereof some curse Fate,
 Others blaspheme the name of heav'n, and rate
 Their undisposed Starres; with bitter cries
 One pities his poore widow-wife, and dyes;
 Another bannes the night his sonnes were borne,
 That he must dye, and they must live forlorne;
 Here (all besmeard in blood congeald) there lyes
 A throng of carcases, whose livelesse eyes
 Are clos'd with dust; & death: there, lyes the Syre
 Whose death the greedy heire did long desire;
 And here, the sonne, whose hopes were all the plea-
 His aged father had, and his lifes treasure: (sure
 Thus fell their foes, some dying, and some dead,
 And onely they that scap'd the slaughter, fled;
 But with such strange amazement were affrighted,
 (As if themselves in their owne deaths delighted)
 That each his force against his friend addrest,
 And sheath'd his sword within his neighbors breast;
 For all the Rulers (being sore afraid
 Of *Mardocheus* name) with strength, and ayde
 Supply'd the Jewes: For *Mardocheus* name
 Grew great with honour, and his honour'd Fame
 Was blaz'd through ev'ry Province of the Land,
 And spread as farre, as did the Kings Command:

In

in favour he increast, and ev'ry how'r
did adde a greater greatnesse to his pow'r:
Thus did the Jewes triumph in victory,
and on that day themselves were doom'd to dye;
They slew th'appointed Actors of their death,
and on their heads they wore that noble wreath,
That crownes a Victor with a Victors prize;
so fled their foes, so dyde their enemies:
and on that day at Susan were imbru'd
in blood, five hundred men whom they subdu'd;
The curst fruit of the accursed Tree,
That impious Decad, *Hamans* progeny,
Upon that fatall day, they overthrew,
but took no spoyle, nor substance, where they flew.

Medita. 17.

[Lately mus'd; and musing stood amaz'd,
My heart was bound; my sight was over-daz'd
To view a miracle: Could *Pharo* fall
Before the face of *Isr'el*? Could her small
And ill-appointed handfull then prevaile,
When *Pharo's* men of warre, and Char'ots faile?
These stood like Gyants; those, like Pigmy brars;
They soar'd like Eagles; those, like swarms of gnats
On foot these marcht; those rode on troops of horse
These never better arm'd; they, never worse;
Strong backt with vengeance & revenge, were they
These, with despaire, themselves, themselves betray;
They close pursu'd; these (fearfull) fled the field;
How could they chuse, but win? or these, but yeeld?
Sure 'tis, nor man, nor horse, nor sword avails,
When *Isr'el* conquers, and great *Pharo* failes:

Poore

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Poore Isr'el had no Man of Warre, but One;
 And *Pharo* having all the rest, had none;
 Heav'n fought for Isr'el, weakned *Pharo's* heart,
 Who had no *Counter-god* to take his part:
 What meant that cloudy Piller, that by day
 Did usher Isr'el in an unknowne way?
 What meant that si'ry Piller, that by night
 Appeare'd to Isr'el, and gave Isr'el light?
 'Twas not the secret power of *Moses* Rod,
 That charm'd the Seas in twaine; 'twas *Moses* God
 That fought for Isr'el, and made *Pharo* fall;
 Well thrives the Fray where God's the Generall:
 'Tis neither strength, nor undermining sleight
 Prevails, where heav'ns ingaged in the fight.
 ¶ Me list not ramble into antique dayes,
 To manne his Theame, lest while *Ulysses* strays,
 His heart forget his home *Penelope*:
 Our prop'rous *Brittaine* makes sufficient Plea
 To prove her blisse, and heav'ns protecting power,
 Which had she mist, her glory, in an hower
 Had falne to Cinders, and had past away
 Like smoke before the wind; Which happy Day,
 Let none but base-bred Rebels ever faile
 To consecrate, and let this Age entaile,
 Vpon succeeding times Eternity,
 Heav'ns highest love, in that dayes memory.

THE ARGUMENT.

The sonnes of Haman (that were slaine,) Are all hang'd up: The Iewes obtaine Freedome to fight the morrow after; They put three hundred more to slaughter.

SECT. 18.

WHEN as the fame of that daies bloody news Came to the King, he said; Behold, the Iewes Have wonne the Day, and in their just defence, Have made their wrong, a rightfull recompence, Five hundred men in Susan they have slaine, And that remainder of proud Hamans straine, Their hands have rooted out; Queene Ester, say, What further suite (wherein Ailuerus may, Expresse the bounty of his Royall hand) Lies in thy bosome: What is thy demand?

Said then the Queene: If in thy Prince's sight My boone be pleasing, or thou take delight To grant thy servants suite, Let that Commission (which gave the Iewes this happy dayes permission To save their lives) to morrow stand in force, For their behalves that onely make recourse To God, and thee, and let that curs'd brood (The sonnes of Haman, that in guilty blood, Are all ingor'd, unfit to taint a Grave) Be hang'd on Gibbets, and (like co-brives) have The equal shames of that deserved shame, Their wretched father purchas'd in his name:

The King was pleas'd, and the Decree was given From Susan, where twixt earth and heaven,

M

Most

162 *The History of Queene Ester.*

(Most undeserving to be own'd by either)
These cursed ten (like twins) were borne together;

When *Titas* (ready for his Iournall chase)
Had rouz'd his dewy locks, and Rosie face
Inricht with morning beauty, up arose
The Iewes in Susan, and their bloody blowes
So roughly dealt, that in that dismall day
A lease of hundreds fell, but on the prey
No hand was laid: so, sweet and jolly rest
The Iewes enjoy'd, and with a solemne Feast,
(Like joyfull Victors dispossess'd of sorrow)
They consecrated the ensuing morrow;
And in the Provinces throughout the Land,
Before their mighty and victorious hand,
Fell more than seventy thousand, but the prey
They seiz'd not; and in mem'ry of that day,
They solemnized their victorious Guests,
With gifts, and triumphs, and with holy Feasts.

Medita. 18.

THE Doctrine of the Schoole of Grace dissent
From Natures (more uncertaine) rudiments,
And are as much contrayr, and opposite
As Yea, and Nay, or blacke, and purest white:
For nature teaches, first to understand,
And then beleeve; but grace doth first command
Man to beleeve; and then to comprehend;
Faith is of things unknowne, and must intend,
And soare above conceit; What we conceive,
We stand possess'd of, and already have,
But faith beholds such things, as yet we have not,
Which eie sees not, eare hears not, hart conceiveth not.

Here

The History of Queene of Ester. 163

Hereon, as on her ground-worke, our salvation
Effects her pillers; From this firme foundation;
Our soules mount up the new Ierusalem,
To take possession of her Diademe;
God loves no sophistry; Who argues least
In graces Schoole; concludes, and argues best;
A woman's Logicke passes there; For 'tis
Good prooffe to say, 'Tis so, because it is:
Had Abraham advis'd with flesh and blood,
Bad had his faith bene, though his reasons good;
If God bid doe, for man to urge a Why?
Is, but in better language, a deny:
The fleshly ballances of our conceits,
Have neither equall poysure, nor just weights,
To weigh, without impeachment, Gods designe;
There's no proportion betwixt things Divine,
And mortall: Lively faith may not depend,
Either upon th' occasion, or the end.
¶ The glorious Suns reflected beames suffice,
To lend a luster to the feeblest eyes,
But if the Eye too covetous of the light,
Boldly outface the Sun, (whose beames so bright
And undesper's'd, are too-too much refin'd
For view) is it not justly stricken blind?
I dare not taske stout *Samson* for his death;
Nor wandring *Ionah*, that bequeath'd his breath
To raging Seas, when God commanded so;
Nor thee (great *Queene*) whose lips did overflow
With streames of blood; nor thee (O cruell kind)
To quench the fire of a womans mind,
With flowing rivers of thy subjects blood;
From bad beginnings, God creates a good,
And happy end: What I cannot conceive,
Lord, let my soule admire, and beleeve.

M 2

T H 8

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Feast of Purim consecrated :
 The occasion why 'twas celebrated ;
 Letters were writ by Mordecai,
 To keepe the mem'ry of that Day.*

Sect. 19.

SO *Mardocheus* throughout all the Land
 Dispers'd his Letters, with a strickt command
 To celebrate these two dayes memory
 With Feasts, and gifts, and yeerly jollity,
 That after-ages may record that day,
 And keepe it from the rust of time, that they
 Which shall succeed, may ground their holy mirth
 Vpon the joyes, those happy dayes brought forth,
 Which chang'd their sadnes, & black nights of sorow
 Into the brightnes of a glad some morrow ; (row
 Whereto the Iewes (to whom these Letters came
 Gave due observance, and did soone proclame
 Their sacred Festivalls, in memory
 Of that dayes joy, and joyfull victory :
 And since the Lots (that *Haman* did abuse,
 To know the dismall day, which to the Iewes
 Might fall most fatall, and, to his intent,
 Least unpropitious) were in th'event
 Crost with a higher Fate, than blinded Chance,
 To worke his ruine, their deliverance :
 They therefore in remembrance of the Lot
 (Whose hop'd-for sad event succeeded not)
 The solemne Feasts of Purim did invent,
 And by the name of Purim call'd their Feast,

Wh

Which to observe with sacred Complement,
And ceremoniall rites, their soules indent,
And firmly inroll the happy memory
Ith' hearts of their succeeding progeny,
That time (the enemy of mortall things)
May not, with hov'ring of his nimble wings,
Beat downe the deare memoriall of that time,
But keepe it flourishing in perpetuall prime.

Now, lest this shining day in times progresse
Perchance be clouded with forgetfulness,
Or lest the gauled Persians should debate
The bloody slaughter, and re-ulcerate
In after-dayes, their former misery,
And blurre the glory of this dayes memory,
The Queene and *Mordecai* sent Letters out
Into the Land, dispersed round out,
To re-confirm, and fully ratifie
This Feast of Purim, to eternity;
That it to after-ages may appeare, (care.
When sinners bend their hearts, heav'n bowes his

Meditat. 19.

ANd are the Lawes of God defective then?
Or was the paper scant, or dull the pen
That wrote those sacred Lines? Could imperfectiō
Lurk closely there, where heav'n hath givē directiō
How comes it then new Feasts are celebrated,
Unmention'd in the Law, and uncreated
By him that made the Law compleat, and just,
Not to be chang'd as braine sicke mortalls lust?
Is not heavens deepest curse, with death to boot,
Denounc'd to him that takes from, or adds too't?

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True 'tis, the Law of God's the rule and Squire,
Whereby to limit Mans uncurb'd desire,
And with a gentle hand doth justly paize
The ballances of his unbevell'd wayes,

True 'tis, accurs'd, and thrice-accurs'd be he
That shall detract, or change such Lawes, as be
Directive for his Worship, or concerne
His holy Service, these we strictly learne
Within our constant brest to keepe inshrin'd,
These in all seasons, and for all times binde:
But Lawes (although Divine) that doe respect
The publike rest, and properly direct,
As Statutes politike, doe make relation
To times, and persons, places, and occasion:
The brazen Serpent, which, by Gods command,
Was builded up, was by the Prophets hand
Beat downe againe, as impious, and impure,
When it became an Idoll, not a Cure.

¶ A morall Law needs no more warranty,
Then lawfull givers, and conveniency,
(Not crossing the Divine :) It lyes in Kings,
To act, and to inhibit all such things
As in his Princely wisdom shall seeme best,
And most vantagious to the publike rest,
And what (before) was an indifferent thing,
His Law makes good, or bad: A lawfull King
Is Gods Liev-tenant; in his sacred care
God whispers oft, and keepes his Presence there.

¶ To breake a lawfull Princes just Command,
Is brokage of a sinne, at second hand.

TH

THE ARGUMENT.

*Affuerus Acts upon Record:
The just mans vertue, and reward.*

Seet. 20.

AND *Affuerus* stretcht his heavy hand,
Laying a Tribute, both on Sea, and Land;
What else he did, what *Trophies* of his fame,
He left for time to glorifie his Name,
With what renowne, and grace, he did appay
The faithfull heart of loyall *Mordecai*;
Are they not kept in endlesse memory,
Recorded in the Persian History?
For *Mordecai* possesst the second seat
In all the Kingdome, and his name was great;
Of God and man his vertues were approv'd,
Of God and man, much honour'd, and belov'd;
Seeking his peoples good, and sweet prosperity,
And speaking joyfull peace to his posterity.

Meditat. 20.

THUS thrives the man, thus prosper his endeavors
That builds on faith, & in that faith perseveres:
¶ It is no losse, to lose; no gaine, to get,
If he that loses all, shall win the Set:
God helps the weakest, takes the losers chaire,
And setting on the King, doth soone repaire

M 4

Hi,

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His losse with vengeance; Hee's not alway best
That takes the highest place, nor he the least
That sits beneath: for outward fortunes can
Expresse (how great, but) not how good's the man;
Whom God will raise, he humbles first a while;
And where he raises, oft he meanes to spoile.

¶ It matters not (Lord) what my fortunes be,
May they but lead, or whip me home to thee.

*Here the Canonickall History of
Queene Ester ends.*

IOB
MILITANT:

Horat. car. lib. 1. ode 17.

— *Diis, pietas mea,
Et Musa, cordi est.* —

By Fra. Quarles.

LONDON,
Printed by MILES FLESHER.
1630.

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Upon

THE PROPOSITION OF THE WORKE.

Wouldst thou discover in a curious Map,
That Island, which fond worldlings call
Surrounded with a sea of briny teares, (*Misbap.*
The rockie dangers, and the boggie Feares,
The stormes of Trouble, the afflicted Nation,
The heavie soile, the lowly situation?
On wretched Iob then spend thy weeping eye,
And see the colours painted curiously.

Wouldst thou behold a Tragicke Sceane of sorrow,
Whose wofull Plot the Author did not borrow
From sad Invention? The sable Stage,
The lively Actors, with their Equipage?
The Musicke made of Sighes, the Songs of Cries,
The sad Spectators, with their watry Eyes?
Behold all this, comprized here in one,
Expect the Plaudis, when the Play is done.

Or wouldst thou see a well-built Pinnacle soft
Upon the swelling Ocean, split (almost)
Now, on a charlish Rocke; now, fiercely striving
With labouring Winds; now, desperately driving
Upon the boiling Sands, her storme-rent Flags,
Her

172 The proposition of the Worke.

*Her Main-mast broke, her Canvas torne to raggs,
Her Treasure lost, her Men with Lightning slaine,
And left a wracke to the relentlesse Maine?*

*This, this and more, unto your moistned Eyes,
Our patient Iob shall lively moralize.*

*Wouldst thou behold unparallel'd distress,
Which minds cannot out-think, nor tongues express
Full to the life, the Anvill, whereupon
Mischi-se doth worke her master-piece, for nam
To imitate, the dire Anatomy
Of (curiously-dissell'd) Miserie;
The face of Sorrow, in her sternest lookes,
The rursfull Arg'ment of all Tragicke bookes?
In bricfe, Would tender eyes, endure to see
(Summ'd up) the greatest sorrowes, that can be
Behold they then, poore Iob afflicted here,
And each Beholatr spend (at least) his Time*

TO THE GREAT
TETRAGRAMATON,
LORD
PARAMOUNT
OF HEAVEN AND
EARTH:

*His Humble Servant dedicates him-
selfe, and implores the Enfran-
chising of his Muse.*

1

Great God, th'indebted praises of thy glory,
If man should smother, or his Muse wax faint
To number forth; the stones wold make cōplaint,
And write a never-ending Story,
And, not without just reason, say,
Mens hearts are more obaure than they.

2

Dismount from Heaven (O thou diviner Power)
Handsell my slender Pipe, breathe (thou) upon it,
That it may run an everlasting Sonnet,
Which envious Time may not devoure:
Oh, let it sing to After-dages
(When I am Dust) thy louder Praise.

3 Direct

*Direct the footsteps of my sober Muse
 To tread thy glorious Path: For, be it known,
 She onely seekes thy Glory, not her owne,
 Nor rouzed for a second use;
 If otherwise, O! may she never
 Sing more, but be stricke dumb for ever.*

IOB

IOB MILITANT:

THE ARGUMENT.

*Iobs Lineage, and Integrity,
His Issue, Wealth, Prosperity,
His childrens holy Feast: His wife
Forecast, and zealous Sacrifice.*

Sett. 1.

NOT far from Casius, in whose bountious womb,
Great Pompeys dust lies crowned with his tomb,
Westward, betwixt Arabia and Iudæa,
Is situate a Country, called Idumæa,
There dwelt a man (brought from his Lineage,
That for his belly, swopt his Heritage,)
His name was Iob, a man of upright Will,
Iust, fearing Heaven, eschewing what was Ill,
On whom his God had heapt in highest measure,
The bountious Riches of his boundlesse Treasure,
As well of Fortune, as of Grace, and Spirit,
Goods for his Children, Children to inherit;
As did his Name, his Wealth did daily waxe,
His Seed did germinate in either Sexe
A hopesfull Issue, whose descent might keepe
His righteous Race on foot; seven thousand sheepe
Did pay their Summer-tribute, and did adde
Their Winter-blessings to his Fold: He had

Thre

Three thousand Camels, able for their load,
 Five hundred Asses, furnisht for the road,
 As many yoke of Oxen, to maintaine
 His household, for he had a mighty Train;
 Nor was there any in the East, the which
 In Vertue was so rare, in Wealth so rich.

Vpon a time, his Children (to improve
 The sweet affection of their mutuall love)
 Made solemne Feasts; each feasted in his turne,
 (For there's a time to mirth, as well as mourne)
 And who, by course, was Master of the Feast,
 Vnto his home invited all the rest.

Even as a Hen (whose tender brood forsake
 The downy closet of her Wings, and takes
 Each its affected way) marks how they feed,
 This, on that Crum; and that, on t'other Seed;
 Moves, as they move; and stayes, when as they stay
 And seemes delighted in their Infant-play:
 Yet (fearing danger) with a busie eye,
 Lookes here and there, if ought she can espy,
 Which (unawares) might snatch a booty from her
 Eyes all that passe, and watches every commer.
 Even so th'affection of this tender Syre,
 (B'ing made more fervent, with the selfe-same fire
 Of dearest love, which flamed in their breasts,
 Preserved (as by Fuell) in those Feasts)
 Was ravisht in the height of joyes, to see
 His happy Childrens ten-fold anity:
 As was his Ioy, such was his holy Feare,
 Lest he, that plants his Engines everywhere,
 Baited with golden Sinnes, and re-insuares
 The soule of Man, turning his Wheat to Tares,
 Should season Error with the taste of Truth,
 And tempt the frailty of their tender youth.

No sooner therefore had the dappled skye
 Opened the Twilight of her waking eye,
 And in her breaking Light, had promis'd day,
 But up he rose, his holy hands did lay
 Upon the sacred Altar (one by one)
 An early Sacrifice for every Sonne:
For who can tell, (said he?) my Sonnes (perchance)
Have slipt some sinne. which neither Ignorance
Pleaded, nor want of heed, nor youth can cure.
 Sin steales, unseene, when men sleep most secure.

Meditat. 1.

WAnt is the badge of poverty: Then he (we.
 That wanteth most, is the most poore, say
 The wretch, that hunger drives from doore to doore,
 Aiming at present Almes, desires no more.
 The toiling Swaine, that hath with pleasing trouble
 Cockt a small fortune, would that fortune double,
 Which dearly bought with slav'ry, then (alas)
 He would be deem'd a Man, that's well to passe:
 Which got, his mind's now tickled with an itch,
 But to deserve that glorious stile of Rich,
 That done, h' enjoyes the crowne of all his labour,
 Could he but once out-nose his right-had neighbor,
 Lives he at quier now? Now, he begins
 To wish, that Vs'rie were the least of sinnes:
 But great, or small, he tries, and sweet's the trouble,
 And for its sake, he wishes all things double.
 Thus wishing still, his wishes never cease,
 But as his Wealth, his Wishes still encrease.
 Wishes proceed from want: The richest then,
 Most wishing, want most, and are poorest men:

N

ff

If he be poore, that wanteth much, how poore
 Is he, that hath too much, and yet wants more?
 Thrice happy he, to whom the bounty of heaven,
 Sufficient, with a sparing hand, hath given:
 'Tis Grace, not Gold, makes great; sever but which,
 The Rich man is but poore, the Poore man rich.
 The fairest Crop of either Grasse, or Graine,
 Is not for use, undew'd with timely raine.
 The wealth of *Croesus*, were it to be given,
 Were not thank-worthy, if unblest by Heaven.

Even as faire *Phæbe*, in Diameter,
 (Earth interpos'd betwixt the Sun and her)
 Suffers Eclipse, and is disrobed quite
 (During the time) of all her borrowed Light;
 So Riches, which fond Mortalls so embrace,
 If not enlightned with the Beames of Grace,
 B'ing interposed with too grosse a Care,
 They lye obscured, and no Riches are.

My stint of Wealth lyes not in my expressing,
 With *Jacobs* Store (Lord) give me *Jacobs* Blessing,
 Or if, at night, thou grant me *Lazars* Boone.
 Let *Dives* Dogs lick all my sores at noone.
 Lord, pare my Wealth, by my Capacity,
 Lest I, with it, or it suit not with me.
 This humbly doe I sue for, at thy hand,
 Enough, and not too much, for my command.
 Lord, what thou lend'st, shall serve but in the place
 Of reckoning Counters, to summe up thy Grace.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan appears, and then professes
Himself mans Enemy; confesses
Gods love to Job, malignes his Faith,
Gaines power over all he hath.*

ScE. 1.

V Pon a time, whē heavens sweet quire of Saints
(Whose everlasting Hallelujah chaunts
The highest praise of their celestjall King)
Before their Lord, did the presentment bring,
Of th' execution of his sacred Will,
Committed to their function to fulfill:
Satan came too (that Satan, which betraid
The soule of man, to Deaths eternall shade,
Satan came too) and in the midst he stands,
Like to a Vulture 'mongst a Herd of Swans.

Said, then, th' Eternall; *From what quarter now
Hath businesse brought thee? (Satan) whence com'st thou?*

The Lord of Heaven (said th' Infernall) *since*
Thou hast intitled me the Worlds great Prince,
I have beene practising mine old profession,
And come from compassing my large Possession,
Tempting thy sonnes, and (like a raring Lion)
Seeking my prey, disturbe the peace of Zion;
I come from sowing Tares among thy Wheat;
To him, that shall dissemble Peters seat,
I have beene plotting, how to prompt the death
Of Christian Princes, and the tribed brach

Act 1.

of

Of cheapned Iustice, bath my Fire inflam'd
 With spirit of boldnesse, for a while, unshamm'd.
 I come from planting strife, and sterne debate,
 'Twixt private man and man, 'twixt State and State,
 Subverting Truth with all the power I can,
 Accusing Man to God, and God to Man:
 I daily sow fresh Schismes among thy Saints;
 I buffet them and laugh at their complaints;
 The Earth is my Dominion, Hell's my Home,
 I round the World, and so from thence I come.

Said then th'Eternall: True, thou hast not fail'd
 Of what thou say'st; thy spirit hath prevail'd
 To vex my little Flocke; Thou hast beene bold
 To make them stray, a little, from their Fold.
 But say; In all thy hard Adventures, bath
 Thine eye observed Iob my Servants faith?
 Hath open force, or secret fraud beset
 His Bulwarke, so impregnable, as yet?
 And hast thou (without enuy) yet beheld,
 How that the World his second cannot yeeld?
 Hast thou not found, that he's of upright will,
 Iust, fearing God, eschewing what is ill?

True Lord, (reply'd the Fiend) thy Champion hath
 A strong and fervent (yet a crafty) Faith,
 A forced love needs no such great applause,
 He loves but ill, that loves not for a cause.
 Hast thou not heap'd his Garners with excess?
 Irricht his Pastures? Dost not he possesse
 All that he bath, or can demand, from Thee?
 His Coffers fill'd, his Land stock'd plentifully?
 Hath not thy love surrounded him about,
 And hedg'd him in, to fence my practice out?
 But small's the tryall of a Faith, in this,
 If thou support him, 'tis thy strength, not his.

Can then my power, that stands by thy permission,
 Encounter, where Thou mak'st an Opposition?
 Stretch forth thy Hand, and smite but what he hath,
 And prove thou then the temper of his Faith;
 Cause cock'ring his fond humour, veile thy Grace,
 No doubt, but he'll blaspheme thee to thy face.

Lo, (said th'Eternall) to thy cursed hand,
 I here commit his mighty Stocke, his Land,
 His hopesfull Issue, and Wealth, though we're so much;
 Himselfe, alone, thou shalt forbear to touch.

Meditat. 2.

Satan beg'd once, and found his pray'rs reward:
 We often beg, yet oft returne unheard.

If granting be th'effect of love, then we
 Conclude our selves, to be lesse lov'd than he;
 True, Satan beg'd, and beg'd his shame, no lesse;
 'Twas granted; Shall we envie his successe?
 We beg, and our request's (perchance) not granted;
 God knew, perhaps, it were worse had, than wanted.

Can God and Belial both joyne in one will;
 The one to aske, the other to fulfill?

Sooner shall Sygian darknesse blend with light,
 The Frost with Fier, sooner Day with Night.
 True, God and Satan will'd the selfe-same Will,
 But God intended Good; and Satan, Ill:
 That Will produc'd a severall conclusion;
 He aim'd at Mans, and God at his confusion.
 He that drew Light, from out the depth of Shade,
 And made of Nothing, whatsoe're he made,
 Can, out of seeming Evill, bring good Events;
 God worketh Good, though by ill Instruments.

As in a Clocke, one motion doth convey
 And carie divers wheelles a severall way :
 Yet all together, by the great wheelles force,
 Direct the Hand unto his proper course :
 Even so, that sacred Will, although it use
 Meanes seeming contrary, yet all conduce
 To one effect, and in a free consent,
 They bring to passe heavens high decreed intent.

Takes God delight in humane weaknesse, then
 What glory reapes he from afflicted men ?

The Spirit gone, can Flesh and Blood endure ?
 God burnes his Gold, to make his Gold more pure.

Even as a Nurse, whose childe imperfect pace
 Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
 Leaves her fond kissing, sets him downe, to goe,
 Nor does uphold him, for a step or two :
 But when she findes that he begins to fall,
 She holds him up, and kisses him withall :
 So God, from man sometimes withdrawes his hand
 A while, to teach his Infant-faith to stand ;
 But when he sees his feeble strength begin,
 To faile, he gently takes him up againe.

Lord, I'm a childe ; so guide my paces, than,
 That I may learne to walke an upright man :
 So shield my Faith, that I may never doubt thee,
 For I shall fall, if e're I walke without thee.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

*The frighted Messengers tell Iob
His foure-fold losse : He rends his Robe,
Submits him to his Makers trust,
Whom he concludeth to be just.*

Secl. 3.

VPon that very day, when all the rest
Were frolicke at their elder Brothers feast,
A breathlesse man, prickt on with winged feare,
With staring eyes, distracted here and there,
(Like kindled Exhalations in the Aire
At midnight glowing) his stiffe-bolting haire,
(Not much unlike the pennies of Porcupines)
Crossing his armes, and making wofull signes,
Purboyl'd in sweat, shaking his fearfull head,
That often lookt behinde him, as he fled,
He ran to Job, still ne'rethelasse afraid,
His broken blast breath'd forth these words, & said :
Alas, (deare Lord) the whiles thy servants ply'd
Thy painfull Plough, and whilest, on every side
Thy Asses fed about us, as we wrought,
There sallyed forth on us (suspecting nought,
Nor ought intending, but our cheerfull paine)
A rout of rude Sabzans, with their Train
Armed with Death, and deafe to all our Cries,
Which, with strong Hand, did in an houre surprize
All that thou hadst, and whilest we strove (in vaine)
To guard them, their impartiall hands have slaine

Thy faithfull Servants, with their thirstie Sword;
I onely scap't, to bring this wofull word.

No sooner had he clos'd his lips, but see!
Another comes, as much agast as he:
A flash of Fire (said he) new falne from heaven,
Hath all thy Servants of their lives bereaven,
And burnt thy Sheepe, I, I alone am he,
That's left unslaine, to bring the newes to thee.

This Tale not fully told, a third ensues,
Whose lips, in labour with more heavy Newes,
Brake thus; The forces of a triple Band,
Brought from the fierce Caldæans, with strong had
Hath seiz'd thy Camels, murder'd with the sword
Thy Servants all, but me, that brings thee word.

Before the Ayre had cool'd his hasty breath,
Rusht in a fourth, with visage pale as Death:
The while (said he) thy children all were sharing
Mirth, at a Feast of thy first Sonnes preparing,
Arose a Winde, whose errand had more hast
Than happy speed, which with a full-mouth blast
Hath smote the house, which hath thy children rest
Of all their lives, and thou art childlesse left;
Thy children all are slaine, all slaine together,
I onely scap't to bring the Tidings hither.

So said, Behold the man, whose wealth did flow
Like to a Spring-tide, one bare houre agoe,
With the unpattern'd height of fortunes blest,
Above the greatest Dweller in the East;
He that was Syre of many sonnes but now,
Lord of much people, and while-e're could show
Such Herds of Cartell, He, whose fleecy stocke
Of Sheepe could boast seven thousand, in a flocke,
See how he lies, of all his wealth dispoyl'd,
He now hath neither, Servant, Sheepe, nor Child;

Like

Like a poore man, arose the patient *Job*,
(Stun'd with the newes) and rent his purple Robe,
Shaved the haire from off his wofull head,
And prostrate on the floore he worshipped:

*Naked, ah! Poore and naked did I come
Forth from the closet of my mothers wombe;
And shall returne (alas) the very same
To th' earth as poore, and naked as I came:
God gives, and takes, and why should He not have
A privi'dge, to take those things he gave?
We men mistake our Tenure oft, for Hee
Lends us at will, what we miscall as Free;
Hee assumes his owne, takes but the same
He lent a while. 7 brice blessed be his Name.*

In all this passage, *Job*, in heart, nor Tongue,
Thought God unjust, or charg'd his hand with
(wrong.

Med. 3.

THe proudest pitch of that victorious spirit
Was but to win the World, whereby t'inherit
The ayrie purchase of a transitory
And glozing Title of an ages Glory;
Would' st thou by conquest win more fame then He
Subdue thy selfe; Thy selfe's a world to thee?
Earth's but a Ball, that Heaven hath quilted o're
With wealth and Honour, banded on the floore
Of fickle Fortunes false and slippery Court,
Sent for a Toy, to make us Children sport,
Mans satiate spirits, with fresh delights supplying,
To still the Fondlings of the world, from crying,
And

And he, whose merit mounts to such a Ioy,
Gaines but the Honour of a mighty Toy. (crown'd)

But would'st thou conquer, have thy conquest
By hands of Seraphims, tryumph'd with the sound
Of heavens lowd Trumpet, warbled by the shrill
Celestiall quire, recorded with a quill,
Pluck't from the Pinion of an Angels wing,
Confirm'd with joy, by heavens Eternall King?
Conquer thy selfe, thy rebell thoughts repell,
And chase those false affections that rebell. (these)
Hath heaven dispoil'd what his full hand had given
Nipt thy succeeding Blossomes? or bereaven thee
Of thy deare latest hope, thy bosome Friend?
Doth sad Despaire deny these griefes an end?
Despair's a whispring Rebell, that, within thee,
Bribes all thy Field, and sets thy selfe agin thee:
Make keene thy Faith, and with thy force let flee,
If thou not conquer him, hee'l conquer thee:
Advance thy Shield of Patience to thy head,
And when grieve striks, 'twil strike the striker dead
The patient man, in sorrow spies reliefe,
And by the taile, he couples Ioy with Griefe.

In aduerse fortunes, be thou strong and stout,
And bravely win thy selfe, Heaven holds not out
His Bow, for ever bent. The disposition
Of noblest spirits, doth, by opposition,
Exasperate the more: A gloomy night
Whets on the morning, to returne more bright;
A blade well try'd, deserves a treeble price,
And Vertu's purest, most oppos'd by Vice:
Brave minds, opprest, should (in despite of Fate)
Looke greatest, (like the Suune) in loowest state.

But ahl shall God thus strive with flesh & blood
Receives he Glory from, or reapes he Good

In mortals Ruine, that he leaves man so
 To be o'rwhelm'd by his unequall Foe
 May not a Potter, that, from out the ground,
 Hath fram'd a vessell, search if it be sound?
 Or if by forbusling, he take more paine
 To make it fairer, shall the Pot complaine?
 Mortall, thou art but Clay: then shall not he,
 That fram'd thee for his service, season thee?
 Man, cloze thy lips; Be thou no undertaker
 Of Gods designes, Dispute not with thy Maker.
 Lord, 'tis against thy nature to doe ill;
 Then give me pow'r to beare, and worke thy Will;
 Thou know'st what's best, make thou thine owne
 Be glorifi'd, although in my confusion. (conclusion)

THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan the second time appears,
 Before th' Eternall, boldly dares
 Maligne Iobs tryed Faith afresh,
 And gaines th'afflicting of his Flesh.*

Scel. 4.

ONCE more, whē heavē's harmonious queristers
 Appear'd before his Throne, (whose Ministers
 They are, of his concealed will) to render
 Their strict account of Iustice, and to tender
 Th' accepted Sacrifice of highest praise,
 (Warbled in Sonnets, and celestiall Layes)
 Satan came too, bold, as a hungry Fox,
 Or ravenous Wolfe amid the tender Flockes,
Satan,

Satan, (said then th'Eternall) from whence now
Hath thy employments drivé thee? whence com'st
Satan replies: Great God of heavé & earth, (thou)
I come from tempting, and from making mirth:
To heare thy dearest children whine, and roare:
In brieft, I come, from whence I came before.

Said then th'Eternall, Hast thou not beheld
My servants Faith, how, like a seven-fold shield,
It hath defended his integrity

Against thy fiery Darts? Hath not thine Eye,
(Thine envious eye) perceiv'd how purely just
He stands, and perfect, worthy of the trust
I lent into his hand, persisting still
Just, fearing God, eschewing what is ill?

'Twas not the losse of his so faire a Flocke,
Nor sudden rape of such a mighty Stocke;
'Twas neither losse of Servants, nor his Sonnes
Untimely slaughter, (acted all at once)
Could make him quaille, or warpe so true a Faith,
Or staine so pure a Love; say (Satan) hath
Thy hand (so deeply counterfeiting mine)
Made him mistrust his God, or once repine?
Can there in all the earth, say, can there be
A man so Perfect, and so just, as Hee?

Replies the Tempter, Lord, an outward losse
Hopes for repaire, its but a common crosse:
I know thy servant's wise, a wise forecast,
Grieves for things present, not for things are past;
Perchance, the tumor of his sullen heart,
Brookes losse of all, since he hath lost a part;
My selfe have Servants, who can make true boast,
They gave away as much, as he hath lost:
Others (with learning made so wisely mad)
Refuse such Fortunes, as he never had;

A Faith's not try'd by this uncertaine Tutch,
Others, that never knew thee, did as much :
Lend me thy Power then, that I might once
But Sacrifice his Flesh, afflict his Bones,
And pierce his Hide, but for a moments space,
Thy Darling then, would curse thee to thy Face.
To which, th'Eternall thus : *His body's thine,*
To plague thy fill, withall. I doe confine
Thy power to her lists, afflict and teare
In flesh at pleasure : But his life forbear.

scarify

Meditat. 4.

BOth Goods, and body too; Lord, who can stand?
Expect not *Jobs* uprightnesse, at my hand,
Without *Jobs* aid; The temper of my Passion,
(Yntam'd by thee) can brooke no *Jobs* Temptation
For I am weake, and fraile, and what I can
Most boast of, proves me but a *sinfull man*;
Things that I should avoyd, I doe; and what
I am enjoyn'd to doe, that doe I not.
My Flesh is weake, too strong in this, alone,
It rules my spirit, that should be rul'd by none
But thee; my spirit's faint, and hath beene never
Free from the fits of sins quotidian Fever.
My pow'rs are all corrupt, corrupt my Will,
Marble to good, and Waxe to what is ill,
Eclipsed is my reason, and my Wit;
By interposing Earth 'twixt Heaven, and it :
My mem'ry's like a Searce of Lawne (alas)
It keepes things grosse, and lets the purer passe.

What

What have I then to boast, What Title can
 I challenge more then this, *A sinfull man*?
 Yet doe I (sometimes) feele a warme desire,
 Raise my low Thoughts, and dull affections higher
 Where, like a soule entrans't, my spirit flies,
 Makes leagues with Angels, and brings Deities
 Halfe way to heaven, shakes hands with Seraphims
 And boldly mingles wings with Cherubims,
 From whence, I looke askaunce, adowne the earth,
 Pity my selfe, and loath my place of birth:
 But while I thus my lower state deplore,
 I wake, and prove the wretch I was before.

Even as the Needle, that directs the howre,
 (Tougt with the Loadstone) by the secret power
 Of hidden Nature, points upon the Pole;
 Even so the wavering powers of my soule,
 Tougt by the vertue of thy Spirit, flee
 From what is Earth, and point alone to Thee.
 When I have faith, to hold thee by the Hand,
 I walke securely, and me thinke I stand
 More firme then *Atlas*; But when I forsake
 The safe protection of thine Arme, I quake,
 Like wind-shakt Reeds, and have no strength at al,
 But (as a Vine, the Prop cut down) I fall.

Yet wretched I (when as thy Iustice lends
 Thy glorious Presence from me) straight am fri'd
 With Flesh and blood, forget thy Grace, flye fro it,
 And, like a Dog, returne unto my Vomit;
 The fawning world, to pleasure then invites
 My wandring eyes; The flesh presents delights
 Vnto my yeelding heart, which thinke those pleasures
 Her onely bus'nes now, and rarest treasures, (sures,
 Content can glory in, whilst I, secure
 Stoope to the painted plumes of Satans Lure :

Thus

Thus I captiv'd, and drunke with pleasures Wine,
 Like to a mad-man, thinke no state like mine.
 What have I then to boast? What title can
 I challenge more then this, *A sinfull man?*
 I feele my griefe enough, nor can I be
 Redrest by any, but (Great God) by thee.
 Too great thou art to come within my Roome,
 Say but the word, *Be whole*, and 'tis enough;
 Till then, my tongue shall never cease, mine Eyes
 Ne'r cloze, my lowly bended knees ne'r rise;
 Till then, my soule shall ne'r want early sobes,
 My cheekes no teares, my Pensive brest no throbs,
 My hart shall laek no zeale, nor tongue expressing,
 I'll strive like *Jacob* till I get my Blessing:
 Say then, *Be cleane*, I'll never stop till then,
 Heaven ne'r shall rest, til Heaven shall say, *Amen.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Iob, smot with Vicers, groveling lyes,
 Plung'd in a Gulfe of Miseries,
 His Wife to blasphemy doth tempt him,
 His three Friends visit, and lament him.*

Sell. 5.

Like as a Truant-Scholler (whose delay
 Is worse then whipping, having leave to play)
 Makes haste to be enlarged from the Iayle
 Of his neglected Schoole, turnes speedy tayle
 Vpon his tedious booke (so ill befriended)
 Before his Masters *Is* be full ended:

So

So thanklesse Satan, full of winged haste,
Thinking all time, not spent in Mischiefe, waste,
Departs with speed, lesse patient to forbear
The patient *Job*, then patient *Job* to beare.

Forth from the furnace of his Nostrell, flies
A sulpherous vapour, which (by the envious eyes
Of this foule Fiend inflam'd) possesse the faire,
And sweet complexion of th'abused Ayre
With Pestilence, and (having power so farre)
Tooke the advantage of his worser Starre,
Smote him with Vlcers (such as once befell
Th'Egyptian Wizzards) Vlcers hot and fell,
Which like a searching Tetter uncorrected,
Left no part of his body unaffected,
From head to foot, no empty place was found,
That could b' afflicted with another wound:
So noysome was the nature of his griefe,
That (left by friends, and wife, that should be chiefe
Assister) he (poore he) alone remain'd,
Groveling in Ashes, being (himselfe) constrain'd,
With pot-sheards, to scrape off those rip'ned cores
(Which dogs disdain'd to licke) from out his sores.

Which when his wife beheld, adust, and keene,
Her passion waxt, made strôg with scorne & spleene
Like as the Winds, imprison'd in the earth,
And barr'd the passage to their naturall birth,
Grow fierce; and nilling to be longer pent,
Breake in an Earthquake, shake the world, & vent
So brake she forth, so forth her Fury brake,
Till now, pent in with shame, and thus she spake.

*Fond Saint, thine Innocence finds timely speed,
A foolish Saint receives a Saintly meed;
Is this the just mans recompence? Or hath
Heaven no requitall for thy painfull Faith,*

Other then this? what, have thy zealous Qualmes,
 Assenious Fastings, and thy hopesfull Almes,
 Thy private groanes, and often banded knees,
 No other end, no other thanks, but these?

Fond man submit thee to a kinder fate,
 (ease to be righteous, at so deare a rate :

'Tis Heaven, not Fortune, that thy weale debarres ;
 Cuse Heaven then, and not thy wayward starres :

'Tis God that plagues thee, God not knowing why ;
 Cuse then that God, revenge thy wrongs and dye.

Iob then replyed : God loves where he chastiz'd ;

Thou speakest like a foole, and ill adviz'd ;

Laugh we to like the sweet, and shall we lowre,

If he be pleas'd to send a little sowre ?

Am I so weak, one blast or two, should kill me ;

I'll trust my Maker, though my Maker kill me.

When these sad tidings fill'd those itching eares

Of Earths black babbling daughter (she that heares

And vents alike, both Truth and Forgeries,

And utters, often cheaper then she buyes)

She spread the pinions of her nimble wings,

Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,

And fills the whispering Ayre, which soone possessest

The spacious borders of th'enquiring East,

Vpon the summon of such solemne Newes,

Whose truth, malignant Fame could not abuse,

His wofull friends came to him, to the end,

To comfort, and bewaile their wretched friend.

But when they came, farre off, they did not know,

Whether it were the selfe-same friend or no,

(Brim-fill'd with briny woe) they wept and tore

(To express their grieve) the garmets that they wore

Seven dayes and nights they sat upon the ground

But spake not, for his sorrowes did abound.



Meditat.

Medita. 5.

SAY, is not Satan justly stiled than,
 A Tempter, and an Enemy to Man?
 What could he more? His wish would not extend
 To death, lest his assaults, with death should end;
 Then what he did, what could he further doe?
 His Hand hath seiz'd both Goods, and Body too.
 The hopefull Issue of a holy straine,
 In such a dearth of holinesse, is slaine.
 What hath the Lazar left him, but his griefe,
 And (what might best been spard) his foolish wife?
 Could mischief bin more hard (though more in
 To nip the flowers, & leave the weeds behind (kind

Woman was made a Helper by Creation,
 A Helper, not alone for Propagation,
 Or fond Delight, but sweet Society,
 Which Man (alone) should want, and to supply
 Comforts to him, for whom her Sex was made,
 That each may joy in eithers needfull aide:
 But fairest Angels, had the foulest fall;
 And best things (once abus'd) prove worst of all,
 Else had not Satan beene so foule a Fiend,
 Else had not Woman prov'd so false a Friend.

Even as the treacherous Fowler, to entice
 His silly winged Prey, doth first devise
 To make a Bird his stale, at whose false call,
 Others may chance into the selfe-same thrall:
 Even so, that crafty snarer of Mankind,
 Finding mans righteous Pallate not enclind
 To taste the sweetnesse of his gilded baits,
 Makes a collaterall Sure, and slyly waites

Vp

Vpon the weaknesse of some bosome friend,
From whose enticement, he expects his end.

Ah righteous *Job*, what crosse was left unknowne?
What griefe may be describ'd, but was thine owne?

Is this a iust mans case? What doth befall
To one man, may as well betide to all.

The worst I'll le looke for, that I can project;
If better come, 'tis more then I expect;
If otherwise, I'm arm'd with Preparation;
No sorrow's sudden to an Expectation.

Lord, to thy Wisedome I submit my Will,
I will be thankfull, send me good, or ill;
If good, my present State will passe the sweeter;
If ill, my Crowne of glory shall be greater.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Orewhelm'd with griefe, Job breaketh forth
Into Impatience: Rems his birth,
Professes, that his heart did doubt
And feare, what since hath fallen out:*

SECT. 6.

WOrn bare with grief, the patient *Job* betray'd
His seven-daies silence, curst his day, and
O that my Day of birth had never bin
Nor yet the Night, which I was brought forth in.
It is not numbred for a Day, let Lights
Not make a difference twixt it and Night,
At gloomy Shades (then Death more subtle) passe
Vpon it, to declare how fatall 'twas:

Let Clouds ore-cast it, and a hatefull make it,
 As life's to him, whom Tortures bid, forsake it :
 From her next day, let that blacke Night be cut,
 Nor in the reckning of the Months, be put :
 Let Desolation fill it, all night long,
 In it, be never heard a Bridall song:
 Let all sad Mourners, that doe curse the Light,
 When light's drawne in begin to curse this night :
 Her evening Twilight, let soule darknesse staine ;
 And may her mid-night expect Light in vaine,
 Nor let her infant Day (but newly borne)
 Suffer's to see the Eye-lids of the morne,
 Because my Mothers Womb: it would not close,
 Which gave me passage to endure these Woes :
 Why dyed I not in my Conception, yalber ?
 Or why was not my Birth, and Death together ?
 Why did the Midwife take me on her knees ?
 Why did I sucke, to feele such griefes as these ?
 Then had this body never been oppress,
 I had enjoy'd th' eternall sleepe of rest ;
 With Kings, and mighty Monarchs, that lie crown'd
 With stately Monuments, poore I had found
 A place of Rest, had borne as great a sway,
 Had beene as happy, and as rich as they :
 Why was I not as an abortive birth,
 That ne're had knowne the horrors of the earth ?
 The silent Grave is quiet from the feare
 Of Tyrants: Tyrants are appeased there,
 The grinded Prisoner beares not (there) the noyse,
 Nor harder threatnings of th' Oppressors voyce:
 Both rich and poore are equal'd in the Grave,
 Servants no Lords, and Lords no Servants have :
 What needs there light to him thats comfortlesse ?
 Or life to such as languish in distresse,

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And long for death, which, if it come by leisure,
They ransack for it, as a bidden treasure?
What needs there Life to him, that cannot have
A Boone, more gracious, then a quiet Grave?
Or else to him, whom God hath wall'd about,
That would, but cannot find a passage out?
When I but taste, my sighes returne my food,
The flowing of my teares have rais'd a flood;
When my estate was prosperous, I did feare,
Lest, by some heedlesse slip, or want of care,
I might be brought to Misery, and (alas!)
What I did then so feare is come to passe:
But though secure, my soule did never slumber,
Yet doe my Woes exceed both Waight, and Number.

Meditat. 6.

SO poore a thing is Man. No Flesh and blood
Deserves the stile of *Absolutely Good*:
The righteous man sins oft; whose pow'rs such,
To sin the least, sins (at the least) too much:
The man, whose Faith disdain'd his *7 sacks* life,
Dissembled once, a Sister, for a Wife:
The righteous *Lot*, being drunk, did make (at once)
His Daughters both, halfe sisters to their sonnes:
The royall Favorite of heaven, stood
Not guiltlesse of Adultery and Blood,
And he, whose hands did build the Temple, doth
Bow downe his lustfull knees to *Ashtaroth*
The sinfull Woman was accus'd, but none
Was found, that could begin to sling a stone:

From mudled Springs, can Christall water come?
In some things, all men sin, in all things, some.

Even as the soyle, (which Aprils gentle showers
Have sild with sweetnesse, and intricht with flowers)
Reares up her suckling plants, still shooting forth
The tender blossomes of her timely Birth,
But, if deny'd the beames of cheerly May,
They hang their withered heads, and fade away:
So man, assisted by th' Almightyes Hand,
His Faith doth flourish, and securely stand,
But left awhile, forsooke (as in a shade)
It languishes, and nipt with sin doth fade:
No Gold is pure from Drosse, though oft refin'd;
The strongest Cedar's shaken with the wind;
The fairest Rose hath no prerogative,
Against the fretting Canker-worme; The Hive
No hony yeelds, unblended with the wax,
The finest Linnen hath both soyle and bracks:
The best of men have sins; None lives secure,
In Nature nothing's perfect, nothing pure.

Lord, since I needs must sin, yet grant that I
Forge no advantage by infirmity:
Since that my Vesture cannot want a Staine,
Assist me, lest the tincture be in Graine.

To thee (my great Redeemer) doe I fly,
It is thy Death alone, can change my Dye;
Tearcs, mingled with thy Blood, can scower so,
That Scarlet sinnes shall turne as white as Snow.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Rash Eliphaz reproves, and rates,
And falsely censures Iob; Relates
His Vision; shewes him the event
Of wicked men: Bids him repent.*

SECT 7.

THEN *Eliphaz*, his pounded tongue repliev'd,
And said, shold I cōtēd, thou wold'st be griev'd;
Yet what man can refraine, but he must breake
His angry silence, having heard thee spake?

O sudden change! Many hast thou directed,
And strengthned those, whose minds have bin de-
Thy sacred Thewes, & sweet Instructions, did (cted;
Helpe those were falling, rays'd up such as slid:
But now it is thy case, thy scule is vext,
And canst not helpe thy selfe, thy selfe perplex;
Thou lov'd thy God, but basely for thy profit,
Fear'st him, in further expectation of it;
Iudge then: Did Record ever round thine eare,
That God forsooke the heart, that was sincere?
But often have we seene, that such as plow
Lewdnesse, and mischief, reape the same they sow:
So have proud tyrants frō their thrones bin cast,
With all their off-spring, by th' Almightyes Blast;
And they, whose hāds have bin imbrew'd in blood,
Have with their Issue dyed, for want of Food:

A Vision lately, appeard before my sight,
In depth of darknesse, and the dead of night,
Vnwonted feare vsurpt me round about,
My trembling bones were sore, from head to foot:

Forthwith, a Spirit glanc'd before mine eyes,
My browes did sweat, my moistned haire did rise,
The face I knew not, but a while it staid,
And in the depth of silence, thus it said;

Is man more just, more pure then his Creator?
Amongst his Angels, (more upright by nature
Then man) he hath found Weaknes, how much
Shall he expect in him, that's walled ore (more
With mortall flesh and blood, founded, & floor'd
With Dust, and with the Wormes to be devour'd?
They rise securely with the Morning Sunne,
And (unregarded) dye ere Day be done;
Their glory passeth with them, as a breath,
They die (like Fooles) before they thinke of death.

Rage then, and see who will approve thy rage,
What Saint will give thy railing Patronage?
Anger destroyes the Foole, and he that hath
A wrathfull heart, is slaine with his owne wrath;
Yet have I seene, that Fooles have oft beene able
To boast with Babel, but have falne with Babel:
Their sons despairing, roare without reliefe
In open ruine, on the Rocks of Griefe:
Their harvest (though but small) the hungry eate,
And robbers seize their wealth, thogh ne'r so great;
But wretched man, were thy Condition mine,
I'de not despaire, as thou dost, nor repine,
But offer up the broken Sacrifice
Of a sad soule, before his angry eyes,
Whose workes are Miracles of admiration,
He mounts the meeke, amidst their Desolation,
Confounds the worldly wise, that (blindfold) they
Groepe all in darknesse, at the noone of day:
But guards the humble from reproach of wrong,
And stops the current of the crafty Tongue.

Thrice

Thrice happy is the man his hands correct :
 Beware, lest Fury force thee to reject
 Th' Almighty's Triall ; He that made thy wound
 In Justice, can, in Mercy, make it sound :
 Feare not, though multiply'd afflictions shall
 Besiege thee ; He, at length, will rid them all ;
 In Famine he shall feed, in Warre defend thee,
 Shield thee from slander, & in griefes attend thee,
 The Beasts shall strike with thee eternall Peace,
 The Stones shall not disturbe thy fields Encrease ;
 Thy House shall thrive, replenisht with Content,
 Which, thou shalt rule, in prosp'rous Government,
 The number of thy Of-spring shall abound,
 Like Summers Grasse upon a fruitfull ground,
 Like timely Corne, well ripened in her Eares,
 Thou shalt depart thy life, strucke full of yeeres :
 All this, Experience tells : Then (*Job*) advise,
 Thou hast taught many, now thy selfe be wise.

Mediat. 7.

THe perfect Modell of true Friendship's this :
 A rare affection of the soule, which is
 Begun with ripened judgement, doth persevere
 With simple Wisedome, and concludes with Never.
 'Tis pure in substance, as refined Gold,
 That buyeth all things, but is never sold :
 It is a Coyne, and most men walke without it ;
 True Love's the Stamp, *Jebovab's* writ about it ;
 It rusts, unus'd, but using makes it brighter,
 'Gainst Heav'n high treason 'tis, to make it lighter.
 'Tis

'Tis a Gold Chain, links soule and soule together
In perfect Vnity, tyes God to either.

Affliction is the touch, whereby we prove,
Whether't be Gold, or gilt with fained Love.

The wisest Moralist, that ever div'd
Into the depth of Natures bowels, striv'd
With th' Augar of Experience, to bore
Mens hearts so farre, till he had found the Ore
Of Friendship, but, despairing of his end,
My friends (said he) there is no perfect Friend.

Friendship's like Musicke, two strings tun'd alike,
Will both stirre, though but onely one you strike.

It is the quintessence of all Perfection
Extracted into one: A sweet connexion
Of all the Vertues, Morall and Divine,
Abstracted into one. It is a Mine,
Whose nature is not rich, unlesse in making
The state of others wealthy by partaking:

It bloomes and blossoms, both in Sun and shade,
Doth (like the Bay in winter) never fade:
It loveth all, and yet suspecteth none,
Is provident, yet seeking not her owne:
'Tis rare it selfe, yet maketh all things common,
And is judicious, yet it judgeth no man.

The noble Theban, being asked which
Of three (propounded) he suppos'd most rich
In vertues sacred Treasure, thus reply'd:
Till they be dead, that doubt cannot be try'd.

It is no wisemans part to weigh a Friend,
Without the glosse and goodnesse of his End:
For Life, without the Death considered, can
Affoord but halfe a Story of the Man.

'Tis not my friends affliction, that shall make
Me either Wonder, Censure, or Forsake:

Iudge

judgement belongs to Fooles ; enough that I
 finde he's afflicted, not enquier, why :
 'Tis the hand of Heaven, that selfe-same Sorrow
 Grieves him to day, may make me grone to morrow
 Heaven be my comfort ; In my highest grieve,
 I will not trust to mians, but Thy reliefe.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Job counts his sorrowes, and from thence
 Excuses his impatience ;
 Describes the shortnesse of mans Time,
 And makes confession of his Crime.*

Act. 8.

BVt wretched *Job* sigh't forth these words, & said,
 Ah me ! that my Impatience were weigh'd
 With all my Sorrowes, by an equall hand,
 They would be found more pondrous than the sand
 That lyes upon the new-forsaken shore ;
 My griefes want uttrance, & have stopt their dore :
 And wóder not, heavens shafts have struck me dead,
 And God hath heapt all Mischiefes on my head :
 Will Asses bray, when they have grasse to eate ?
 Or lowes the Oxe, when as he wants no meat ?
 Can pallates finde a rellish in distast ?
 Or can the whites of Egges well please the tast ?
 My vexed soule is daily fed with such
 Corruptions, as my hands disdain to touch.
 Alas ! that Heaven would heare my hearts request,
 And strike me dead, that I may finde some rest :

What

What hopes have I, to see my end of griefe,
 And to what end should I prolong my life?
 Why should not I wish Death? My strength (alas)
 Is it like Marble, or my flesh like Brasse?
 What power have I to mitigate my paine?
 If e're I had, that power now is vaine;
 My friends are like the Rivers, that are dry
 In heat of Summer, when necessity
 Requireth water; They amazed stand
 To see my griefe, but lend no helping hand.
 Friends, beg I succour from you? Craved I
 Your Goods, to ransom my Captivity?
 Shew me my faults, and wherein I did wrong
 My Patience, and I will hold my tongue;
 The force of reasonable words may moove,
 But what can Rage or Lunacy reprove?
 Rebuke you (then) my words, to have it thought
 My speech is franticke, with my griefe distraught?
 You take a pleasure in your friends distresse,
 That is more wretched than the fatherlesse:
 Behold these sores: Be judg'd by your owne eyes,
 If these be counterfeited miseries;
 Ballance my words, and you shall finde me free
 From these foule crimes, wherewith ye branded me
 And that my speech was not distain'd with sin,
 Onely the language sorrow treated in.

Is not mans day prefixt, which, when expir'd,
 Sleepes he not quiet, as a servant hir'd?
 A servants labour doth, at length, surcease,
 His Day of travell findes a Night of peace;
 But (wretched) I with woes am still oppress,
 My mid-day torments see no Even of Rest;
 My nights (ordain'd for sleep) are fill'd with griefe,
 I looke (in vaine) for the next dayes reliefe:

Wid

With dust and wormes my flesh is hld, my sorrowes
 Have plow'd my skin, and filth lyes in her furrows:
 My dayes of joy are in a moment gone,
 And (hopelesse of returning) spent and done:
 Remember (Lord) my life is but a puffe,
 I but a man, that's misery enough;
 And when pale Death hath once seal'd up my sight,
 I ne're shall see the pleasures of the light,
 The eye of Man shall not discover me,
 No, nor thine (Lord) for I shall cease to be;
 When mortalls dye, they passe (like clouds before
 The Sun) and backe returne they never more;
 T'his earthly house he ne're shall come agin,
 And then shall be, as if he ne're had bin:
 therefore my tongue shal speak, while it hath breath
 Prompted with grieve, and with the pangs of death:
 Am I not weake and faint? what needst thou stretch
 Thy direfull hand upon so poore a wretch?
 When as I thinke that night shall stop the streames
 Of my distress, thou fright'st me then with dreames;
 So that my soule doth rather chuse to dye,
 Than be involved in such misery;
 My life's a burthen, and will end: O grieve
 No longer him, that would no longer live.
 Ah! what is Man, that thou should'st raise him so
 High at the first, then sinke him downe so low?
 What's mā? thy glory's great enough, without him:
 Why dost thou (thus) disturb thy minde about him?
 Lord, I have sinn'd (Great Helper of mankind)
 I am but Dust and Ashes, I have sinn'd:
 Against thee (as a marke) why hast thou fixt me?
 How have I trespass't, that thou thus afflict'st me?
 Why, rather, didst thou not remove my sin,
 And save the sorrowes that I raved in?

For

For thou hast heapt such vengeance on my head,
That when thou seek'st me, thou wilt find me dead.

Meditat. 8.

TH'Egyptians, amidst their solemne Feasts,
Vsed to welcome, and present their Guests
With the sad sight of Mans Anatomy,
Serv'd in with this loud Motto, *All must dye.*
Foolles often goe about, when as they may
Take better vantage of a neerer way.
Looke well into your bosomes; doe not flatter
Your knowne infirmities: Behold, what matter
Your flesh was made of: Man, cast backe thine eye,
Vpon the weaknesse of thine Infancy;
Sec how thy lips hang on thy mothers Brest,
Bawling for helpe, more helpelesse than a Beast.
Liv'st thou to childhood? then, behold, what roiles
Doe mocke the sense, how shallow are thy joyes.
Com'st thou to yeares? see, how deceits
Gull thee with golden fruit, and with false baits,
Slily beguile the prime of thine affection.
Art thou attain'd at length to full perfection
Of ripened yeares? Ambition hath now sent
Thee on her frothy errand, Discontent
Payes thee thy wages. Doe thy grizlye haire
Begin to cast account of many cares
Vpon thy head? The sacred lust of gold
Now fires thy spirit, for fleshly lust, too cold,
Makes thee a slave to thine owne base desire,
Which melts and hardens, at the selfe-same Fire.

Art thou decrepit? Then thy very breath
 is grievous to thee, and each grieve's a death
 Looke where thou list, thy life is but a span,
 Thou art but Dust, and, to conclude, *A Man.*
 Thy life's a Warfare, thou a Souldier art,
 Satan's thy Foe-man, and a faithfull Heart
 Thy two-edg'd Weapon, Patience thy Shield,
 Heaven is thy Chieftain, and the world thy Field.
 To be afraid to dye, or wish for death,
 Are words and passions of despairing breath:
 Who doth the first, the day doth faintly yeeld,
 And who the second, basely flies the field.
 Man's not a lawfull Stearsman of his dayes,
 His bootlesse with, nor hastens, nor delayes:
 We are Gods hired Workmen; he discharges
 Some, late at night, and (when he list) enlarges
 Others at noone, and in the morning, some:
 None may relieve himselfe, till he bid, Come:
 If we receive for one halfe day, as much
 As they that toyle till evening, shall we grutch?
 Our life's a Road, in death our Iourney ends,
 We goe on Gods Embassage, some, he sends
 Gall'd with the trotting of hard Misery,
 And others, pacing on Prosperity:
 Some lagge, whilest others gallop on, before;
 All goe an end, some faster, and some slower.
 Lead me that paze (great God) that thou think'st
 And I will follow with a dauntlesse brest: (best,
 Which (ne' rethelasse) if I refuse to doe,
 I shall be wicked, and yet follow too.
 Assist me in my Combat with the flesh,
 Relieve my fainting powers, and refresh
 My feeble spirit: I will not wish to be
 Cast from the world; Lord, cast the world from me.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Bildad, man either state expresse;
 Gods Mercy and Iustice Iob confesse;
 He pleads his cause, and begs reliefe,
 Fild with the burthen of his grieve.

Sect. 9.

SO Bildads silence (great with tongue) did break
 And, like a heartlesse Comforter, did speake
 How long wilt thou persist to breathe thy mind
 In words, that vanish as a storme of winde?
 Will God forsake the innocent, or will
 His Iustice smite thee, undeserving ill?
 Though righteous death thy sinfull sons hath rent
 From thy sad bosome, yet if thou repent,
 And wash thy wayes with undissembled teares,
 Tuning thy troubles to th' Almightyes eares,
 The mercy of his eyes shall shine upon thee,
 And shewre the sweetnesse of his blessings on thee
 And though (a while) thou plunge in misery,
 At length hee'll crowne thee with prosperity:
 Run back, and learne of sage Antiquity,
 What our late births, to present times, deny,
 See how, and what (in the worlds downy age)
 Befell our Fathers in their Pilgrimage;
 If Rushes have no mire, and Grasse no raine,
 They cease to flourish, droop their heads, & waine
 So fades the man, whose heart is not upright,
 So perisheth the double Hypocrite;

His hopes are like the Spiders web, to day
That's flourishing, to morrow swept away :
But he that's just, is like the flowering tree,
Rooted by Christall Springs, that cannot be
Scorcht by the noone of day, nor stird from thence;
Where, firmly fixt, it hath a residence;
Heaven never failes the soule that is upright,
Nor offers arme to the base Hypocrite :
The one, he blesses with eternall joyes,
The other, his avenging hand destroyes.

I yeeld it for a truth, (sad *Iob* reply'd)
Compar'd with God, can man be justifi'd ?

If man should give account what he hath done,
Not of a thousand, could he answer one :

His hand's all-Power, and his heart all pure,
Against this God, what flesh can stand secure ?
He shakes the Mountaines, and the Sun he barres
From circling his due course, shuts up the Starres,
He spreads the Heavens, and rideth on the Flood,
His Workes may be admir'd, not understood :

No eye can see, no heart can apprehend him :
Lifts he to spoile ? what's he can reprehend him ?
His Will's his Law. The smoothest pleader hath

No power in his lips, to stake his Wrath,
Much lesse can I plead faire immunity,

Which could my guiltlesse tongue attaine, yet I
Would kisse the Footstep of his Iudgement-seat :

Should he receive my cry, my grieves so great,
It would perswade me, that he heard me not,

For he hath torne me with the five-fold knot
Of his sharpe Scourge, his plagues successive are,
That I can finde no ground, but of Despaire.

If my bold lips should dare to justifie
My selfe, my lips would give my lips the lye.

P

God

God owes his mercy, nor to good, nor bad ;
 The wicked oft he spares, and oft does adde
 Griefe to the just mans griefe, woes after woes ;
 We must not judge man, as his Market goes.
 But might my prayers obtaine this boon, that God
 Would cease these sorrowes, and remove that Rod,
 Which moves my patience ; I would take upon me,
 T'implead before him, your rash judgement on me,
 Because my tender Conscience doth perswade me,
 I'me not so bad, as your bad Words have made me.

My life is tedious, my distresse shall breake
 Into her proper Voice, my griefes shall speake ;
 (Iust Iudge of Earth) condemne me not, before
 Thou please to make me understand wherefore.
 Agrees it with thy Iustice, thus to be
 Kinde to the Wicked, and so harsh to Me ?
 Seest thou with fleshly eyes ? Or doe they glance
 By favour ? Are they clos'd with Ignorance ?
 Liv'st thou the life of man ? Dost thou desire
 A space of time to search, or to enquire
 My sinne ? No, in the twinkling of an eye,
 Thou seest my heart, seest my Immunity (pleasure
 From those foule crimes, wherewith my friends
 Taxe me, yet thou afflict'st me, in this Measure :
 Thy hands have form'd, and fram'd me, what I am,
 When thou hast made, wilt thou destroy the same ?
 Remember, I am built of Clay, and must
 Returne againe (without thy helpe) to Dust.
 Thou didst create, preserve me, hast endu'd
 My life with gracious blessings, oft renew'd
 Thy precious Favours on me : How wert thou,
 Once, so benigne, and so cruell now ?
 Thou hunt'st me like a Prey, my Plagues encrease,
 Succeed each other, and they never cease.

Wh

Why was I borne? Or why did not my Tombe
Receive me (weeping) from my mothers wombe?
I have not long to live; Lord, grant that I
May see some comfort, that am soone to dye.

Meditat. 9.

HE that's the truest Master of his owne,
Is never lesse alone, than when alone;
His watchfull eyes are plac't within his heart;
His skill, is how to know himselfe; his Art,
How to command the pride of his Affections,
With sacred Reason: how to give directions
Vnto his wandring Will; His conscience checks his
More looser thoughts; His louder sins, she vexes
With frights, and feares; within her owne precincts,
Se rambles with her Whips of wire, ne're winks
At smallest faults, Like as a tender Mother
(Howe're she loves her darling) will not smother
His childish fault, but she (her selfe) will rather
Correct, than trust him to his angry Father:
Even so, the tender Conscience of the wise,
Checks her beloved soule, and doth chastise,
And judge the crime her selfe, lest it should stand
As lyable to a severer hand.

Fond soule, beware, who e're thou art, that spies
Anothers fault, that thou thine owne chastise,
Lest, like a foolish man, thou judge another, (ther.
In those selfe-crimes, which in your brest you smo-
Who undertakes to dreine his brothers eye
Of noisome Humours, first, must clarifie

P 2

His

His owne, lest when his brothers blemish is
Remov'd, he spy a fouler Blame in his.

It is beyond th' extent of Mans Commission,
To judge of Man : The secret disposition
Offacred Providence is lockt, and seal'd
From mans conceit, and not to be reveal'd,
Vntill that Lambe breake ope the Seale, and come
With life and death, to give the world her doome.

The ground-worke of our Faith, must not rely
On bare Events; Peace and Prosperity
Are goodly Favours, but no proper Marke,
Wherewith God brands his Sheepe : No outward
Secures the body, to be sound within. (barke

The Rich man liv'd in Scarlet, dyed in Sinne;
Behold th' afflicted man ; affliction moves
Compassion ; but no Confusion proves.
A gloomy Day brings oft a glorious Even :
The Poore man dy'd with fores, & lives in heaven.
To good and bad, both fortunes Heaven doth share
That both, an after-change, may hope, and feare.

I'll hope the best (Lord) leave the rest to thee,
Lest, while I judge another, thou judge me ;
It's one mans worke, to have a serious fight
Of his owne sinnes, and judge himselfe aright.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Zophar blames Iob; Iob equall makes
Him wisdom unto theirs: He takes
In hand to plead with God; and then
Describes the fraile estate of men.*

Self. 10.

Then Zophar from deepe silence, did awake
His words, with louder language, and bespake:
Shall Praters be unanswer'd, or shall such
Be counted just, that speake, for babbling much?
Shal thy words stop our mouths, he that hath blamd
And scoft at others, shall he dye unsham'd?
Our cares have heard thee, when thou hast excus'd
Thy selfe of evill, and thy God accus'd:
But if thy God should plead with thee at large,
Thou'dst reape the sorrowes of a double charge.
Canst thou, by deepe enquirie understand
The hidden Iustice of Th' Almightyes hand?
Heavens large dimensions cannot comprehend him;
What e're he doe, what's he can reprehend him?
What refuge hast thou then, but to present
A heart, inrich with the sad compliment
Of a true Convert, on thy bended knee,
Before thy God, t'atone thy God and thee?
Then doubt not, but he'll reare thee fro thy sorrow
Disperse thy Clouds, and, like a shining Morrow,
Make cleare thy Sun-beames of Prosperity,
And rest thy soule in sweet Security.

P 3

But

But he, whose heart obdur'd in sinne, persists,
His hopes shall vanish, as the morning Mists.

But *Job*, even as a Ball against the ground
Banded with violence, did thus rebound :

You are the onely wisemen, in your breasts
The hidden Magazen of true Wisedome rests,
Yet (though astund with sorrowes) doe I know
A little, and (perchance) as much as you ;
I'm scorned of my Friends, whose prosprous state
Surmises me (that have expir'd the date
Of earths faire Fortunes) to be cast away
From heavens regard, think none belov'd, but they
I am despised, like a Torch, that's spent,
Whiles that the wicked blazes in his Tent :

What have your wisdoms taught me, more thā that
Which birds & beasts (could they but speak) would
Digests the Stomack, e're the Pallat tastes ? (chat)
O weigh my Words, before you judge my Ca^s.
But you referre me to our Fathers dayes,
To be instructed in their wiser Layes.

True, length of dayes brings Wisedome ; but, I say,
I have a Wiser teacheth me, than they :
For I am taught, and tutor'd by that Hand,
Whose unresisted power doth command
The limits of the Earth, whose Wisedome schooles
And traines the simple, makes the learned, fooles :
His hand doth raise the poore, deposes Kings ;
On him, both Order, and the change of things
Depend, he searches, and brings forth the light
From out the shadowes, and the depth of night.

All this, mine owne Experience hath found true
And in all this, I know as much as you.
But you averre, If I should plead with God,
That he would double his severer Rod.

You

Your tongue belyes his Iustice, you apply
 Amisse, your Med'cine, to my Malady;
 In silence, you would seeme more wise, lesse weake;
 You having spoke, now lend me leave to speake.
 Will you doe wrong, to doe Gods Iustice right?
 Are you his Counsell? Need you helpe to fight
 His quarrels? Or expect you his applause,
 Thus (brib'd with selfe-conceit) to plead his cause?
 Iudgement's your Fee, when as you take in hand
 Heavens cause, to plead it, and not heaven cōmand.
 If that the foulness of your censures could
 Not fright you, yet, me thinks, his greatness should,
 Whose Iustice you make Patron of your lyes;
 Your slender Maximes, and false Forgeries,
 Are substanc't, like the dust, that flies besides me;
 Peace then, and I will speake, what e're betides me.
 My soule is on the rack, my tears have drown'd me,
 Yet will I trust my God, though God confound me;
 He, He's my Towre of strength, No hypocrite
 Stands, unconfounded, in his glorious sight:
 Ballance my words; I know my case would quit
 Me from your censures, should I argue it.
 Who takes the Plaintifes pleading? Come, for I
 Must plead my right, or else (perforce) must dye.
 With thee (great Lord of Heaven) I dare dispute,
 If thou wilt grant me this my double Suit;
 First, that thou shake these sorrows that surroud me,
 Then, that thy burning Face doe not confound me;
 Which granted, then take thou thy choice, let me
 Propound the question, or, else, answer Thee.
 Why dost thou thus pursue me, like thy Foe?
 For what great sinne dost thou afflict me so?
 Break st thou a withred Lease? Thy Iustice doth
 Summe up the recknings of my sinfull youth:

Thou keep'st me pris'ner, bound in fetters fast,
And, like a thred-bare Garment, doe I wast.

Man, borne of Woman, hath but a short while
To live; his daies are fleet, and full of toyle;
He's like a Flower, shooting forth, and dying,
His life is as a Shadow, swiftly flying. (him?)
Ah! b'ing so poore a thing, what needst thou minde
The number of his dayes thou hast confin'd him;
Then adde not plagues unto his Griefe, O give
Him peace, that hath so small a time to live:
Trees that are fell'd, may sprout again, man never;
His dayes are numbred, and he dyes for ever;
He's like a Mist, exhaled by the Sunne,
His dayes once done, they are for ever done.
O that thy Hand would hide me close, and cover
Me in the Grave, till all thy Wrath were over!
My desperate sorrowes hope for no reliefe,
Yet will I wait my Change. My day of griefe
Will be exchang'd, for an eternall day
Of joy: But now, thou dost not spare to lay
Full heapes of vengeance on my broken soule,
And writ'st my sinnes upon an ample scrowle;
As Mountaines (being shaken) fall, and Rocks
(Though firm) are worn, & rent with many knocks:
So strongest men are batter'd with thy strength,
Loose ground, returning to the Ground at length:
So Mortalls die, and (being dead) ne're minde
The fairest fortunes, that they leave behinde.
While man is man (untill that death bereave him
Of his last breath) his griefes shall never leave him.

Meditat.

Meditat. 10.

DOth Hist'ry then, and sage Chronologic,
 (The Index, pointing to Antiquity,)
 So firmly grounded on deepe Iudgment, guarded,
 And kept by so much Miracle, rewarded
 With so great glory, serve, but as slight Fables,
 To edge the dulnesse of mens wanton Tables,
 And claw their itching eares? Or doe they, rather
 Like a concise Abridgement, serve to gather
 Mans high Adventures, and his transitory
 Achievements, to expresse his Makers glory?
 Acts, that have blown the lowdest Trumpe of Fame
 Are all, but honours, purchac't in His name.

Is he, that (yesterday) went forth, to bring
 His fathers Asses home, (to day) crown'd King?

Did he, that now on his brave Palace stood,
 Boasting his Babels beauty, chew the cud
 An hower after? Have not Babes beene crown'd,
 And mightie Monarchs beaten to the ground?
 Man undertakes, heaven breathes successe upon it;
 What good, what evill is done, but heavē hath done

The Man to whom the world was not asham'd (it?)
 To yeeld her Colours, he that was proelam'd
 A God in humane shape, whose dreadfull voyce
 Did strike men dead like Thunder, at the noyse;
 Was rent away, from his Imperiall Throne,
 Before his flowre of youth was fully blowne,
 His Race was rooted out, his Issue slaine,
 And left his Empire to another straine.

Who, that did e're behold the ancient Rōme,
 Would rashly, given her glory such a doome,

Or

Or thought her subject to such alterations,
That was the Mistresse, and the Queen of Nations

Egypt, that in her walls, had once engroſt
More Wiſdome, then the world beſides, hath loſt
Her ſenſes now; Her wiſeſt men of State,
Are turn'd, like Puppets, to be pointed at:

If Rómes great power, and Egypts wiſdome can
Not aide themſelves, how poore a thing is Man?
God Playes with Kingdomes, as with Tennis-balls,
Fells ſome that riſe, and rayſes ſome that falls:

Nor policie can prevent, nor ſecret Fate,
Where Heaven hath pleas'd, to blow upon a State.
If States be not ſecure, nor Kingdomes, than
How helpleſſe (Ah!) how poore a thing is Man!
Man's like a flower, the while he hath to laſt,
Hee's nipt with froſt, and ſhooke with every blaſt,
Hee's borne in ſorrow, and brought up in teares,
He lives a while in ſinne, and dyes in feares.

Lord, I'll not boaſt, what ere thou give unto me,
Leſt e're my brag be done. thou take it from me.
No man may boaſt, but of his owne, I can
Then boaſt of nothing, for I am a Man.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Rash Eliphaz doth aggravate
The finnes of Job, malign's his state,
Whom Job reproving, justifies
Himselfe, bewailes his miseries.*

Sect. II.

DOth vaine repining (*Eliphaz* replies) (wise?
Or words, like wind, besee me the man that's
Assured, thy faithlesse heart rejects the feare
Of heaven, dost not acquaint thy lips with prayre:
Thy words accuse thy heart of Impudence,
Thy tongue (not I) brings in the Evidence:
Art thou the first of men? Doe Mysteries
Unfold to thee? Art thou the onely wise?
Wherein hath Wisedome beene more good to you
Then us? What know you, that we never knew?
Reverence, not Censure, fits a young mans eyes,
We are your Ancients, and should be as wise;
Is't not enough, your Arrogance derides
Our counsels, but must scorne thy God besides?
Angels (if God inquier strictly) must
Not plead Perfection: then, can man be just?

It is a truth receiv'd, these aged eyes
Have seen't, and is confirmed by the wise,
That still the wicked man is voyd of rest,
Is alwayes fearfull; falls, when he feares least,
In troubles he despaires, and is dejected,
He begs his bread, his death comes unexpected,

In

In his adversity, his griefes shall gaule him,
 And, like a raging Tyrant, shall inthrall him,
 He shall advance against his God, in vaine,
 For Heaven shal crush and beate him down againe;
 What if his Garners thrive, and goods increase?
 They shall not prosper, nor he live in peace,
 Eternall horror shall begirt him round,
 And vengeance shall both him and his confound,
 Amidst his joyes, despaire shall stop his breath,
 His sons shall perish, with untimely death;
 The double soule shall dye, and in the hollow
 Of all false harts, false harts themselves shall swallow

Then answered *Job*, All this, before I knew,
 They want no griefe, that find such friends as you
 Ah, cease your words, the fruits of ill-spent houres!
 If heaven should please to make my fortunes yours,
 I would not scoffe you, nor with taunts torment ye,
 My lips should comfort, and these eyes lament ye:
 What shall I doe? Speake not, my griefes oppress
 My soule, or speake (alas) they'r ne'r thelesse;
 Lord, I am wasted, and my pangs have spent me,
 My skin is wrinkled, for thy Hand hath rent me,
 Mine enemies have smit me in disdain, e,
 Laught at my torments, jested at my paine:
 I swel'd in wealth, but (now) alas, am poore
 And (feld with woe) lye grov'ling on the floore,
 In dust and sackcloth I lament my sorrowes, (rowes,
 Thy Hand hath trencht my cheeks with water-sin-
 Nor can I comprehend the cause, that this
 My smart should be so grievous as le is:
 Oh earth! If then an Hypocrite I be,
 Cover my cryes, as I doe cover thee,
 And witnesse Heaven, that these my Vowes be true
 (Ah friends!) I spend my teares to Heav'n, not you

My time's but short, (alas!) would then that I
Might try my cause with God, before I dye.

Since then I languish, and not farre from dead,
Let me a while with my Accusers plead
(Before the Iudge of heaven and earth) my right:
Have they not wrong'd, and vext me day & night?
Who first, layes downe his Gage, to meet me? Say,
I doubt not (Heaven being Iudge) to win the day:
You'l say perchance, wee'l recompell our word,
E're simple truth should unawares afford
Your discontent; No, no, forbear, for I
Hate lesse your Censures, then your flattery;
I am become a By-word, and a Tabor,
To set the tongues, and cares of men, in labour,
Mine eyes are dimme, my body's but a shade,
Good men that see my case, will be afraid,
But not confounded; They will hold their way,
And in a bad, they'l hope a better day;
Recant your errours, for I cannot see
One man thats truly wise, among you Three;
My daies are gone, my thoughts are mis-possess,
The silent night, that heaven ordain'd for rest,
My day of travell is, but I shall have
E're long, long peace, within my welcome grave;
My neereft kiared are the wormes, the earth
My mother, for she gave me first my birth;
Where are my hopes then? where that future joy,
Which you fals-prophecy'd I should enjoy?
Both hopes and I alike, shall travell thither,
Where, clos'd in dust, we shall remaine together.

Medina:

Meditat. II.

THe Morall Poets, (nor unaptly) faine,
That by lame Vulcans help, the pregnant brain
Of soveraigne love, brought forth, and at that birth,
Was borne *Minerva*, Lady of the earth.

O strange Divinity! but sung by rote;
Sweet is the tune, but in a wilder note.

The Morall sayes, All Wisedome that is given
To hood-wink't mortals, first, proceeds from heave;
Truth's errour, Wisedom's but wise insolence,
And light's but darknesse, not deriv'd from thee;
Wisdom's a straine transcends Morality,
No Vertu's absent, Wisedome being by.
Vertue, by constant practice, is acquir'd,
This (this by sweat unpurchas't) is inspir'd:
The master-piece of knowledge, is to know
But what is good, from what is good in show,
And there it rests: Wisdome proceeds, and chuses
The seeming evill, th'apparant good refuses;
Knowledge describes alone; Wisdome applies,
That, makes some fooles, this, maketh none but wise.
The curious hand of knowledge doth but picke
Bare simples, Wisdome pounds them, for the sick;
In my afflictions; Knowledge apprehends,
Who is the Author, what the Cause, and Ends;
It findes that Patience is my sad reliefe,
And that the Hand that caus'd, can cure my griefe;
To rest contented here, is but to bring
Clouds without raine, and heat without a Spring;

What

What hope arises hence ? The Devils doe
The very same : They know, and tremble too ;
But sacred Wisedome doth apply that good,
Which simple Knowledge barely understood :
Wisdomes concludes, and in conclusion, proves,
That wheresoever God corrects, he loves :
Wisdomes digests, what knowledge did but tast,
That deales in futures, this, in things are past:
Wisdom's the Card of Knowledge, which, without
That Guide, at random's wreck't on every doubt :
Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her
Is like a head-strong horse, that throwes the rider:
Which made that great Philosopher avow,
He knew so much, that he did nothing know.

Lord, give me Wisedome to direct my wayes,
I beg nor riches, nor yet length of dayes,
O grant thy servant Wisedome, and with it,
I shall receive such knowledge as will fit
To serve my turne : I wish not *Pharise* waine,
Without his skill to drive it, lest I gaine
Too deare an Honour, Lord, I will not stay,
To picke more Manna, then will serve to day.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

*Bildad, the whilst he makes a show
To strike the wicked, gives the blow
To Iob: Iobs misery, and faith;
Zophar makes good what Bildad saith.*

SECT. 12.

SAid Bildad then, When will ye bring to end
The speeches, whereabout ye so contend?
Waigh eithers words, lest ignorant confusion
Debarre them of their purposed conclusion:
We came to comfort, fits it then that we
Be thought as beasts, or fooles accounted be?
But thou, Iob, (like a madman) would'st thou force
God, to desist his order, and set course
Of Iustice? Shall the wicked, for thy sake
(That would'st not taste of evill) in good partake?
No, no, his Lampe shall blaze, and dye, his strength
Shall faile, or shall confound it selfe, at length,
He shall be hampred with close hidden snares,
And dog'd, where e'r he starts, with troops of feares
Hunger shall bite, destruction shall attend him,
His skin shall rot, the worst of deaths shal end him
His feare, shall be a thousand link together,
His branch above, his root beneath, shall wither,
His name shall sleepe in dust, with dust decay,
Odious to all, by all men chas't away,
No Son shall keepe alive his House, his Name,
And none shall thrive, that can alliance clame,

The after-age shall stand amaz'd, to heare
 His fall, and they that see't, shall shake for feare:
 Thus stands the state of him that doth amisse,
 And (*Iob*) what other is thy case, then this?
 But *Iob* reply'd, how long, (as with sharpe swords)
 Will ye torment me, with your pointed words?
 How often have your biting tongues defam'd
 My simple Innocence, and yet unsham'd?
 Had I deserv'd these plagues, yet let my grieve
 Expreſſe it ſelfe, though it find no reliefe;
 But if you needs muſt weare your tongues upon me
 Know, 'Tis the hand of God hath overthrowne me;
 I roare, unheard; his hand will not releaſe me;
 The more I grieve, the more my griefs oppreſſe me
 He hath diſpoild my joyes, and goes about
 (My branches being lopt) to ſtroy the Roor;
 His plagues, like ſouldiers, trench within my bones
 My friends, my kinred fly me all at once,
 My neighbors, my familiars have forgone me,
 My houſhold ſtares, with ſtrangers eyes, upon me:
 I call my ſervant, but his lips are dumbe,
 I humbly beg his helpe, but hee'l not come:
 My own wife loathes my breath, though I did make
 My ſolemne ſuit, for our dead childrens ſake;
 The poore, whoſe wants I have ſupply'd, deſpiſe
 And he that liv'd within my breſt denyes me: (me,
 My bones are hide-bound, there cannot be found
 One peece of ſkin, (unleſſe my gums) that's ſound,
 Alas! complaints are barren ſhadowes, to
 Expreſſe, or cure the ſubſtance of my woe.
 Have pity, (oh my friends) have pity on me,
 'Tis your Gods hand and mine, that lyes upon me,
 Vexe me no more. O let your anger be
 (If I have wrong'd you) calm'd with what ye ſee;

Q

O!

O! that my speeches were ingraven, then,
 In Marble Tablets, with an yron Pen:
 For sure I am, that my Redeemer lives,
 And though pale death consume my flesh, & give
 My Carkas to the wormes, yet am I sure,
 Clad with this selfe-same flesh (but made more
 I shall behold His glory; These sad eyes (pure
 Shall see his Face, how-e're my body lyes
 Mouldred in dust; These fleshly eyes, that doe
 Behold these Sores, shall see my Maker too.

Vnequall hearers of unequall griefe,
 Y're all ingag'd to the selfe-same beliefe;
 Know ther's a Iudge, whose voice will be as free,
 To judge your words, as you have judged me.

Said *Zophar* then, I purpos'd to refraine
 From speaking, but thou mov'st me backe againe:
 For having heard thy haughty Spirit breake
 Such hasty termes, my spirit bids me speake:

Hath not the change of Ages, and of Climes,
 Taught us, as we shall our succeeding times,
 How vain's the tryumph, and how short the blaze
 Wherein the wicked sweeten out their dayes?
 Though for a while his Palmes of glory flourish,
 Yet, in conclusion, they grow sere, and perish:
 His life is like a Dreame, that passies o're,
 The eye that saw him, ne're shall see him more:
 The Sonne shall flatter, whom the Syre oppress,
 And (poore) he shall returne, what he did wrest
 He shall be bayted with the sinnes, that have
 So smil'd upon his childhood, to his Grave;
 His plenty (purchas't by oppression) shall
 Be hony, tasted, but digested, Gall;
 It shall not blesse him with prolonged stay,
 But evilly come, it soone shall passe away;

The man, whose griping hath the poore opprest,
 Shall neither thrive in state, nor yet find rest
 In soule, nought of his fulnells shall remaine;
 His greedy Heire shall long expect in vaine;
 Soak't with extorted plenty, others shall
 Squeeze him, and leave him dispossessed of all;
 And when his joyes doe in their height abound,
 Vengeance shall strike him groaning, to the ground
 If Swords forbear to wound him, Arrows shall,
 Returning forth, anoynted with his Gall;
 No shade shall hide him, and an unblowne Fyer
 Shall burne both him, and his: Heaven, like a Cryer
 Shall blaze his shame, and earth shall stand his foe,
 His wandring Children shall no dwelling know;
 Behold the mans estate, whom God denyes:
 Behold thine owne, pourtraicted to thine Eyes.

Meditat. 11.

CAn mercy come from bloody *Cain*? Or hath
 His angry Brow a smile? Or can his wrath
 Be quencht with ought, but righteous *Abels* blood?
 Can guilty Pris'ners hope for any good
 From the severer Iudge, whose dismall breath
 Doomes the to die, breathes nothing else but death
 Ah righteous Iudge! wherein hath Man to trust?
 Man hath offended, and thy Lawes are just;
 Thou frownest like a Iudge; but I had rather,
 That thou would'st smile upon me like a Father.
 What if thy *Esau* be austere and rough?
 Thou hast a *Jacob* that is smooth enough:

Q 2

Thy

Thy *Isaac* tender Kid brings forth a blessing,
 While *Eſau's* tedious Ven'zon is a dreſſing.
 Thy face hath ſmiles, as well as frownes, by turnes;
 Thy fier giveth light, as well as burnes.
 What if the Serpent ſtung old *Adam* dead,
 Yong *Adam* lives, to breake that Serpents Head?
 Juſtice hath ſtruck me with a bleeding wound,
 But Mercy poures in Oyle, to make it ſound.
 The milk-white Lamb confounds the roaring Lion,
 Blaſted by *Sin*ah, I am heal'd by *Sion*:
 The Law finds guilty, and Death Iudgement gives,
 But ſure I am, that my Redeemer lives.

How wretched was mans caſe, in thoſe dark daies
 When Law was onely read? Which Law diſmaies,
 And, taking vantage, through the breach of it,
 The Letter kills, and can no way admit
 Release by Pardon, for by Law we dye.
 Why then hop'd man, without a reaſon Why?
 Although there was no Sun, their Morning eies
 Saw by the Twilight, that the Sun would riſe.
 The Law was like a miſtie Looking-Glaſſe,
 Wherein the ſhadow of a Saviour was,
 Treats in a darker ſtraine, by Types and Signes,
 And what ſhould paſſe in after-dayes, divines.
 The Goſpell ſayes, That he is come and dead,
 And thus the Riddle of the Law is read.
 Goſpell is Law, the Myſtery being ſeal'd;
 And Law is Goſpell, being once reveal'd.

Experience tells us, when as birth denyes
 To man (through Natures overſight) his eyes,
 Nature (whoſe curious workes are never vaine)
 Supplies them, in the power of his Braine:
 So they, whoſe eyes were barr'd that glorious ſight
 Of the *Meſſiah's* day, receiv'd more Light,

(Inſpired

(Inspired by the breath of Heaven) then they,
That heard the tydings of that happy day.

The man, that with a sharpe contrasted eye,
Lookes in a cleere Perspective-Glasse, doth spie
Objects remote, which to the sense appeare
(Through helpe of the Perspective) seeming neer.
So they that liv'd within the Lawes Dominion,
Did heare farre off, a bruit and buzz'd Opinion,
A Saviour (one day) should be borne, but he
That had a Perspective of Faith, might see
That long-expected day of joy as cleere,
As if the Triumph had been then kept there.

Lord, so direct me in thy perfect Way,
That I may looke, and smile upon that Day:
O! bath me in his blood, sponge every staine,
That I may boldly sue my Counter-paine:
O! make me glorious in the doome he gives,
For sure I am, that my Redeemer lives.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Earths happynesse is not Heavens bread:
A rash recounting of Iob's crimes:
Iob trusts him to th' Almightyes hand:
God ties his Judgements, not to Times.*

Self. 13.

Then Iob replyde: O, let your patience prove,
You came (not to afflict me but) in Love.
O! beare with me, and heare me speake at leisure,
My speech once ended, mock, & scosse your pleasure

Q 3

Myst'ries

Myſt'ries I treat, not Toyes; If then I range
 A thought beyond my ſelfe, it is not ſtrange;
 Behold my caſe, and ſtand amaz'd, forbear me:
 Be ſtill, and in your deeper ſilence heare me.
 Search you the hearts of men (my Friends) or can
 You judge the Inward, by the Outward man?
 How hap's the wicked then, ſo ſound in health,
 So ripe in yeeres, ſo proſperous in wealth?
 They multiply, their houſe is fill'd with Peace,
 They paſſe unplagu'd, their fruitfull ſtocks increaſe
 Their children thrive in joyfull melody,
 Proſperous they live, and peacefully they dye;
Renounce us (God) ſay they (if God there be)
What need we knowledge of thy Word or Tree?
What is it, Almighty, that we ſhould adore him?
What bootes our prayer, or us, to fall before him?

'Tis not by chance, their vaine Proſperitie
 Crownes them with ſtore, or Heaven, not knowing
 But you affirme, *That in concluſion they* (why:
Shall fall. But not ſo ſudden, as you ſay:
 Put can ye limit forth the ſpace, confine,
 How long, or when their lampes ſhall ceaſe to ſhine
 Will any of you undertake to teach
 Your Maker, things ſo farre above your reach?
 The bad man lives in plenty, dyes in peace:
 The good, as doe his houres, his griefes encreaſe;
 Yet both the good and bad alike ſhall have,
 Though lives much differing, yet one comon grave
 I know your mining thoughts; You will demand,
Where is the wicked's Power? And where ſtand
Their loſly buildings, Are they to be ſeene?
 Enquire of wandring Pilgrims, that have beene
 Experie'd in the Roade, and they'll relate
 The Princely greatneſſe of their Tow'rs and State;

Live

Live any more secure, then they? Or who
Dare once reprove them, for the deeds they doe?
He lives in power, and in peace he dyes,
Attended in his pompeous Obsequies.

How vaine are then the comforts of your breath,
That censure goodnesse, or by Life or death?

Said *Eliphaz*; What then remaines? Thy tongue
Hath quit thy selfe, accus'd thy God of wrong.
Gaines he by mans uprightnesse? Can man adde
To his perfection, what he never had?

Feares He the strength of mā: doth he torment him
Lest that his untam'd power should prevent him?
What need I wast this breath? Recall thy senses,
And take the Inventory of thy' offences:

(sed Thou tookst the poore mans Pawne, nor hast thou
Thy needy brother, with thy prosp'rous Bread;
Thy hands perverted Iustice, and have spoyl'd
The hopelesse widow, with her helplesse child.

Hence spring thy sorrowes (*Job*;) 'Tis Iustice, then
Thou should'st be plagu'd, that thus plagu'd other
Is Heaven just? Can Heavens just Creator (men;
Let passe (unpunisht) Sinnes of so high nature?

Hath not experience taught, that for a while,
The Wicked may exalt their Crests, and smile,
Blowne up with Insolence: But in conclusion
They fall, and good men laugh at their confusion?

Job, adde not sinne to sinne, cease to beguile
Thy selfe, thinking to quench thy fire with Oyle;
Returne thee to thy God, confesse thy crimes,
Returne, and he will crowne thy after-times

With former Blessings, and thy Riches shall
Be as the Sand: for God is all in all,
His face shall welcome thee, and smile upon thee,
And cease that mischief, his just hād hath done thee

He shall be pleased with thy holy Fires,
And grant the issue of thy best Desires.

Job answer'd then: Although my soule be faint,
And griefes weigh down the scale of my complaint,
Yet would I plead my cause (which you defam'd)
Before my Maker, and would plead, unsham'd;
Could I but find him, I would take upon me,
To quite the censures you have passed on me.
His Iustice hath no limits, is extended
Beyond conceit, by man unapprehended;
Let Heaven be Vmpire, and make Arbitration,
Betwixt my guiltlesse heart, and your taxation.
My Embriion thoughts and words are all inroll'd,
Pure will he find them, as refined Gold;
His steps I followed, and uprightly stood,
His Lawes have been my guide, his words my food;
Hath he but once decreed? (alas!) there's none
Can barre: for what he wills, must needs be done;
His Will's a Law: If he hath doom'd that I
Shall still be plagu'd, 'tis bootlesse to replie.
Hence comes it, that my sore afflicted spright
Trembles, and stands confounded at his sight;
His hand hath stricke my spirits in amaze,
For I can neither end my Griefes nor dayes.

Why should not Times in all things be forbid,
When to the just, their time of sorrow's hid?
Some move their Land-marks, rob their neighbour
Others in gage, receive the widowes ox, (Hocke;
Some grinde the poore, while others seek the prey;
They reape their Harvest, beare their graine away;
Men presse their Oyle, & they distrain their store,
And rend the Gleanings, from the hungry poore.
The City roares, the blood which they have spent,
Cryes (unreveng'd) for equall punishment;

Earely

Early they murther, and rob late at night,
They trade in Darknesse, for they hate the Light;
They sin (unpunisht) thriving, uncontroll'd,
And what by force they got, by force they hold.
O friends! repeale your words, your speeches bring
No lawful issue, prove not any thing:
Your deeper wisdomes argue (in effect)
That God doth, or not know, or else neglect:
Conclude with me, or prove my words untrue,
I must be found the lyar, or else you.

Mediat. 13.

THE wisest men, that Nature e're could boast,
For secret knowledge of her power, were lost,
Confounded, and in deepe amazement stood,
In the discovery of the Chiefest Good:
Keenly they hunted, beat in every bracke,
Forwards they went, on either hand, and backe
Return'd they counter; but their deep-mouth'd art
(Thogh often challeng'd sent, yet) ne're could start
In all th' Enclosures of Philosophy,
That Game, from squat, they terme, Felicity:
They jangle, and their Maximes disagree,
As many men, so many mindes there be.

One digs to *Pluto's* Throne, thinks there to finde
Her Grace, rak't up in Gold: Another's minde
Moult to the Courts of Kings, wth plumes of honor
And feather'd hopes, hopes there to seize upon her,
A third, unlocks the painted gates of Pleasure,
And ransacks there, to find this peerlesse Treasure.

A

A fourth, more sage, more wisely melancholy,
 Perswades himselfe, her Deity's too holy
 For common hands to touch, he rather chuses,
 To make a long dayes journey to the Muses:
 To *Athens* (gown'd) he goes, and from that Schoole
 Returnes unsped, a more instructed foole.

Where lyes she then? Or lyes she any where?
 Honours are bought and sold, she rests not there,
 Much lesse in Pleasures hath she her abiding,
 For they are shar'd to Beasts, and ever sliding;
 Nor yet in Vertue, Vertue's often poore;
 And (crusht with fortune) begs from doore to doore,
 Nor is she sainted in the Shrine of wealth;
 That, makes men slaves, is unsecur'd from stealth;
 Conclude we then, *Felicity* consists
 Not in exterior Fortunes, but her lists
 Are boundlesse, and her large extension
 Out-runnes the pale of humane apprehension;
 Fortunes are seldome measur'd by desert,
 The fairer face, hath oft the fouler heart;
 Sacred Felicity doth ne're extend
 Beyond it selfe: In it, all wishes end:
 The swelling of an outward Fortune can
 Create a prosp'rous, not a happy man;
 A peacefull Conscience is the true Content,
 And Wealth is but her golden Ornament.

I care not, so my Kernell rellish well,
 How slender be the substance of my shell;
 My heart b'ing vertuous, let my face be wan,
 I am to God, I onely seeme to man.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Bildad shewes mans impurity;
Iob setteth forth th' Almightyes power,
Pleaseth his owne integrity:
Gods Wisedome no man can discover.*

SECT. 14.

SAID *Bildad* then, With whom dost thou contest,
But with thy Maker, that lives ever blest?
His pow'r is infinite, mans light is dimme;
And knowledge, darknesse not deriv'd from Him?
Say then, Who can be just before Him? No man
Can challenge Purity, that's borne of Woman.
The greater Torch of heaven in his sight,
Shall be asham'd, and lose his purer light;
Much lesse can man, that is but living Dust,
And but a fairer Worme, be pure and just. (stand,
Whereat *Iob* thus: Doth heav'ns high judgement
To be supported by thy weaker hand?
Wants he thy help? To whom dost thou extend
These, these thy lavish lips, and to what end?
No, Hee's Almighty, and his Power doth give
Each thing his Being, and by Him they live:
To him, is nothing darke, his soveraigne Hands
Whirle round the restless Orbs, his pow'r commands
The eaven-poisd Earth, The water-pots of heaven
He empties at his pleasure, and hath given
Appointed lists, to keepe the Waters under,
The trembling skies he strikes amaz'd, with thüder:
These,

These, these the Trophies of his Power be,
Where is there e're a such a God as He? (on me)

My friends, these cares have heard your censures
And heavens sharp hand doth waigh so hard upo me
So languishing in griefe, that no defence
Seemes to remaine, to shield my Innocence:
Yet while my soule a gaspe of breath affords,
I'le not distrust my Maker, nor your words
Deserve, which heaven forsend, that ever I
Prove true, but I'le plead guiltlesse till I dye, (me)
While I have breath, my pangs shall ne're perswade
To wander, and revolt from Him that made me.
E're such thoughts spring from this confused brest,
Let death and tortures doe their worst, their best.
What gaines the Hypocrite, although the whole
Worlds wealth he purchase, wth the price on's soule
Will Heaven heare the voice of his disease?
Can he repent, and turne, when e're he please?
True, God doth sometime plague with open shame
The wicked, often blurres he forth his Name
From out the earth, his children shall be slaine,
And who survive, shall beg their bread in vaine;
What if his gold be heapt, the good man shall
Possesse it, as true Master of it all;
Like Moths, their houses shall they build, in doubt
And danger, every houre to be cast out;
Besieg'd with want, their lips make fruitlesse moane
Yet (wanting succour) be reliev'd by none,
The worme of Conscience shall torment his brest,
And he shall rore, when others be at rest,
Gods hand shall scourge him, that he cannot flye,
And men shall laugh, and hisse, to heare him cry.

The purest metal's hid within the mould,
Without, is gravell, but within is Gold;

Man digs, and in his toyle he takes a pleasure,
He seekes, and findes within the turfe, the treasure;
He never rests, unsped, but (underneath)
He mines, and progs, though in the fangs of death:
No secret, (how obscure soever) can
Earth's bosome smother, that's unfound by man;
But the Divine, and high Decrees of Heaven,
What minde can search into? No power's given
To mortall man, whereby he may attaine
The rare discovery of so high a straine:
Dive to the depth of darknesse, and the deepes
Renounce this Wisdome: The wide Ocean keepe
Her not inclos'd; 'Tis not the purest Gold
Can purchase it, or heapes of silver, told;
The Pearles, and peerlesse Treasures of the East,
Refined Gold, and Gemmes, are all, the least
Of nothings, if compar'd with it, as which,
Earth's masse of treasure, (summ'd) is not so rich;
Where rests this Wisdome then? If men inquire
Below, they finde her not; or, if they (higher)
Soare with the Prince of Fowles, they stil despaire,
The more they seeke, the further off they are.

Ah friends! how more than men? how Eagle-eyed
Are you, to see, what to the world beside
Was darke? To you, alone (in trust) was given
To search into the high Decrees of Heaven:
You read his Oracles, you understand
To riddle forth mans fortunes by his hand;
Your wisdomes have a priviledge to know
His secret Smiling from his angry Brow:
Let shame prevent your lips, recant, and give
To the Almighty his prerogative,
To him, the searching of mens hearts belong,
His judgement sinks no deeper than the tongue;
He

He

He overlookes the World, and in one space
 Of time, his Eye is fixt on every place:
 He waighes the Waters, ballances the Ayre,
 What e're hath Being, did his Hands prepare;
 He wills that Mortalls be not over-wise,
 Nor judge his Secrets with censorious eyes.

Meditat. 14.

TIs Vertue to flye Vice : there's none more stou-
 Than he that ventures to pick Vertue out
 Betwixt a brace of Vices : Dangers stand,
 Threatning his ruine, upon either hand;
 His Card must guide him, lest his Pinnacle run
 Vpon *Charibdis*, while it *Scylla* shun :
 In moderation all Vertue lyes;
 Tis greater folly to be over-wise,
 Than rudely ignorant : The golden meane,
 Is but to know enough ; safer to leane
 To Ignorance, than Curiosity,
 For lightning blasts the Mountaines that are high
 The first of men, from hence, deserv'd his fall,
 He sought for secrets, and found death, withall :
 Secrets are unfit objects for our eyes,
 They blinde us in beholding : He that tryes
 To handle water, the more hard he straines
 And gripes his hand, the lesse his hand retains :
 The mind that's troubled with that pleasing itch,
 Of knowing Secrets, having flowne a pitch
 Beyond it selfe, the higher it ascends,
 And strives to know, the lesse it apprehends :

That secret Wiseman, is an open Foole,
Which takes a Counsell-chamber, for a Schoole.

The eye of Man desires no farther light,
Than to descry the object of his sight,
And rests contented with the Sunnes reflection,
But (lab'ring to behold his bright complexion)
If it presume t'out-face his glorious Light,
The beames bereave him, justly, of his sight :
Even so the mind should rest in what's reveal'd
But over-curious, if in things conceal'd
She wades too farre, beyond her depth, unbounded,
Her knowledge will be lost, and she confounded.
Farre safer 'tis, of things unsure, to doubt,
Than undertake to riddle secrets out.

It was demanded once, What God did doe
Before the World he framed ? Whereunto
Answer was made, *He built a Hell for such,
As are too curious, and would know too much.*

Who flies with *Icarus* his feathers, shall
Have *Icarus* his fortunes and his fall.
A noble Prince, (whose bounteous hand was bent,
To recompence his servants faith, and vent
The earnest of his favours,) did not profer,
But will'd him boldly, to prevent his offer :
Thankfull, he thus reply'd, *Then grant unto me
This boone, With-hold thy princely secrets from me.*

That holy Man, in whose familiar eare
Heaven oft had thundred, might not come too near:
The Temple must have Curtaines ; mortall hearts
Must rest content to see his Hinder parts.

I care not (Lord) how far thy Face be off,
If I but kisse thy Hand, I have enough.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

*Job wisheth his past happinesse,
Shewes his state present, doth confesse
That God's the Author of his griefe,
Relates the purenesse of his life.*

SECT. 15.

OH! that I were as happy as I was, (face)
When Heavens bright favours shone upon my
And prosper'd my affaires, inricht my joyes,
When all my sonnes could answer to my voice;
Then did my store, and thriving flocks encrease,
Offended Iustice sought my hands, for peace;
Old men did honour, and the young did feare me,
Princes kept silence (when I spake) to heare me;
I heard the poore, reliev'd the widowes cry,
Orphans I succour'd, was the blind mans eye,
The Cripples foot, my helpless brothers drudge,
The poore mans Father, and th'oppressours ludge;
I then supposed, that my dayes long Lease
Would passe in plenty, and expire in peace;
My Roots were fixed, and my Branches sprung,
My Glory blaz'd, my Power grew daily strong;
I speaking, men stood mute, my speeches moov'd
All hearts to joy, by all men were approv'd,
My kindly words were welcome, as a latter
Raine, and were Oracles in a doubtfull matter.
O sudden change! I'm turn'd a laughing-stock
To boyes, and those that su'd to tend my flock,

And such, whose hungry waits have taught their hands
To scrape the earth, and digge the barren lands
For hidden roots, wherewith they might appease
Their Tyran' stomac ks, these, (even very these)
Flout at my sorrowes, and disdainng me,
Point with their fingers, and cry, *This is he* :
My honour's foil'd, my troubled spirit lyes
Wide open to the worst of injuries ;
Where e're I turne, my sorrow, new, appeares,
I'm vext abroad, with flouts, at home, with feares ;
My soule is faint, and nights that should give ease
To tyred spirits, make my griefes encrease ;
I loath my Carkeise, for my ripened sores
Have chang'd my garments colour with their cores.
But what is worst of worsts, (Lord) often I
Have cry'd to thee, a stranger to my cry,
Though perfect Clemency thy nature be,
Though kinde to all, thou art unkinde to me.
I ne're waxt pale, to see another thrive,
Nor e're did let my' afflicted brother strive
With'teares alone : but I (poore I) tormented,
Expect for succour, and am unlamented :
I mourne in silence, languish all alone,
As in a Desert, am reliev'd by none :
My sores have dyed my skin with filth, still turning
My joyes to griefe, and all my mirth to mourning.

My Heart hath past Indentures with mine Eye,
Not to behold a Maid : for what should I
Expect from Heaven, but a deserv'd reward,
Earn'd by so soule a sinne ? for death's prepar'd
And flames of wrath are blowne for such : Doth He
Not know my actions, that so well knowes me ?
If I have lent my hand to slye deceit,
Or if my steps have not beene purely strait,

R

What

What I have sowne, then let a stranger ear,
 And root my Plants untimely from their seat.
 If I with Lust have e're distain'd my life,
 Or beene defiled with anothers Wife,
 In equall justice, let my Wife be knowne
 Of all, and let me reape as I have sowne :
 For Lust, that burneth in a sinfull brest,
 Till it hath burnt him too, shall never rest.
 If e're my haste did treat my Servant ill,
 Without desert, making my Power my Will,
 Then how should I before Gods Iudgement stand,
 Since we were both created by one Hand ?
 If e're my power wrong'd the Poore mans cause,
 Or to the Widow, lengthned out the Lawes :
 If e're (alone) my lips did taste my bread,
 Or shut my churlish doores, the poore unfed,
 Or bent my hand to doe the Orphane wrong,
 Or saw him naked, unapparell'd long,
 In heapes of Gold, if e're I tooke delight,
 Or gave Heavens worship to the heavenly Light,
 Or e're was flattred by my secret Will,
 Or joyed in my Adversaries Ill ;
 Let God accurse me from his glorious Seat,
 And make my Plagues (if possible) more great,
 Oh ! That some equall hearer now were by,
 To judge my righteous cause : Full sure am I,
 I shall be quitted by th' Almightyes hand.
 What, therefore, if censorious tongues withstand
 The judgement of my sober Conscience ?
 Compose they Ballads on me, yet from thence,
 My simple Innocence shall gaine renowne,
 And on my head, I'le weare them, as my Crowne ;
 To the Almightyes Eare will I reveale
 My secret Wayes, to Him, alone, appeale :

If (to conclude) the Earth could finde a tongue,
 To impeach my guiltlesse hands of doing wrong :
 If hidden Wages (earn'd with sweat) doe lye
 Rak't in her furrowes, let her Wombe deny
 To blesse my Harvest, let her better Seeds
 Return'd to Thistles, and the rest, to Weeds.

Mediat. 15.

THe man, whose soule is undistain'd with Ill,
 Pure from the check of a distempred Will,
 Stands onely free from the distracts of Care,
 And flies a pitch above the reach of Feare :
 His bolome dares the threatening Bow-mans arme,
 His Wisedome sees, his Courage feares no harme;
 His brest lyes open to the reeking Sword,
 The darts of swarthy *Maurus* can afford
 Lesse dread, than danger, to his well prepar'd
 And settled mind, which (standing on her guard)
 Bids Mischiefe doe the worst she can, or will,
 For he that does no ill, deserves no ill.

Would any strive with *Samson* for renowne,
 Whose brawny Arme can strike most pillars down?
 Or try a fall with Angells, and prevaile ?
 Or with a Hymne unhinge the strongest Iayle ?
 Would any from a pris'ner prove a Prince ?
 Or with slow speech best Oratours convince ?
 Preserve he then, unstained in his brest,
 A milke-white Conscience; let his soule be blest
 With simple Innocence: This sevenfold shield
 No dart shall pierce, no sword shall make it yeeld;

R 2

The

The sinewy Bow, and deadly-headed Launce,
 Shall breake in shivers, and the splinters glaunce
 Aside, returning backe from whence they came,
 And wound their hearts with an eternall shame.
 The just and constant minde, that perseveres
 Vnblemisht with false pleasures, never feares
 The bended threatnings of a Tyrants brow,
 Death neither can disturbe, nor change his Vow;
 Well guarded with himselfe, he walkes along,
 When, most alone, his stand's a thousand strong.

Lives he in Weale, and full Prosperity?
 His wisdome tells him, that he lives, to dye.

Is he afflicted? Sharpe afflictions give
 Him hopes of Change, and that he dyes, to live.

Is he revil'd and scorn'd? He sits, and smiles,
 Knowing him happy, whom the world reviles.
 If Rich, he gives the Poore, and if he live
 In poore estate, he findes rich friends to give:
 He lives an Angell in a mortall forme;
 And having past the brunt of many a storme,
 At last, ariveth at the Haven of Rest,
 Where that just Iudge, that rambles in his brest,
 Ioining with Angels, with an Angels voice,
 Chaunts forth sweet *Requiem*s of Eternall loyes.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Elihu Job reprooves, reprooves
His Friends alike; he pleads the case
With Job in Gods behalfe, and mooves
Him to recant, and call for Grace.*

Self. 16.

THus *Job* his ill-defended Cause adjournes,
And silence lends free liberty of turnes,
To his unjust Accusers, whose bad cause
Hath left them grounded in too large a pause:
Whereat *Elihu* (a young stander-by,
Whose modest cares, upon their long reply
Did wait, his angry silence did awake,
And (crauing pardon for his Youth) bespake.

Young Standers-by doe oftentimes see more
Than elder Gamesters: Y'are to blame all foure:
T'ones cause is bad, but with good proofs befriended
The others just and good, but ill defended:
Though reason makes the man, Heaven makes him
Wisdome in greatest Clerks not alway lyas: (wise,
Then let your silence give me leave to spend
My judgement, whilst your heedfull cares attend.
I have not heard, alone, but still expected (jested
To heare, what more your spleenes might have ob-
Against your wofull Friend; but I have found
Your reasons built upon a sandy ground.
Flourish no Flags of Conquest: Vnderstand,
That he's afflicted by th' Almightyes hand:

R 3

He

He hath not fail'd to crosse your accusations;
 Yet I (though not with your foule exprobatons)
 Will crosse him too. I'me full, and I must speake,
 Or, like unvented vessells, I must breake;
 And with my tongue, my heart will be reliev'd,
 That swells, with what my patience hath conceiv'd;
 Be none offended, for my lips shall tread
 That ground (without respect) as Truth shall lead;
 God hates a flattring language: then how can I
 Vnliable to danger, flatter any?

Now, *Job*, to thee I speake, O, let my Errant
 Be welcome to thine cares, for truth's my warrant;
 They are no slender trifles that I treat,
 But things digested with the sacred heat
 Of an inspired knowledge; 'Tis no rash
 Discharge of wrath, nor wits conceited flash;
 I'll speake, and heare thee speake as free, for I
 Will take no vantage of thy Misery.

Thy tongue did challenge to maintaine thy case
 With God, if he would veile his glorious face:
 Be i the man (though clad with clay and dust,
 And mortall like thy selfe) that takes the truit
 To represent his Person: Thou dost terme
 Thy selfe most just, and boldly dost affirme,
 That Heaven afflicts thy soule without a reason.
 Ah *Job*! these very words (alone) are treason
 Against th' Almighty's will. Thou oughtest rather
 Submit thy passion to him, as thy Father,
 Than plead with him, as with thy Peere. Is he
 Bound to reveale his secret Will to thee?
 God speaketh oft to man, not understood,
 Sometimes in dreames, at other times thinks good,
 To thunder Iudgement in his drowzy care;
 Sometimes, with hard afflictions scourge, doth teare

His

His wounded soule, which may at length give ease
(Like sharper Physicke) to his soule Disease:
But if (like pleasing Iulips) he afford
The meeke Expounders of his sacred Word,
With sweet perswasions to recure his griefe,
How can his sorrowes with more faire Reliefe?
Ah, then his body shall wax young and bright;
Heavens face that scorcht before, shal now delight,
His tongue with Triumph, shall confesse to men,
I was a Leper, but am cleare agen.

Thus, thus that Spring of Mercy oftentimes
Doth speak to man, that man may speak his crimes.
Consider, *Job*; My words with judgement weigh;
Which done (if thou hast ought) then boldly say;
If otherwise, shame not to hold thy peace,
And let thy wisedome with my words encrease.

And you, you Wisemen, that are silent here,
Vouchsafe to lend my lips your ripened eare,
Let's call a parly, and the cause decide;
For *Job* pleads guiltlesse, and would faine be try'd;
Yet hath his boldnesse term'd himselfe upright,
And taxt th' Almighty for not doing right;
His Innocence with Heaven doth he plead,
And that unjustly he was punished:
O Purity by Impudence suborn'd!
He scorn'd his Maker, and is justly scorn'd:
Far be it from the heart of man, that He,
Who is all Iustice, yet unjust should be.
Each one shall reape the Harvest he hath sowne,
His meed shall measure, what his hands have done.
Who is't, can claim the Worlds great Sovereigntie?
Who rais'd the Rafter of the Heavens, but He?
If God should breathe on man, or take away
The breath he gave him, what were man, but Clay?

O, let thy heart, th'unbridled tongue, convince!
 Say; Dare thy lips defame an earthly Prince?
 How darst thou then maligne the King of Kings,
 To whom, great Princes are but poorest things?
 He kicks down kingdoms, spurns th'emperial crown
 And with his blast, puffes mighty Monarchs down.
 'Tis vaine to strive with Him; and if he strike,
 Our part's to beare, not (fondly) to mislike,
 (Misconstruing the nature of his drift)
 But husband his Corrections to our thrift.
 If he afflict, our best is to implore
 His Blessing with his Rod, and sin no more.
 What if our torments passe the bounds of measure?
 It unbefits our wils, to stint his pleasure.
 Iudge then, and let th'impartiall world advise,
 How far (poore *Job*) thy judgement is from wise:
 Nor are these speeches kindled with the fire
 Of a distempred spleene, but with desire
 T'inrich thy wisdome, lest thy fury tye
 Presumption to thy rash infirmity.

Meditat. 16.

FOR mortalls, to be borne, wax old, and dye,
 Lyes not in Will, but bare Necessity,
 Common to beasts, which, in the selfe degree,
 Hold by the selfe-same Patent, even as we:
 But to be Wise, is a diviner action
 Of the discursive Soule, a pure abstraction
 Of all her powers, united in the Will,
 Ayming at Good, rejecting what is Ill:

It is an Influence of inspired breath,
 Vnpurchased by birth, unlost by death,
 Entayl'd to no man, no, nor free to all,
 Yet gently answers to the eager call
 Of those, that with inflam'd affections seeke,
 Respecting tender youth and age alike;
 In depth of dayes, her spirit not alway lyes,
 Yeeres make man Old, but heaven returns him
 Youths Innocence, nor riper ages strength (Wise;
 Can challenge her, as due; (Desired) length
 Of dayes, produced to decrepit yeeres,
 Fill'd with experience, and grizly haire,
 Can clame no right; Th' Almighty ne'r engages
 His gifts to times, nor is he bound to Ages;
 His quickning Spirit, to sucklings oft reveales,
 What to their doting Grandfires he conceales,
 The vertue of his breath can unbenumpe
 The frozen lips, and strike the speaker dumme:
 Who put that moving power into his tongue,
 Whole lips did right the chaste *Susanna's* wrong,
 Vpon her wanton false Accusers death?
 What secret fire inflam'd that fainting breath
 That blasted *Pharo*? Or those ruder tongues,
 That school'd the faithless Prophet, for the wrongs
 He did to sacred Iustice? Matters not
 How slight the meanes be in it selfe, or what
 In our esteemes, so wisdom be the message;
 Embassadors are worthyed in th' Embassage:
 God sowes his harvest to his best increase,
 And glorifies himselfe, howe're he please.

Lord, if thou wilt, (for what is hard to thee?)
 I may a Factor for thy glory be,
 Then grant that (like a faithfull servant) I
 May render backe thy stocke with Vsury.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

*God reapes no gain by mans best deeds;
Mans misery from himselfe proceeds:
Gods Mercy and Iustice are unbounded;
In workes of Nature man is grounded.*

SECT. 17.

E*lihu*, thus his pausing lips againe
Disclos'd, & said, (rash *Job*) dost thou maintaine
A rightfull cause, which in conclusion, must
Avow thee blamelesse, and thy God unjust?
Thy lawlesse words implying, that it can
Advantage none, to live an upright man? (would
My tongue shall schoole thee, and thy friends that
(Perchance) refell'd thy reasons, if they could:
Behold thy glorious Makers greatnesse, see
The power of his hand; say then, can He
Be damag'd by thy sinne, or can He raise
Advantage, by th'uprightnesse of thy wayes?
True, the afflicted languish oft in griefe,
And roare to heaven (unanswer'd) for reliefe,
Yet is not Heaven unjust, for their fond cry,
Their sinne bewailes not, but their misery.
Cease then, to make him guilty of thy crimes,
And walte his pleasure, that's not bound to times,
Nor heares vaine words. The sorrowes thou art in,
Are sleight, or nothing, ballanc'd with thy sin:

Thy

Thylips accuse thee, and thy foolish tongue,
To right thy selfe, hath done th' Almighty wrong.

Hold back thine answer; Let my flowing streame
Find passage, to surround my fruitfull Theame;
I'll raise my thoughts, to plead my Makers case,
And speake, as shall besit so high a place :

Behold th' Almighty's meeke as well as strong,
Destroyes the wicked, rights the just mans wrong,
Mounts him to honour; If by chance he stray,
Instructs, and shoves him where he lost his way :

If he returne, his blessings shall encrease,
Crowning his joyes with plenty and sweet peace;
If not, th' intailed sword shall ne'r depart

His stained house, but pierce his hardned heart;

Ah sinfull *Iob*! these plagues had never bin,
Had'st thou been guiltlesse (as thou boasts) of sin :

But thy proud lips against their Maker plead,
And draw down heapes of vengeance on thy head :

Looke to thy selfe, seeke not to understand

The secret causes of th' Eternalls hand,

Let wisdom make the best of misery,
Know, who inflicts it, aske no reason why :

His will's beyond thy reach, and his Divine

And sacred knowledge farre surpasseth thine,

Ah! rather, praise him in his workes, that lye

(Wide open to the world) before thine eye;

His meaner Acts, our highest thought o' retops,

He pricks the clouds, stils down the raine by drops

Who comprehends the lightning, or the thunder?

Who sees, who heares the, unamaz'd with wonder?

My troubled heart chills in my quivering brest,

To relish these things, and is dispossest

Of all her powers : who ever heard the voyce

Of th' angry heavens, unfrighted at the noyse?

The

The beast by nature daz'd with sudden dread,
 Seekes out for covert to secure his head :
 If God command, the dusky clouds march forth
 Into a Tempest; From the freezing North
 He beckens Frost, and Snow; and from the South
 He bloweth Whirlewinds with his angry Mouth.
 Presumptuous *too* ! if thou canst not aspire
 So high, to comprehend these things, admire.
 Know'st thou the progresse of the rambling clouds
 From mortall eies, when gloomy darknes throu
 The lamps of heaven, know'st thou the reason why
 Can'st thou unriddle heavens Philosophy ?
 Know'st thou th' unconstant nature of the weather
 Or whence so many Winds proceed, and whither
 Wer't thou made privy, or a stander-by,
 When God stretch't forth his spangled Canopy
 Submit thy selfe, and let these secrets teach,
 How farre his Myst'ries doe surmount thy reach:
 For Hee's Almighty, and his sacred will
 Is just, nor renders an unearned ill ;
 His workes are objects for no soaring eyes,
 But wheresoe're he lookes, he finds none wise.

Meditat. 17.

THe World's an Index to Eternity,
 And gives a glance of what our cleerer eye,
 In time, shall see at large; nothing's so slight,
 Which in it nature, send not forth some light,
 Or *Memorandum* of his Makers Glory:
 No Dust so vile, but pens an ample story

ad, Of the Almighty's power, nor is there that,
 Which gives not man just cause to wonder at.
 forth Cast down thine eyes, behold the pregnant earth,
 (Her selfe but one) produceth at one birth,
 South A world of divers natures: From a seed
 outh. Entirely one, things hot and cold proceed,
 re. She suckles with one milke, things moist, and dry,
 cloud Yet in her wombe is no repugnancy.
 through Or shall thy reason ramble up so high,
 on wh To view the Court of wilde Astronomy?
 eather Behold the Planets, round about thine eares,
 hither Whirling like fire-balls in their restless Spheares,
 At one selfe-instant moving severall wayes,
 Still measuring out our short, and shorter dayes.
 nopy Behold the parts whereon the World consists,
 n, Are limited in their appointed lists,
 each Without rebellion, unapt to vary,
 Though being many, divers, and contrary:
 Look where we list, above, beneath, or under.
 se. Our eyes shall see to learne, and learne to wonder;
 Their depth shall drowne our judgments, and their
 Besides his wits, shall drive the prime conceit: (height
 Shall then our daring minds presume t'aspire
 To heavens hid Myst'ries? shall our thoughts in-
 Into the depth of secrets, unconfounded, (quire
 When in the shoare of Nature they are drowned?
 Fond man be wise, strive not above thy strength,
 Tempt not thy Barke beyond her Cables length;
 And, like *Prometheus*, filch no sacred fire,
 Left Eagles gripe thee: Let thy proud desire
 Suit with thy fortunes; Curious minds, that shall
 Mount up with *Phaeton*, shall have *Phaetons* fall.
 Vnbend thy bow betimes, lest thou repent
 Too late, for it will breake, or else stand bent.

I'll

I'le worke at home, ne'r cross the scorching Line;
 In unknowne lands, to seeke a hidden Mine :
 Plaine Bullion pleaseth me, I not desire
 Deare Ignots from th'Elixars techy fire,
 I'le spend my paines (where best I may be bold)
 To know my selfe, wherein I shall behold
 The world abridg'd, and in that world my Maker,
 Beyond which taske, I wish no Vndertaker
 Great God, by whom it is, what-e're is mine,
 Make me thy Viceroy in this World of thine;
 So cleare mine eyes, that I may comprehend
 My slight beginning, and my sudden end.

THE ARGUMENT.

*God questions Iob, and proves that man
 Cannot attaine to things so high,
 As diuine secrets, since he can
 Not reach to Natures, Iobs reply.*

Sect. 18.

FOrth from the bosome of a murm'ring Cloud,
 Heavens great *Iehovah* did, at length unshroud
 His Earths-amazing language (equally
 Made terrible with Feare and Majesty)
 (Challeng'd the Duell) he did undertake
 His grumbling servant, and him thus bespake,
 Who, who art thou, that thus dost pry in vaine,
 Into my secrets, hoping to attaine,
 With murmuring, to things conceal'd from man?
 Say (poreblinde mortall) who art thou, that can

Thus

Thus cleare thy crimes, and dar'it (with vaine ap-
 Make me defendant in thy sinfull cause? *plause*)
 Loe, here I am; Engrosse into thy hands
 Thy soundest weapons; Answer my demands:
 Say, where wert thou, whē these my hands did lay
 The Worlds foundation? canst thou tell me? Say,
 Was Earth not measur'd by this Arme of mine?
 Whose hand did ayde me? Was I help't by thine?
 Where wert thou, when the Planets first did blaze,
 And in their spheares sang forth their Makers praise
 Who is't that tames the raging of the Seas,
 And swatches them up in mists, when-e're he please?
 Did'st thou divide the Darknesse from the Light?
 Or know'st thou whence *Antora* takes her flight?
 Did'st ere enquire into the Seas Abyссе,
 Or mark'd the Earth of what a bulk she is? (springs
 Know'st thou the place whence Light or Darknesse
 Can thy deepe age unfold these secret things?
 Know'st thou the cause of Snow, or Haile, which are
 My fierce Artill'ry, in my time of warre?
 Who is't that rends the gloomy Clouds in sunder,
 Whose sudden rapture strikes forth fire & thunder?
 Or who bedewes the earth with gentle showres,
 Filling her pregnant soyle with fruits and flowres?
 What father got, the raine? from what chill wombe
 Did frosts, and hard-congealed Waters come?
 Canst thou restraine faire *Maja's* course, or stint her
 Or sad *Orion* ushering in the Winter?
 Will scorching *Cancer* at thy summons come?
 Or Sun-burnt Autumne with her fruitfull wombe?
 Know'st thou Heavens course above, or dost thou
 Those gentle influences here below? (know
 Who was't inspir'd thy soule with understanding?
 And gave thy Spirit, the spirit of apprehending?
 Dost

Dost thou command the Cesternes of the Skie
To quench the thirsty soyle; or is it I?

Nay, let thy practice to the earth descend,
Prove there, how farre thy power doth extend;
From thy full hand will hungry Lions eate?
Feed'st thou the empty Ravens that cry for meate?
Sett'st thou the season, when the fearfull Hind
Brings forth her painfull birth? Hast thou assign'd
The Mountaine Goate her Time? Or is it I?
Canst thou subject unto thy soveraigntie
The untam'd Vnicorne? Can thy hard hand
Force him to labour on thy fruitfull land?
Did'st thou enrich the Peacock with his Plume?
Or did that Steele-digesting Bird assume
His downy flags from thee? Didst thou endow
The noble Stallion with his strength? Canst thou
Quaile his proud courage? See, his angry breath
Puffes nothing forth, but fears, summ'd up in death
Marke with what pride his horny hooves doe take
The hard resounding Earth; with how great labour
How little ground he spends: But at the noyse
And fierce Alar'm of the hoarse Trumpets voyce
He breaks the ranks, amidst a thousand Spears
Pointed with death, undaunted at the feares
Of doubtfull warre, he rushes like a Ranger,
Through every Troop, & scornes so brave a dāge
Doe lofty Haggards cleave the flitting Ayre,
With Plumes of thy devising? Then how dare
Thy ravenous lips thus, thus at randome runne
And counter-mand what I the Lord have done?
Think'st thou to learne (fond Mortall) thus, by
Into my secrets, or to gaine by striving? (vint)
Plead then: No doubt but thine will be the Day,
Speake (peevish Plaintiffe) if th'ast ought to say.

Job then replyde : (Great God, I am but Dust,
My heart is sinfull, and thy hands are just;
I am a Sinner (Lord), my words are wind,
My thoughts are vaine, (Ah Father) I have sinn'd:
Shall dust reply? I spake too much before,
I'll close these lips, and never answer more.

Medita. 12.

O Glorious Light ! A light unapprehended
By mortall eyes ! O Glory, never ended,
Nor e're created, whence all Glory springs
In heavenly bodyes, and in earthly things !
O power Immense, derived from a Will
Most just and able to doe all, but ill !
O Essence pure, and full of Majesty !
Greatnesse (it selfe) and yet no quantitie;
Goodnesse, and without qualitie; producing
All things from out of Nothing, and reducing
All things to nothing; past all comprehending;
Both first and Last, and yet without an ending;
Or yet beginning; filling every Creature,
And not (it selfe) included; above Nature,
Yet not excluded, of it selfe subsisting;
And with it selfe, all other things, assisting;
Divided, yet without division;
A perfect three, yet Three, entirely one;
Both One in Three, and Three in One, together;
Begetting, and begotten, and yet neither;
The Fountaine of all Arts, Confounding Art,
Both All in All, and all in every part;

S

Still

Still seeking Glory, and still wanting none;
 Though just, yet reaping, where thou ne'r hast sown
 Great Majestic, since Thou art every where,
 O, Why should I misdoubt thy Presence here?
 I long have sought thee, but my ranging heart
 Ne'r quests, and cannot see thee where thou art:
 There's no Defect in thee, thy light hath shin'd,
 Nor can be hid (great God) but I am blind.
 O, cleare mine eyes, and with thy holy fire
 Inflame my brest, and edge my dull desire:
 Wash me with Hysope, cleanse my stained thoughts,
 Renew my spirit, blurre forth my secret faults;
 Thou tak'st no pleasure in a Sinners death,
 For thou art Life, thy Mercy's not beneath
 Thy sacred Justice: Give thy servant power
 To seeke aright, and (having sought) discover
 Thy glorious Presence; Let my blemisht Eye
 See my salvation yet before I dye.
 O, then my Dust, that's bowell'd in the ground,
 Shall rise with Triumph at the welcome sound
 Of my Redeemers earth-awaking Trumpe,
 Vnfrighted at the noyse; no sullen Dumpe
 Of selfe-confounding Conscience shall affright me
 For hee's my Iudge, whose dying blood shall quit
 (me,

TH

THE ARGUMENT.

*God speaks to Job the second time :
Job yeelds his sinne, repents his crime.
God checks his friends, restores his health,
Gives him new issue, double wealth.*

Seel. 19.

ONce more the mouth of heavē rapt forth a voice
The troubled Firmament was fill'd with noise,
The Rasters of the darkned Sky did shake,
For the Eternall thundred thus and spake :
Collect thy scattered senses, and advise,
Rouze up (fond man) and answer my replies.

Will thou make Comments on my Text, & must
I be unrighteous, to conclude thee, just ?
Shall my Decrees be licenced by thee ?
What, canst thou thunder with a voyce like Me ?
Put on thy Robes of Majestie ; Be clad
With as bright glory (*Job*) as can be had ;
Make fierce thy frownes, and with an angry face
Confound the Proud, and his high thoughts abase,
Pound him to Dust : Doe this, and I will yeeld,
Thou art a God, and need'st no other shield.

Behold, the Castle-bearing Elephant,
That wants no bulke, nor doth his greatnesse want
An equall strength. Behold his massie bones,
Like barres of Yron; like congealed Stones,

His knottie sinewes are; Him have I made,
 And given him naturall weapons for his aide;
 High mountaines beare his food, the shady boughes
 His Coverts are, Great Rivers are his Troughes,
 Whose deepe Carouses would, to standers-by,
 Seeme at a wating, to draw Iordan dry:
 What skilful huntsman can, with strength, out-dare
 Or with what engines can a mā ensnare him? (him?)

Hast thou beheld the huge Leviathan,
 That swarthy Tyrant of the Ocean? Can
 Thy bearded hooke impierce his Gills, or make him
 Thy landed Pris'ner? Can thy angles take him?
 Will he make suit for favour from thy hands,
 Or be enthralled to thy fierce commands?
 Will he be handled as a Bird? Or may
 Thy fingers bind him for thy childrens play?
 Let men be wise, for in his lookes, he hath
 Displayed Banners of untimely death.
 If Creatures be so dreadfull, how is he
 More bold then wise, that dares encounter Me?
 What hand of man can hinder my designe?
 Are not the Heavens, and all beneath them mine?
 Dissect the greatnesse of so vast a Creature,
 By view of severall parts, summe up his feature:
 Like Shields, his Scales are plac't, which neither
 Knowes how to sunder, nor yet force can part. (art
 His belching rucks forth flames, his moving Eye
 Shines like the glory of the morning skie;
 His craggie sinewes are like wreathes of brasse,
 And from his mouth, quicke flames of fier passe
 As from an Oven, the temper of his heart
 Is like a Nether-millstone, which no Dart
 Can pierce, secured from the threatning Speare;
 Affraid of none, he strikes the world with feare:

The

The Bow-mans brawnie arme sends shafts in vaine,
They fall like stubble, or bound backe againe:
Stones are his Pillow, and the Mud his Downe;
In earth none greater is, nor equall none,
Compar'd with him, all things he doth deride,
And well may challenge to be King of Pride.

So said, th'amazed *Job* bent downe his eyes
Vpon the ground, and (sadly) thus replies.

I know (great God) ther's nothing hard to Thee,
Thy thoughts are pure, and too too deepe for me:
I am a Foole, and my distempered wits,
Longer out-strayed my Tongue, then well befits;
My knowledge slumbred, while my lips did chat,
And like a Foole, I spake I knew not what.

Lord, teach me Wisdome, lest my proud Desire,
Cinge her bold Feathers in thy sacred fire;
Mine eare hath oft been rounded with thy story,
But now these very Eyes have seene thy glory.
My sinfull words I not (alone) lament,
But in the horror of my soule repent;
Repent with Teares in sackcloth, mourne in Dust;
I am a sinfull man, and Thou art just.

Thou *Eliphaz*, that mak'st my sacred Word,
An Engine of Despaire (said then the Lord)
Behold full vyalls of my wrath attends
On thee, and on thy two too-partiall Friends;
For you have judg'd amisse, and have abus'd
My Word to worke your ends; falsely accus'd
My righteous Servant: Of you all there's none
Hath spoke uprightly, as my *Job* hath done.
Haste then (before my kindling fire begin
To flame) and each man offer for his sin,
A sacrifice, by *Job* my servants hand,
And for his sake, your Offerings shall withstand

The wages of your sinnes; for what can I,
If *Job*, my servant, make request, deny?

So straight they went, and (after speedy pardon
Desir'd and had) the righteous *Job* (for guerdon
Of his so tedious Griefe) obtain'd the health
Of a sound body, and encrease of wealth;
So that the second Harvest of his store,
Was double that, which he enjoy'd before.

Ere this was blazed in the worlds wide Eares,
(The frozen breasts of his familiars,
And cold Allyes, being now dissolv'd in Griefe,)
His backward friends came to him with reliefe,
To feed his wants, & with sad showring eyes,
To moane his (yet supposed) Miseries:
Some brought him sheep, to blesse his empty Fold,
Some precious Earrings, others, Kings of Gold.
God blest his loines, frō whence there sprang again
The number of his children that were slaine,
Nor was there any in the Land so rare
In vertue as his Daughters, or so faire.
Long after this, he liv'd in peace, to see
His childrens children, to the fourth degree,
Till at the length, cut short by Him, that stayes
For none, he dyed in Peace, and full of Dayes.

Meditat. 19.

EVill's the defect of Good, and as a shade,
That's but the ruines of the light decay'd:
It hath no being, nor is understood,
But by the opposition of Good.

What then is man? whose purest thoughts are prest
For Satans warre, which from the tender breast,

With

With Infant silence, have consented to
 Such sinfull Deeds, as (babes) they could not doe?
 What then is man, but Nothing, being Evill,
 His Lunaticke affections doe unlevell,
 What Heaven created by just Waight and measure;
 In pleasures sincke, he takes a swinelike Pleasure;
 His span of life, and beautie's like a Flower,
 Faire flourishing, and fading in an hower.
 He breaks into the world with teares, and then
 Departs with Griefe, nor knowing how, nor when.
 His life's a Bubble, full of seeming Blisse,
 The more it lengthens, the more short it is;
 Begot in darknesse, hee's brought forth, and cries
 For succour, passes ore the stage, and dyes;
 Yet, like a Moale, the earth he undermines,
 Making the World, the Forge of his designs:
 He plots, complots, foresees, prevents, directs,
 He hopes, he feares, he doubts, pursues, effects;
 Each hath his plot, each one his course doth bend
 Each hath his project, and each one his end.
 Thus restless man doth still his soule molest,
 To finde out (that which hath no being) Rest;
 Thus travels sinfull man in endlesse toyle;
 Taking a pleasure in his owne turmoyle.
 Fond man, first seeke to purchase that divine
 And sacred prize, and all the world is thine:
 Great *Salomon* made suit for Wisdome, and he found
 Not (barely) Wisdome, but that Wisdome crown'd
 With Diadems of wealth, and faire encrease
 Of Princely Honour, with long dayes of Peace.
 (With safe respect, and awfull reverence
 To Myst'ries) Meditation doth commence
 An earnest doubt: Was *Job's* dispoyled Flock
 Restored double? Was his former Stock

Renew'd with double vantage? Did heaven adde
 To all his fortunes, double what he had?
 Yet those sweet Emblemes of his dearest love,
 (His sonnes) whom death untimely did remove
 From off the face of the unthankfull earth,
 Why likewise sprang not they in double birth?

Bruit beasts that perish once, are lost for ever,
 Their substance, and their All consumes together.
 Once having given a farewell to the light,
 They dye, and with them is perpetuall night:
 But man, (unorgan'd by the hand of Death)
 Dyes not, is but transplanted from beneath,
 Into a fairer soyle, or as a stranger, (ger;
 Brought home, secure, frō the worlds pleasing dan.
Jobs flocks were lost, and therefore double given,
 His Issue's equall shar'd 'twixt Earth and Heaven,
 One halfe in heav'n, are glorious in their doome,
 Ingag'd as Pledges, till the other come.
 Great God! my Time's but short, and long my way,
 My Heart hath lost her Path, and gone astray,
 My spirit's faint, and fraile, my soul's imboist,
 If thou helpe not, I am for ever lost,
 Though Dust and Ashes, yet am I thy Creature,
 Howe're my sinnes are great, thy Mercy's greater:
 Of nothing didst thou make me, and my sinne
 Hath turn'd me back to nothing, once agin:
 Create me a new heart, (great God) inspire
 My cold affections with thy sacred fire:
 Instruct my Will, and rectifie my Wayes,
 O teach me (Lord) to number out my Dayes.

The Digestion of the whole HISTORIE.

1 In Prosperity.

Thou, whose lank fortunes heavē hath sweld with
Make not thy selfe, by over wishing, poor, (store
Husband that good, which else, abuse makes bad,
Abstracting, where thy base desire would adde:
Lines flowing from a *Sophaelean* quill,
Deserve no *Plaudit*, being acted ill.

2 In Adversity.

Hath heavē withdrawn the talēt he hath givē thee?
Hath envious Death of all thy sons bereaved thee?
Have soule Diseases soil'd thee on the floore?
He eernes no sweet, that never tasted sowre:
Thou art a Scholler; if thy Tutor doe
Pose thee too hard, he will instruct thee too.

3 In Tentation.

Art thou oppos'd to thine unequall Foe?
March bravely on; thy Generall bids thee goe;
Thou art heavens Champion, to maintain his right;
Who calls thee forth, wil give thee strength to fight.
God seekes, by conquest, thy renowne, for He
Will win enough: Fight thou, or Faint, or Flee.

4 In Slander.

Winter fortunes nip thy Summer Friends,
And tip their tongues with Censure, that offends
Thy tender Name, despaire not, but be wise,
How Heaven selecteth, whom the world denies:
Thou

Thou hast a milk-white *Thuby*, that's within thee,
Will take thy part, when all the world's agin thee.

s In Re-advancement.

Art thou advanc'd to thy supreme desier?
Be still the same; Feare Lower, aime no Higher:
Mans Play hath many Sceanes, but in the last,
Heaven knits up all, to sweeten all that's past:
Affliction is a Rod, to scourge us home,
An'a painfull Earnest of a Heaven to come.

The end.

thee,
thee.

S I O N S
S O N E T S.

er:
:
Sung

By SOLOMON the KING,

And

PERIPHRAST

By

FRA: QVARES.

LONDON,

Printed by MILES FLESHER.

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To the Readers.

REaders, now you have them. May the end of my paines be the beginning of your pleasures. Excuse me for soaring so high, else give me leave to excuse my selfe; Indeed I flew with Eagles feathers; otherwise I had not shewne, or falne. It is the *Song of Songs*, I here present you with: The Author, King SOLOMON, the wisest of Kings; The matter mysticall, the divinest of subjects: The Speakers, CHRIST, the *Bridegroom*; the CHVRCH the *Bride*; The end, to invite you all to the wedding. *Farewell.*

AN

AN EPITHALME TO THE BRIDE- GROOME.

HOsanna to the Highest. Joy betide (Bride:
The heavenly Bridegroom, and his holy
Let Heaven above be fill'd with songs,
Let Earth triumph below;
For ever silent be those tongues,
That can be silent now.

You Rocks, and Stones, I charge you all to break
Your stony silence, if men cease to speake.

You, that professe that sacred Art,
Or now, or never show it,
Plead not, your Muse is out of heart
Here's that creates a Poet.

Beravisht Earth, to see this contract driven,
'Twixt sinfull Man, and reconciled Heaven.

Dismount you Quire of Angels; come,
Wish Men, your joyes divide;
Heaven never shew'd so sweet a Groome,
Nor Earth, so faire a Bride.

SIONS

SONETS.

BRIDE. SONET I.

1.

O That the bounty of those lips divine;
 Would scale their favors, on these lips of mine,
 That by those welcome * kisses, I might see
 The mutual love, betwixt my Love and me,
 For truer blisse, no worldly joy allows,
 Than sacred Kisses, from so sweet a Spouse,
 With which, no earthly pleasures may compare,
 Rich Wines are not so delicate as they're.

* *Sensible graces.*

2.

N Or Myrrh, nor Cassia, nor the choice perfumes
 Of unctious Narde, or Aromaticke fumes
 Of hot *Arabia*, doe enrich the Aire
 With more delicious sweetnesse, than the faire
 Reports, that crowne the merits of thy Name,
 With heavenly Laurels of eternall fame;
 Which makes the * Virgins fix their eyes upon thee
 And all that view thee, are enamour'd on thee.

* *Pure in heart.*

O,

3.

O Let the beauty of thy Sun-like face
 Inflame my soule, and let thy glory chace
 Disloyall thoughts : Let not the World allure
 My chaste desires, from a Spouse so pure ;
 But when as Time shall place me on thy * Throne
 My feares shall cease, and interrupt by none,
 I shall transcend the stile of Transitory,
 And full of glory, still be fill'd with glory.

* *The Kingdome of Heaven.*

4.

BVt you, my curious (and too nice) allyes,
 That view my fortunes, with too narrow eyes
 You say my face is * black, and soule ; 'tis true ;
 I'me beauteous, to my Love, though black to you ;
 My censure stands not upon your esteeme,
 He sees me as I * am ; you, as I seeme ;
 You see the Clouds, but he discernes the Skie ;
 Know, 'tis my * mask that lookes so black, not I.

* *Through apparant infirmities.* * *Glorious in his*
 * *Weaknesse of the flesh.*

5.

VVhat if Afflictions doe dis-imbellish
 My naturall glory, and deny the relish
 Of my adjourned beauty, yet disdain not
 Her, by whose necessary losse, you gaine not ;
 I was inforc'd to swelter in * the Sun,

* *Afflictions.*

And * keepe a strangers Vine, lest mine alone;
 I lest mine owne, and kept a strangers Vine;
 The fault was * mine, but was * not onely mine.

* Forced to Idolatrous superstitions. * By reason of my
 weaknesse. * Being seduced by false prophets.

6.

O Thou, whose love I prize above my life,
 More worthy farre t' enjoy a fairer wife,
 Tell me, to what coole shade dost thou resort? (port
 Where graze thy Sheepe, where do thy lambs dis-
 Free from the scortching of this * sowltry weather?
 O tell thy Love, and let thy Love come thither:
 Say (gentle Shepheard) fits it thee, to cherish
 Thy private Flocks, and let thy true Love * perish?
 * Persecutions. * By Idolatry.

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET II.

Illustrious Bride, more radiant and more * bright,
 I Then th' eye of Noon, thirce fairer then the light;
 Thou dearest off-spring of my dying blood,
 And treasure of my soule, why hast thou stood
 Parching so long in those ambitious beames?
 Come, come & coole thee in these silver * streames
 Vnshade thy Face, cast backe those golden Locks,
 And I will make thee * Mistis of my Flocks.

* Through my merits and thy sanctification. * The doctrine
 of the true Prophets. * Teacher of my Congregation.

T. Q

2.

O Thou, the Center of my choice desires,
 In whom I rest, in whom my soule respire;
 Thou art the flowre of beauty, and I prize thee
 Above the world, how e're the world dispise thee:
 The blinde imagines all things black, by kinde;
 Thou art as beautifull, as they are blinde:
 And as the fairest troopes of *Pharoes* Steeds
 Exceed the rest, so Thou, the rest exceeds.

3.

Thy * cheek (the garden where fresh beauty plants
 Her choicest flowers) no adorning wants,
 There wants no rellish of * diviner grace,
 To summe compleatnesse, in so sweet a face;
 Thy Neck, without a blemish, without blot,
 Than pearle's more orient, clear from stain or spot,
 Thy Gemmes and Jewels, full of curious art,
 Imply the sacred treasures of thy heart.

* Thy most visible parts. * Sanctification.

4.

The Sun-bright glory of thy resounding fame,
 Adds glory, to the glory of thy Name;
 The more's thy honor (Love) the more thou striv'st
 To honour me; thou gaine'st, what thou giv'st:
 My Father (whom our Contract hath made thine)
 Will give thee large endowments of * divine,
 And everlasting treasure; Thus by me
 Thou shalt be rich, that am thus rich, in thee.

* The riches of his holy Spirit.

BRIDL

BRIDE.

SONET III.

OH, how my soule is ravish'd with the joyes
 That spring like fountains frō my true loves voice!
 How cordiall are his lips! How sweet his tongue!
 Each word, he breathes, is a melodious song;
 He absent (ah) how is my glory dim!
 I have no beauty, not deriv'd from Him;
 What e're I have, from Him alone, I have,
 And he takes pleasure in those gifts he gave;

2.

AS fragrant Myrrh, within the bosome hid,
 Sents more delicious, than (before) It did;
 And yet receives no sweetnesse, from that brest,
 That proves the sweeter, for so sweet a guest;
 Even so, the favour of my dearest Spouse,
 Thus priz'd, and placed in my heart, endowes
 My ardent soule, with sweetnesse, and inspires
 With heavenly ravishment, my rapt desires.

3.

WHO ever smelt the breath of morning flowres,
 New sweetned with the dash of twilight showres
 Or pounded Amber, or the flowring Thyme,
 Or purple Violets, in their proudest prime,
 Or swelling Clusters, from the Cypresse tree?
 So sweet's my Love; I, far more sweet is He:
 So faire, so sweet, that heavens bright eye is dim,
 And flowers have no sent, compar'd with Him.

T 2

BRIDE.

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET IIII.

O Thou, the joyes of my suffis'd heart, (art;
 The more thou think'st me fair, the more thou
 Looke in the CrySTALL mirrours of mine eyes,
 And view thy beauty, there thy beauty lyes:
 See there, th' unmat'd glory of thy Face,
 Well mixt with Spirit, and divinest grace;
 The eyes of Devoes, are not so faire, as * thine:
 O, how those eyes, inflame these eyes of mine!
 * The holy Prophets.

BRIDE.

SONET V.

Most radiant, and refulgent Lampe of light,
 Whose midday beauty, yet ne're found a night,
 'Tis thou, 'tis onely thou art faire; from Thee
 Reflect those * rayes, that have enlightned mee,
 And as bright Cymbia's borrow'd beames doe shine
 From Titan's glorie, so doe I, from thine;
 So daily flourishes our fresh delight,
 In daily * giving, and receiving light.
 * Thy holy Spirit. * In giving grace and receiving glory,

NOr does thy glory shine to me alone;
 What place, wherein thy glory hath not shone
 But O, how fragrant with rich odour, smells
 That * Sacred House, where thou my true Love
 * The Congregation of Saints. (dwells)

Nor is it strange; How can those places bee
But fill'd with Sweetnesse, if possist with Thee!
My heart's a Heaven, for thou art in that heart,
Thy presence makes a Heaven, where e're thou art.

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET VI.

THou soveraigne Lady of my select desires,
I, I am He, whom thy chaste soule admires;
The Rose, for smell, the Lilly to the eye,
Is not so sweet, is not so faire as I;
My vailed beautie's not the glorious prize
* Of common sight; * within, my beauty lies;
Yet ne' rethelasse, my glory were but small,
If I should want, to honour thee withall.
* Not in outward glorie. * In inward graces,

2.

NOr doe I boast my Excellence alone, (none
But thine (dear spouse) as who, the world hath
So true to faith, so pure in love, as whom
Lives not a Bride, so fits so chaste a Grome;
And as the fairest Lilly doth exceede
The fruitlesse Bramble, or the foulest weede,
So farre (my Love) dost thou exceed the rest,
In perfect beauty of a loyall brest.

BRIDE.

SONET VII.

LOoke how the fruitfull tree (whose ladé boughs
With swelling pride, crown Autumnes smiling
(brows)
Surpasses

T 3

Surpasse idle shrubs; even so in worth,
 My love transcends the Worthies of the earth:
 He was my shore, in shipwracke; and my shelter,
 In stormes; my shade, when I began to swelter;
 If hungry, he was Food; and if opprest
 With wrongs, my Advocate; with toile, my Rest;

2.

I Thirsted; and, full charged to the brinke,
 He gave me * bowles of Nectar, for my drinke,
 And in his Sides, he broacht me (for a signe
 Of dearest love) a Sacramentall wine;
 He freely gave, I freely dranke my fill;
 The more I dranke, the more remained still:
 Did never Souldier, to his Colours prove
 More chaste, then I, to so entire a Love.
 * *The holy Scriptures.*

3.

O How his beautie sets my soule on fire!
 My spirits languish, with extreame desire;
 Desires, exceeding limits, are too lavish,
 And wanting meanes to be effected, ravish;
 Then let thy * breath, like flaggons of strong wine,
 Relieve and comfort this poore heart of mine;
 For I am sicke, till time (that doth delay
 Our Mariage) bring our joyfull Mariage day.
 * *Thy sweet Promises.*

4. Till

4.

Till then, O let my dearest Lord, by whom,
These pleasing paines of my sweet sorrowes
Performe his vōwes, and with his due resort, (come
Blesse me, to make the sullen time seeme short :
In his sweet presence, may I still be blest,
Debarr'd from whom, my soule can find no rest;
O let all times be prosp'rous, and all places
Be witnesse to our undefil'd Embraces.

5.

All you, whose seeming favours have profest
The true affection of a loyall brest,
I charge you all, by the true love you beare
To friendship, or what else ye count most deare,
* Disturbe ye not my Love; O doe not reive
Him of his joyes, that is so apt to grieve;
Dare not to breake his quiet slumbers, lest
You rowze a raging Lion from his rest.
* *Doe not his Spirit with your sinnes.*

6.

Harke, hark, I heare that thrice-celestial voyce
Wherein my spirits, rapt with joyes, rejoyce;
A voice, that tells me, my beloved's nic;
I know the Musicke, by the Majestie :
Behold he comes; 'Tis not my * blemisht face,
Can slake the swiftnesse of his winged pace;
Behold he comes; His Trumpet doth proclame,
He comes with speed; A truer love ne're came.
* *The imperfections of my present state.*

T 4

7. Behold

7.

BEhold the fleetnesse of his nimble feet;
 The Roe-Bucke, & the Hart were ne're so fleet;
 The word I spake, flue not so speedie from me,
 As He, the treasure of my soule comes to me;
 He stands behind my wall, as if in doubt
 Of welcome; Ah, this * Wall debarrs him out:
 O, how injurious is this Wall of sin,
 That barrs my Lover out, and bolts me in!
 * *The weaknes of my flesh.*

*The BRIDE in the person of the
 BRIDEGROOME.*

SONET VIII.

HArke, harke, me thinks I heare my true love say
 Break down that envious barre, & come away;
 Arise (my dearest Spouse) and dispossesse
 Thy soule of doubtfull feares, nor over-pressie
 Thy tender spirits, with the dull despaire
 Of thy demerits: (Love) thou art as faire,
 As earth will suffer; Time will make thee clearer;
 Come forth (my love) the who, my life's not dearer

2.

Come forth (my joy;) what bold affront of feare
 Can fright thy soule, and I, thy champio, here?
 'Tis I that calls, 'tis I, thy Bridegroom, calls thee,
 Betide it me, what ever evill befalls thee:
 The winter of thy sharpe Affliction's gone;
 Why fear'st thou cold, and art so nere the Sunne?

1

I am thy Sunne; if thou be cold, draw nearer; (rer.
Come forth (my Love) then who my life's not deare

3.

(thee,

Come forth (my dear) the spring of joies invite
The * flowers contend for beauty to delight
Their sweet ambition's only, which might be (thee
Most sweet, most faire, because most like to thee;
The * Birds (sweet Heralds of so sweet a Spring)
Warble high notes, and *Hymen* sing;
All sing, with joy, t' enjoy so sweet a Hearer;
Come forth (my love) the who my life's not dearer.
* The Elect. * Angels.

4.

The prosp'rous * Vine, which this deare had did
Tenders due service to so sweet a Saint: (plant
Her hidden Clusters swell with sacred pride,
To * kisse the lips of so, so faire a Bride;
Masqu'd in their leaves, they lurke, fearing to be
Discryde by any, till first scene by Thee;
The clouds are past; the heavens cannot be clearer
Come forth (dear love) the who my life's not dearer
* The Congregation of the faithfull. * To offer up the first
fruits of obedience.

5.

MY Dove, who daily * dangers teach new shifts,
That like a Dove, do'st haunt the secret cliffs
Of solitary Rocks; How e're thou be
Reserv'd from others, be not strange to me,
* Persecutions.

Call

Call me to rescue, and this brawnie Arme
 Shall quell thy Foe, and fence thy soule, frō harme
 Speak (Love,) Thy voice is sweet; what if thy face
 Be drencht with tears? Each teare's a several grace

6.
All you, that with prosperity, and peace,
 To crowne our Contract, with a long encrease
 Of future joyes, O shield my simple Love
 From those that seeke her ruine; and remove
 The base Opposers of her best designs;
 Destroy those Foxes, that destroy her Vines;
 Her Vines are fruitfull, but her tender grapes
 Are spoil'd by Foxes, clad in humane shapes.

The BRIDE in her owne person.

SONET IX.

What greater joy can bleſs my ſoul, theſe things
 That my Belov'd's mine, and I am His!
 Our ſoules are knit; the world cannot untwine
 The joyfull union of His heart, and Mine;
 In Him, I live; in Him, my ſoule's poſſeſt
 With heavenly ſolace, and eternall reſt:
 Heaven onely knows the bliſſe, my ſoule enjoys
 Fond earth's too dull, to apprehend ſuch joyes.

2.

Thou ſweet perfection of my full delights,
 Till that bright * Day, devoted to the rites
 Of our ſolemniz'd Nuptialls, ſhall come,
 Come live with me, & make this heart, thy Home
 * The day of judgement.

Disdaine

Disdaine me not : Although my face appeare
Deform'd and clowdie, yet my heart is * cleare;
Make haste : Let not the swift-foot Roe-bucke flee
The following Hounds so fast, as thou to mee.
* By sanctification.

3.

I Thought my Love had taken up his rest,
Within the * secret Cabin of my brest;
I thought the closed curtaines did immure
His gentle slumbers, but was too secure,
For (driven with love) to the false bed I * slept,
To view his slumbring beauty, as he slept,
But he was gone; yet plainly there was scene
The curious dint, where he had lately beene.
* In my soule. * By strict examination.

4.

Impatient of his absence, thus bereaven
Of him, then whom, I had no other heaven,
I trav'd a while; not able to digest
So great a losse, to lose so faire a Guest:
I left no path untrac'd; no * place unsought;
No secret Cell unsearcht; no way unthought;
I ask'd the shade, but shadowes could not hide him;
I ask'd the World, but all the World denyde him.
* Amongst the wisest worldlings.

5.

MY jealous Love, distemp' red with distraction,
Made fierce with feare, unapt for satisfaction,
Applies fresh fuell, to my flaming fires,
With Eagles wings supplies my quicke desires,

Vp

Vp to the walls I rambled, where I spyde?
 The * City watch, to whom with teares, I cryde,
 Ah gentle Watchmen, you aloft descry
 What's darke to us; Did not my Love passe by?
 * *The Ministers of the word.*

6.

AT lēgh, whē dull despaire had gain'd the groun
 Of tyred hopes, my Faith fell in a ffound;
 But He, whose sympathizing heart did find
 The tyrant passion, of my troubled mind,
 Forthwith appear'd; What Angels tongue can les
 The world conceive our pleasures, when we met?
 And till the joyes of our espoused hearts
 Be made * cōpleat, the world ne're more shal part,
 * *At the Resurrection.*

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET X.

NOW rests my Love: Till now, her tender brest
 Wanting her joy, could finde no peace, no rest:
 I charge you all, by the true love, you beare
 To friendship, or what else you count most deare,
 Disturbe her not, but let her sleepe her fill;
 I charge you all, upon your lifes, be still:
 O, may that labring soule, that lives opprest
 For me; in me, receive eternall rest.

2.

W Hat curious face is this? what mortal bish
 Can shew a beauty, thus * unstayn'd with
 * *Through sanctification by my merits.* (earthl
 What

What glorious Angell wanders thus alone,
 From earths foule Dungeon, to my Fathers throne!
 It is my Love; my love that hath denyde
 The world, for me; It is my fairest Bride:
 How fragrant is her breath! How heavenly faire
 Her Angell face! Each glorifying the Aire.

BRIDE.

SONET XI.

O How I'm ravish't with eternall blisse!
 Who e're thought heavē a joy cōpar'd to this?
 How doe the pleasures of his glorious Face
 Adde glorie to the glory of this place!
 See, how Kings Courts surmount poore Shepheards
 So this, the pride of Solomon excells; (cells,
 Rich wreathes of glory crowne his royall Head,
 And troopes of Angels waite upon his Bed,
By be. vany contemplation.

THE Court of Princely Solomon was guarded
 With able men at armes; their faith rewarded
 With fading honours, subject to the fate
 Of Fortune, and the jealous frownes of State;
 But here the harmonious quire of heaven attend,
 Whose prize is glory, glory without end,
 Vnmixt with doubtings, or degenerate feare;
 A greater Prince, then Solomon, is here.

THE Bridall bed of Princely Solomon,
 (Whose beauty amaz'd the greedy lookers on,
 Which

Which all the world admired to behold)
 Was but of Cedar; and her Sted of gold;
 Her Pillars silver; and her Canopie
 Of filkes, but richly stayn'd with purple die;
 Her Curtaines wrought in works, works rarely led
 By th'needl's art; such was the bridall bed.

4.
SVch was the bridall bed, which Time, or Age
 Durst never warrant from th'opprobrious rage
 Of envious fate; Earths measure's but a minit;
 Earth fades; all fades upon it; all within it,
 O, but the glorie' of this diviner place,
 No Age can injure, nor yet Time deface;
 Too bright an object, for weake eyes to bide,
 Or tongues t'expresse: Who ever saw't, but dyde

5.
WHo e're beheld the royall Crowne, set on
 The nuptiall browes of Princely Solomon
 His glorious pompe, whose honour did display
 The noysed Triumphs of his Mariage day?
 A greater Prince, then Solomon, is here,
 The beauty of whose Nuptials, shall appeare
 More glorious farre, transcending his, as farre
 As heavens bright lamp out-shines th'obscurest star

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XII.

How orient is thy beauty! How divinel
 How darke's the glorie of the earth, to thine!
 Thy vailed * eyes out-shine heavens greater light,
 Vnconquer'd by the shadie Cloud of night;
 * Through the gifts of my Spirit. * The modestie and pi-
 rity of thy judgement,

thy curious * Tresses dangle, all unbound
 With unaffected order, to the ground:
 How orient is thy beautie! How divine!
 How darke's the glory of the earth, to thine!
Ornaments of necessary ceremonies.

2.

Thy Ivorie * Teeth in whitenesse doe out-goe
 The downe of Swans, or Winters driven snowe
 Whose even proportions lively represent
 Th'harmonious Musicke of unite consent,
 Whose perfect whitenesse, Time could never blot,
 Nor Age (the Canker of destruction) rot:
 How orient is thy beautie! How divine!
 How darke's the glory of the earth, to thine!
Sincere Ministers.

3.

The rubie Portalls of thy ballanc'd * words,
 Send forth a welcome relish, which affords
 A heaven of blisse, and makes the earth rejoyce,
 To heare the Accent of thy heavenly voyce;
 The maiden blushes of thy * Cheekes, proclame
 A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
 How orient is thy beauty! How divine!
 How darke's the glorie of the earth, to thine!
*Doctrine of thy holy Prophets. * Modest graces of the Spirit.*

4.

Thy * necke (unbeautifyde with borrow'd grace)
 Is whiter then the Lillies of thy face,
 Whiter may; for beauty, and for powre,
 Is like the glorie of Davids princely Towre;
Magistrates.

What

What vassall spirit could despaire, or faint;
 Finding protection from so sure a Saint?
 How orient is thy beauty! How divine!
 How darke's the glorie of the earth, to Thine!

5.

THe deare-bought fruit of that forbidden Tree
 Was not so dainty, as thy Apples bee,
 These curious Apples of thy snowy * breasts,
 Wherein a Paradise of pleasure rests;
 They breath such life into the raviſht * Eye,
 That the inflam'd beholder, cannot * dye:
 How orient is thy beautie! How divine!
 How darke's the glory of the earth, to Thine!
** The old and new Testaments. * The sanctified and
 lous reader. * The second death.*

6.

MY dearest Spouse, I'le * hye me to my home,
 And till that long-expected * Day shal come
 The light wherof, shal chase the night, that shrou
 Thy vailed beauty, in these envious * clouds;
 Till then, I goe, and in my Throne, provide
 A glorious welcome, for my fairest Bride;
 Chapplets of conqu'ring Palme, & Lawrel bough
 Shall crown thy Temples, and adorne thy browe.
** I will withdraw my bodily presence. * The day of judg-
 ment. * Infirmities of the flesh.*

7.

Would beauty ſain be flatter'd with a gram
 She never had: May she behold thy face
 Envie would burst, had she no other taske,
 Then to behold this face without a maske;

No

No spot, no veniall blemish could she finde,
 To feed the famine of her ranc'rous minde;
 Thou art the flowre of beauties Crowne, & they're
 Much worse then foule, that thinke thee lesse then
 (sayre.

8.

Fare not (my Love) for when those sacred bands
 Of wedlock shal conjoyne our promis'd hands,
 I'll come, and quit thee from this tedious * pace,
 Where thou art forc'd to sojourn for a space;
 No forrein Angle of the utmost Lands,
 Nor seas Abyss shall hide thee from my hands;
 No night shall shade thee from my curious eye,
 I'll rouse the graves, although grim death stand by
 * This vale of misery.

9.

Illustrious beames shot from thy flaming * eye,
 Made fierce with zeale, and soveraigne Majestic
 Have scorcht my soule, and like a fiery dart
 Transfixt the Center of my wounded heart;
 The Virgin sweetnesse of thy heavenly grace
 Hath made mine eyes glad pris'ners to thy face;
 The beautie of thine eye-balls hath bereft
 Me of my heart: O sweet, O sacred theft!
 * Thine eye of Faith.

10.

O Thou, the deare Inflamer of mine eyes,
 Life of my soule, and hearts eternall prize,

V

How

How delectable is thy love! How pure!
 How apt to ravish, able to allure
 A frozen soule, and with thy secret fire,
 T'affect dull spirits with extreame desire!
 How do thy joyes (though in their greatest dearth)
 Transcend the proudest pleasures of the earth!

11.

THy lips (my dearest spouse) are the ful treasures
 Of sacred * Poesie, whose heavenly measures
 Ravish with joy the willing heart, that heares,
 But strike a deafnesse in rebellious eares:
 Thy words, like Milke and Honie, doe requite
 The season'd soule, with profit and delight:
 Heavens higher Palace, and those lower places
 Of dungeon-earth are sweetned with thy graces,
 * *Divine harmonie.*

12.

MY Love is like a Garden, full of flowres,
 Whose sunny banks, & choice of shady bowres
 Give change of pleasures, pleasures wall'd about
 With armed Angels, to keepe Ruine out;
 And from her * breasts * (enclosed from the ill
 Of looser eyes) pure * Crystall drops distill,
 The fruitfull sweetnesse of whose gentle showres
 Inrich her flowres with beautie, & bāks wth flowns
 * *The two Testaments.* * *Riddles to prophane Readers.*
 * *Celestiall comforts.*

13. My

13.

MY Love is like a Paradise, beset
 With rarest gifts, whose fruits (but tender yet)
 The world nere tasted, dainties farre more rare
 Then *Edeas* tempting Apple, and more faire:
 Myrrhe, Alloes, Incense, and the Cypresse tree
 Can boast no sweetnesse, but is breath'd from thee;
 Dainties, for tast and flowers, for the smell (cell.
 Spring all from Thee, whose sweets, all sweets ex-

BRIDE.

SONET XIII.

(cell,
O Thou (my deare) whose sweets, all sweets ex-
 From whom my fruits receive their tast, their
 How can my thriving * plants refuse to grow (smel
 Thus quickned with so sweet a * Sun as thou?
 How can my flowers, which thy Ewers nourish
 With showers of living waters, choose but flourish?
 O thou, the Spring, from whence these waters burst,
 Did ever any taste thy streames, and thirst?
 * The faithfull. * I be Sonne of righteousness.

AM I a Garden? May my flowers be
 So highly honour'd to be smelt by Thee;
 Inspire them with thy sacred breath, and then
 Receive from them, thy borrowed breath agen;
 Frequent thy Garden, whose rare fruit invites
 Thy welcome presence, to his choise Delights;

V 2

Taste

Taste where thou list, and take thy full repaste,
Here's that will please thy smel, thine eye, thy taste

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XIII.

THou sacred Center of my soule, in whome
I rest, behold thy wisht-for Love is come;
Refresh't with thy delights, I have repasted
Vpon thy * pleasures; my full soule hath tasted
Thy * rip'ned dainties, and hath freely beene
Pleas'd with those fruits, that are (as yet) but * green
All you that love the honour of my Bride,
Come taste her Vyands, and be diefide.

* Obedience. * Strong works of Faith, * The new
fruits of the Spirit.

BRIDE.

SONET XV.

IT was a * night, a night as darke, as foule,
As that blacke Errour, that entranc'd my Soule,
When as my best beloved came and knockt
At my * dull gates, too too securely lockt,
Vnbolt (said he) these churlish doores (my Dove,)
Let not false * slumbers bribe thee from thy love;
Heare him, that for thy gentle sake came hither,
Long injur'd by this * nights ungentle weather.

* Too much securitie. * My heart. * The pleasures of
the Flesh. * Thy hard-hearted unkindnesse.

2.

I Heard the voice; but the perfidious pleasure
 Of my sweet slumbers, could not find the leasure
 To ope my drowſie doores; My ſpirit could ſpeake
 Words faire enough; but ah, my fleſh was weake,
 And fond excuses taught me to betray
 My ſacred vowes to a ſecure delay;
 Perfidious ſlumbers, how have you the might
 To blind true Pleaſures, with a falſe delight!

3.

W Hen as my Love, with oft repeated knocks
 Could not availe, ſhaking his dewy locks,
 Highly diſpleas'd, he could no longer bide
 My ſleight neglect, but went away denyde;
 No ſooner gone, but my dull ſoule diſcern'd
 Her drowzie error; my griv'd ſpirit * yearn'd
 To find him out; theſe ſciled eyes that ſlept
 So ſoundly faſt, awak'd, much faſter wept.
 * Repented.

4.

T Hus rays'd, and rowz'd from my deceitfull reſt,
 I op'd my doores, where my departed Gueſt
 Had beene; I thruſt the churliſh Portals from me
 That ſo denyde my deareſt Bridegroom to me;
 But when I ſmelt of my returned hand,
 My ſoule was rapt, my powers all did ſtand
 Amazed at the * ſweetneſſe they did finde,
 Which my neglected Love had left behind.
 * The ſweetneſſe of his graces.

V 3

J. I

5.

I Op'd my doore, my Myrrhe-distilling doore,
 But ah, my Guest was gone, had given me o're;
 What curious Pen, what Artist can define
 A matelesse sorrow; Such, ah, such was mine;
 Doubts, and despaire had of my life depriv'd me
 Had not strong hope of his returne reviv'd me,
 I sought, but he refused to appeare;
 I call'd, but he would nor be heard, nor heare.

6.

Thus, with the Tyrannie of griefe distraught,
 I rang'd around, no place I left unsought,
 No eare unask'd; The * Warehmen of the Citie
 * Wounded my soule, without remorse or pitie
 To Virgin teares; They taught my feet to stray,
 Whose steps were apt enough to lose their way;
 With taunts & scornes they checkt me, and derided
 And call'd me Whoore, because I walkt, unguided.
 * False teachers. * With their false doctrines.

7.

You hallowed Virgins, you, whose tender hearts
 Ere felt th' impression of * loves secret darts,
 I charge you all, by the deare faith you owe
 To Virgin purenesse, and your Vestall vow,
 Commend me to my Love, if ere you meet him,
 O tell him, that his love-sick spouse doth greet him
 O let him know, I languish with desire
 T'enjoy that heart, that sets this heart on fire.
 * Divine love. VIRGINS.

O
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VIRGINS.

SONET XVI.

O Thou the fairest flowre of mortall birth,
 If such a beautie may be borne of earth,
 Angell or Virgin, which? or both in one,
 Angell by beautie, Virgin by thy mone,
 Say, who is He that may deserve these teares,
 These precious drops? Who is't can stop his cares
 At these faire lips? Speake Lady, speake at large,
 Who is't? For whom giv'st thou so strict a Charge?

BRIDE.

SONET XVII.

MY Love is the perfection of delight,
 Roses, and Doves are not so red, so white;
 Vnpatternd beauty summon'd every grace
 To the composure of so sweet a face;
 His body is a Heaven, for in his brest,
 The perfect Essence of a God doth rest;
 The brighter eye of heaven did never shine
 Vpon another glorie, so divine.

2.

HIS * Head is farre more glorious, to behold,
 Then fruitfull Ophyres oft refined gold,
 'Tis the rich Magazen of secret treasure,
 Whence Graces spring in unconfin'd measure;
 His curl'd and dangling * Tresses doe proclame
 A Nazarene, on whom ne're Rasor came,
 * His Dietie. * His Humanitie.

V 4

Whose

Whose Raven-blacke colour gives a curious relish
To that, which beauty did so much imbellish.

3.

Like to the eyes of Doves are his faire * eyes,
Wherein sterne Iustice, mixt with Mercy, lyes,
His eyes are simple, yet Majestically,
In motion nimble, and yet chaste withall,
Flaming like fier, and yet burne they not,
Vnblemisht, undistayned with a spot,
Blazing with precious beames, and, to behold,
Like two rich Diamonds in a frame of gold.
** His judgements and care of his Church.*

4.

His * cheeks are like two fruitfull beds o're-grown
With Aromatick flowers newly blowne,
Whose odours, beauty, please the smell, the sight,
And doubling pleasures, double the delight:
His * lips are like a CrySTALL spring, from whence
Flow sweetned streames of sacred Eloquence,
Whose drops into the eare distill'd, doe give
Life to * the dead, true joyes to * them that live.
** The discovery of him in his Word. * His promises.
* Those that die to sinne. * That live to righteousness.*

5.

His * hāds are deckt with rings of * gold; the rings
With costly Iewels, fitting none but Kings.
** His actions. * With purenesse.*

Which

Which (of themselves though glorious, yet) receive
 More glorie from those fingers, then they gave,
 His * Breast's like Ivorie, circled round about
 With * veines, like Saphyres, winding in and out,
 Whose beautie is (though darkned from the eye)
 Full of divine, and secret Majestie.
 His secret counsell. * Inwardly glorious.

6.

His * Legs like purest Marble, strong and white,
 Of curious shape, (though quicke) unapt for
 His Feet (as gold that's oft refined) are (light;
 Like his upright proceedings, pure and faire;
 His * Port is Princely, and his Stature tall,
 And, like the Cedar, stout, yet sweet withall:
 O, who would not repose his life, his blisse,
 Vpon a Base so faire, so firme as this?
 His wayes constant, firme, and pure. * His whole carriage.

7.

His Mouth! but stay; what need my lips be lavish
 In choice of words, when one alone wil ravish?
 But shall, in brieft, my ruder tongue discover
 The speaking Image of my absent Lover?
 Then let the curious hand of Art refine
 The race of Vertues morall, and divine,
 From whence, by heaven let there extracted be
 A perfect Quintessence; Even such is He.

BRIDE.

VIRGINS.

SONET XVIII.

THrice fairer than the fairest, whose sad teares,
 And smiling words, have charm'd our eyes, say,
 Say, whither is this prize of beauty gone, (eare)
 More faire than kinde, to let thee weepe alone;
 Thy tempting lips have whet our dull desire,
 And till we see Him, we are all on fire:
 Wee'll finde him out, if thou wilt be our guide:
 The next way to the *Bridegroome*, is the * *Bride*.

* *The Church is the way to Christ.*

BRIDE.

SONET XIX.

IF errorr lead not my dull thoughts amisse,
 My *Genius* tells me, where my true Love is;
 He's busie lab'ring on his flowry * banks,
 * Inspiring sweetnesse, and * receiving thanks,
 Watring those plants, whose tender roots are * dry,
 And pruning such, whose Crests aspire * too high,
 Transplanting, grafting, reaping fruits from some,
 And covering others, that are * newly come.

* *Congregation of the faithfull.* * *Giving graces.* * *Receiving glory.* * *Despairing soules.* * *Not yet thoroughly humbled.* * *Strengthening the weak in spirit.*

2.

WHAT if the frailty of my feebler part,
 Lockt up the Portalls of my drowlic heart?

He knowes the weaknesse of the flesh incumbers
 His unwilling spirit, with sense²-bereaving slumbers,
 His hopes assure me, in despite of this,
 That my Beloyed's mine, and I am his:
 His hopes are firme (which time shall ne're remove)
 That Hee is mine, by Faith; I, His, by loue.

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XX.

Thy timely grieffe, (my teares-baptized Love)
 Compels mine ears to heare; thy teares, to move;
 Thy blubber'd beauty, to mine eye appears
 More bright then 'twas: Such is the strength of
 Beautie, and Terror, meeting in thine eye, (teares:
 Have made thy face the Throne of Majestie,
 Whose awfull beames, the proudest heart will move
 To love for feare, untill it feare for love.

The force of Repentance.

2.

Repress those flames, that furnace from thine
 They ravish with too bright a Tyranny; (eye,
 Thy fires are too too fierce: O turne them from me
 They pierce my soule, & with their rayes o'recome
 Thy curious * Tressies dangle, all unbound (me.
 With unaffected order, to the ground;
 How orient is thy beautie! How divine!
 How darke's the glory of the earth, to Thine!

3. Thy

3.
THy Ivory * Teeth in whitenesse doe out-goe
 The downe of Swans, or Winters driven snowe,
 Whose even proportions lively represent
 Th'harmonious Musicke of unite consent,
 Whose perfect whitenesse, Time could never blot,
 Nor Age (the envious Worme of Ruine) rot :
 How orient is thy beauty ! How divine !
 How darke's the glorie of the earth, to thine !
** Sincere Ministers.*

4.
THy * Temples, are the Temples of chaste love,
 Where beauty sacrific'd her milke-white Dove,
 Vpon whose Azure pathes, are alwayes found
 The heaven-borne Graces dauncing in a round:
 Thy maiden * Blushes gently doe proclame
 A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
 How orient is thy beauty ! How divine !
 How darke's the glory of the earth, to thine !
** Thy visible parts. * Modestie, and Zeale.*

5.
You, you brave spirits, whose emperiall hand
 Enforces, what your lookes cannot command,
 Bring forth your pamper'd Queenes, the lustfull
 And curious wrecks of your imperious eyes; (prize
 Surround the Circle of the earth, and levie
 The fairest Virgins in loves fairest bevie,
 Then take from each, to make one perfect Grace,
 Yet would my Love out-shine that borrow'd face,

I thou

6.

Thou art she, corivalld with no other,
 Thou glorious Daughter of thy glorious Mother
 The new *Ierusalem*, whose virgin-birth
 Shall deifie the * Virgins of the earth:
 The virgins of the earth have seene thy beautie,
 And stood amaz'd, and in a prostrate dutie
 Have sued to kisse thy hand, making thine eyes
 Their Lamps to light them, til the Bridegroom rise.
**The pure in heart.*

7.

HAрке, how the virgins hallow'd with thy fire,
 And wonder-smitten with thy beames, admire.
 Who, who is this (say they) whose cheekes resemble
Asura's blush, whose eye heavens lights dissemble?
 Whose face is brighter then the silent Lampe
 That lights the earth, to breathe her nightly damp;
 Upon whose brow sits dreadfull Majestic,
 The frowne whercof commands a victorie.

8.

FAire Bride, why was thy troubled soule dejected
 When I was absent? was my faith suspected,
 Which I so firmly plighte? Couldst thou thinke
 My love could shake, or such a Vow could shrink?
 I did but walke among my tender Plants,
 To smell their Odours, and supply their wants,
 To see my Stockes, so lately gristed, sprout,
 Or if my vines began to burgen out.

9. Though

9.

THough gone was I, * my heart was in thy brea
 Although to thee (perchance) an unknown gae
 *Twas that, that gave such wings to thy desire,
 T'enjoy thy love, and set thy soule on fire;
 But my returne was quicke, and with a mind
 More nimble (yet more constant) then the wind,
 I came; and as the winged shaft doth flie
 With undiscerned speed; Even so did I.
 * *My Spirit.*

10.

Returne, (O then returne) thou child of Peace
 To thy first joyes, O let thy reares surcease;
 Returne thee to thy Love; let not the * night
 With flatt'ring * slumbers, tempt thy true delight
 Returne thee to my bosome, let my brest
 Bee still thy Tent; Take there eternall rest;
 Returne, O Thou, in whose enchanted eye,
 Arc Darts enough, to make an army flye.
 * *Securitie.* * *Worldly pleasures.*

11.

FAire Daughter of the highest King, how sweet
 Are th'unaffected graces of thy * Feet!
 From every step, true Majestie doth spring,
 Fitting the Daughter of so high a King:
 Thy Waist is circled with a * Virgin Zone,
 Imbellisht round with many a precious * Stone,
 * *Thy wages.* * *The girdle of Truth.* * *The precious*
of the Spirit.

Where

wherein the curious Workman did fulfill
the utmost glory of his Diviner skill.

12.

Thy * Navell, where thy holy Embrion doth
Receive sweet nourishment, and heavenly
like a Crytal spring, whose fresh supply (growth
Of living waters, Sunne, nor Drought can dry:
Thy * fruitfull Wombe is like a winnow'd heape
Of purest graine, which heav'ns blest hand did reape,
With Lillies fenc'd: True Embleme of rare treasure
Whose graine denotes increase; whose Lillies, plea-
(sure.

whereby there is a receipt of *spirituall conceptions.*
* Increase of the faithfull;

13.

Thy dainty * Brests, are like faire Twins, both
In equall Majestie; in hue excelling (swelling
The new-falne snow upon th'untrodde mountains,
From whence there flowes, as from exub'rous foun-
tains Rivers of heavenly Nectar, to allay
The holy thirst of Soules: Thrice happy they,
And more then thrice, whose blest affections bring
Their thirstie palats to so sweet a Spring.

* The Old and New Testament.

14.

Thy * Necke doth represent an Ivory Tower,
In perfect purenesse, and munitied power,
* Magistrates.

Thine

Thine * Eyes (like pooles at a frequented gate
 For every commer, to draw water at)
 Are common treasures, and like christall glasses,
 Showes each his lively visage, as he passles.
 Thy * Nose, the curious Organ of thy Sent,
 Wants nothing more, for use, for ornament.
 * Teachers. * Glorious in all parts.

15.

Thy * Tyres of gold (inricht with glorious gems
 Rare Diamonds, and princely Diadems)
 Adorne thy browes, and with their native worth
 Advance thy glory, and set thy beauty forth;
 So perfect are thy Graces, so divine,
 And full of heaven, are those faire lookes of thine,
 That I'm inflamed with the double fire
 Of thy full beauty, and my fierce desire.
 * The Ceremonies of the Church.

16.

O Sacred Simetrie ! O rare connexion
 Of many Perfects, to make one Perfection !
 O heavenly Musicke, where all parts do meet
 In one sweet straine, to make one perfect Sweet !
 O glorious Members, whose each severall feature
 Divine, compose so, so divine a Creature !
 Faire soule, as all thy parts united be
 Entire, so summ'd are all my joyes in thee.

17. Thy

17.

THy curious Fabricke, and erected stature
Is like the generous Palme, whose lofty nature
In spight of envious violence, will aspire,
When most suppress, the more it mounts the higher:
Thy lovely Brests, (whose beauty reinuites
My oft remembrance to her oft delights)
Are like the swelling Clusters of the vine;
So full of sweetnesse are those brests of thine.

18.

ARt thou my Palme? My busie hand shall nourish
Thy fruitfull roots, & make thy braches flourish:
Art thou my Vine? my skilfull arme shall dresse
Thy * dying Plants, my living springs shall blesse
Thy * infant Buds; my blasting breath shall quell
* Presumptuous weeds, & make thy Clusters swell;
And all that love thee, shall attaine the favour
To taste thy sweetnesse, and to smell thy savour.
** Dispaireing soules. * Yong Converts. * Opposers of the
Truth.*

19.

THose Oracles that from thy lippes proceed,
With sweet Evangelis, shall delight and feed
Th' attentive eare, and like the Trumpets voyce
Amaze faint hearts, but make brave spirits rejoyce:
Thy breath, whose Dialect is most Divine, (shine;
Incends quicke flames, where ember'd sparkes but
strikes the Pleadere Rhet'ricke with derision,
And makes the dullest Soule a Rhetorician.

X

BRIDE.

BRIDE.

SONET XXI.

MY faith, not merits, hath assur'd thee, mine;
 Thy Love, not my desert hath made me, thine;
 Vnworthy I, whose drowfie soule rejected
 Thy precious favours, and (secure) neglected
 Thy glorious presence, how am I become
 A Bride besitting so diuine a Groome !
 It is no merit, no desert of mine,
 Thy love, thy love alone, hath made me thine.

2.

Since then the bountie of thy deare election
 Hath styl'd me thine, & let the sweet reflection
 Of thy illustrious beames, my soule inspire,
 And with thy Spirit, inflame my hot desire;
 Vnite our soules; O let thy Spirit rest
 And make perpetuall home within my brest;
 Instruct me so, that I may gaine the skill,
 To suite my service to thy sacred will.

3.

Come, come (my soules preserver) thou that art
 Th' united joyes of my united heart,
 Come, let us visit, with the morning light,
 Our prosp'rous * Vines; with mutuall delight
 Let's view those Grapes, whose clusters being * pruned
 Shall make rich wines, to serve our Mariage feast,
 That by the thriving plants it may appeare,
 Our joyes-perfecting Marriage draweth noere.

* Congregation of the faithfull. * By affliction.

4. Behold

4.

Behold, my * new disclosed Flowres present
 Before thy gates, their tributary sent;
 Reserve themselves for Garlands, that they may
 Adorne the Bridegroom, on his Mariage day:
 My * Garden's full of * Trees, and every Tree
 Laden with * Fruit, which I devote to thee;
 Eternall joyes betide that happy guest,
 That tastes the dainties of the Bridegroomes feast.
 * Young Converts. * Assemblies. * Faithfull. * Faith
 and good works.

5.

O Would to God mine eyes (these fainting eyes,
 Whose eager appetite could ne're devise
 A dearer object) might but once behold
 My Love (as I am) clad in fleshly mold,
 That each may corporally converse with other,
 As friend with friend; as sister with her brother,
 O how mine eyes could welcome such a sight!
 How would my soule dissolye with o're-delight!

* 6.

Then should this hand conduct my fairest Spouse,
 To taste a banquet at my mothers * house;
 Our fruitfull Garden should present thine eyes
 With sweet delights; her trees should sacrifice
 Their early fruits to thee, our tender Vine
 Should cheare thy palate with her unprest wine;
 * The universall Church.

X 2

Thy

Thy hand should teach my living Plants to thrive
And such, as are a dying, to revive.

7.

Then should my Soule enjoy within this brest,
A holy Sabbath of eternall Rest ;
Then should my cause that suffers through despight
Of Errour, and rude Ignorance, have right ;
Then should these * streames, whose tides so oft
Be ebb'd away, from my suffused eyes ;
Then should my spirits, fill'd with heavenly mirth
Triumph o're Hell, and finde a Heaven on Earth.

* *Tears and sorrowes.*

8.

ALL you, that with the bountifull encrease
Of dearest pleasures, and divineſt peace,
I charge you all (if ought my charge may move
Your tender hearts) * not to disturbe my Love ;
Vexe not his gentle Spirit, nor bereave
Him of his joyes, that is so apt to grieve ;
Dare not to breake his quiet slumbers, lest
You rouse a raging Lyon from his rest.

* *Not to vex and grieve his holy Spirit.*

9.

WHoe ever lov'd, that ever lov'd as I,
That for his sake renounce my selfe, deny
The worlds best joyes, and have the world forgone
Who ever lov'd so deare, as I have done ?

sought my Love, and found him * lowly laid
Beneath the tree of Love, in whose sweet shade
He rested; there his eye sent forth the fire,
That first enflam'd my amorous desire.

* In humility.

10.

MY dearest Spouse, O scale me on thy heart
So sure, that envious Earth may never part
Our joynd soules; let not the world remove
My chaste desires, from so choice a Love;
For, O, my love's not sleight, her flames are serious
Was never Death so powerfull, so imperious.
My jealous zeale is a consuming fire,
That burns my soule, through feare & fierce desire.

11.

(great,

Fires may be quencht; and flames, though ne'r so
With many drops shal faint, and lose their heat:
But these quick fires of love, the more suppress,
The more they flame in my inflamed brest;
How darke is Honour! how obscure and dim
Is earths bright glory, but compar'd with Him!
How soule is Beauty! what a toyle is Pleasure!
How poore is Wealth! how base a thing is Treasure!

12.

Have a * Sister, which by thy divine (thine)
And bounteous Grace, our Marriage shall make
He is mine owne, mine onely sister, whom
My mother bare, the youngest of her wombe:

* The Church of the Gentiles then uncalled.

X 3

She's

Shee's yet a * childe, her beauty may improve,
 Her breſts are ſmall, and yet too greene for love;
 When time and yeares ſhall adde perfection to her,
 Say (deareſt Love) what honour wilt thou do her?
 * *Recall'd to the truth.*

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XXII.

IF ſhe be faire, and with her beauty, prove
 As chafte, as loyall to her virgin-Love,
 As thou haſt beene, then in that high degree
 Ile honour her, as I have honour'd thee:
 Be ſhe as conſtant to her Veſtall vow,
 And true to her devoted faith, as thou,
 Ile crowne her head, and fill her hand with power,
 And give a Kingdome to her for a dower.

BRIDE.

SONET XXIII.

WHen time ſhall ripen theſe her greene deſires,
 And holy Love ſhall breathe her heavenly fires
 Into her virgin-breſt, her heart ſhall be
 As true to love, as I am true to thee:
 O, when thy boundleſſe bountie ſhall conjoyne
 Her equall-glorious Maieſty, with mine,
 My joyes are perfect; then, in ſacred bands
 Wedlocke ſhall couple our eſpouſed hands.

BRIDE

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XXIII.

I Am thy Gard'ner, Thou my fruitfull Vine,
 Whose rip'ned clusters swell with richest Wine;
 The Vines of *Solomon* were not so faire,
 His Grapes were not so pretious, as thine are;
 His Vines were subject to the vulgar will
 Of hired hands, and mercenary skill;
 Corrupted Carles were merrie with his Vines,
 And at a price, returnd their barter'd wines.

2.

But mine's a Vineyard, which no ruder hand
 Shall touch, subjected to my sole command;
 My selfe, with this laborious arme, will dresse it,
 My presence with a busie eye shall blesse it;
 O Princely *Solomon*, thy thriving Vine
 Is not so faire, so bountifull as mine;
 Thy greedy sharers clame an earned hire,
 But mine's reserv'd, and to my selfe entire.

3.

O Thou, that dwellest* where th' eternall fame
 Of my renowne so glorifies my name,
 Illustrious Bride, in whose celestiall tongue,
 Are sacred Spels t'enchante the ruder throng;
 O let thy lips, like a perpetuall story
 Divulge my graces, and declare my glory;
 * In the great Congregation.

X 4

Dire&

Direct those hearts, that Errour leads astray,
 Dissolve the *Waxe, but make obdure the *Clay.
 * The penitent. * The presumptuous.

BRIDE.

SONET XXV.

Most glorious Love, and honourable Lord,
 My heart's the vowed servant of thy Word,
 But I am weake, and as a tender Vine,
 Shall fall, unpropt by that deare hand of thine;
 Assist me therefore, that I may fulfill
 What thou commandst, and then command thy will
 O leave thy sacred Spirit in my brest,
 As earnest of an everlasting Rest.

The end.

SIONS
ELEGIES.

VVept

BY *FEREMIE*
THE PROPHET.

And

PERIPHRAST

By

FRA: QVARES.

LONDON,
Printed by MILES FLESHAR.
1630.

2



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To the R E A D E R.

IF the ruines of Troy, Rome, Thebes, or Carthage have been thought a subject, worthy the imployment of more serious Penues, to entaile the remembrance thereof to Posteritie, how much more worthy the paines of a livelyer pen then mine, is this ancient, most true, and never enough to bee lamented desolation, and Captivitie of Ierusalem; Ierusalem, the holy City of G O D; Ierusalem, the type of the Catholike Church?

After eightene moneths siege, in the eleventh yeere of Zedekiah, the ninth day of the fourth moneth, (which was the eighteenth yeere of Nebucadonozor over Babylon) the Princes of Babylon surprized and tooke this brave Citie of Ierusalem: presently after which, Nabuzaradan the Generall of the Babylonian Armie commanded by Nebucadonozor) spoyled the Temple, caried away the Vessells of Gold and Silver, that were consecrated to Gods service, and the great Levay given by King Salomon, and burned the Temple, the first day of the next moneth, which
was

was one and twentie daies after the surprizall: 470. yeeres sixe moneths, and ten dayes after the foundation thereof; 1062. yeeres, sixe moneths, ten daies after the departure of the people out of Egypt: 1950. yeeres, sixe moneths, ten daies after the Deluge: and 3513. yeeres, sixe moneths, tenne daies after the Creation of Adam. Thus, and then, was this Citie of Ierusalem taken, and for seventie yeeres, remained the Iewes in this Captivitie: And this, in Briefe, is the generall occasion why, and the time when these Lamentations were composed. Reader, I tender to thy consideration, two things: First, the Penman: Secondly, the Art and Methode of this Threnodia. As for the first. It was penned by Ieremie the Prophet, the sonne of Hilkiah, a Priest: and undoubtedly endighted by the Spirit of God; some thinke it was written, when the Prophet was in prison: others, when he was with Godoliah at Malpath: but whether at the one place or at the other, it is not much materiall to discourse.

Secondly, as touching the Art and Methode, it is short and concise, as being most naturall to so lamentable a subject. Cicero sayes, Lamentationes debent esse concisæ, & breves, quia cito lachryma exarescit, & difficile est, audire

tores

tores aut letores, in illo affectu summæ commiserationis, diu tenere. The Method is truly elegant, not bound to any ordinary set forme, but wildly depending upon the sudden subject, that new griefes present; and indeed the deepest sorrows can not be, but distracted from all rules of method, the neglect of which, is veniall in such ejaculations as these, as which, in all the Scriptures, there is none so copious, none so ardent; concerning which Gregorie Nazianzene confesse, Threnos Ieremiæ nunquam à se siccis oculis lectos esse. Yet some thinke there is a Methode kept, but too fine and intricate, for our grosse apprehensions: touching this point, Saint Ambrose lib. 8. Epist. ad Iust. saies, Demus, eas secundum artem non scripsisse, at certè secundum gratiam scripsisse fatendum est, quæ omnem artem longè superat, and with this, I rest.

You shall observe, that the foure first Chapters of these Lamentations cary a striët order, in the Originall, for every Verse throughout every Chapter begins with a severall letter of the Hebrew Alphabet, except the third Chapter, wherein the first and every third Verse onely is tyed to a Letter, and continues the Alphabet through, which forme the Prophet used, partly for Eloquence, partly for Memory sake, meaning either literally thus, that it ought to be perfect as the

Alphabet, in Memorie, or Hieroglyphically thus, that as the Alphabet is the Radix of all words, so the miseries of the Iewes, were the combination of all miseries.

For the same Causes, I likewise here in my Periphrase, have observed the same forme, and continue the Alphabet in English, as the Prophet did in the Hebrew, desirous to bee his shadow, as much as I can.

It appeares by the strictnesse of the order, that these Lamentations were Originally writ in verse, and as some thinke in Sapphicks, but many of our learned Neotericks deny, that any writings of the Iewes carie, now, any direct or certaine Lawes of Poetrie, though (they confesse) some ruinous Accents, here and there discovered, makes them imagine, they writ some things in verse; but now, it seemes that Goa, in dispersing them, hath likewise dissolved, and stricke dumb their musicks. Farewell.

TO

Rev
Tho

TO
THE TRUE
THEANTHROPOS,
Iesus Christ,

THE SAVIOUR OF THE
WORLD:

His Servant implores
his favourable assistance.

TO **T**HOU Alpha and Omega, before whom,
Things past & present, & things, yet to come,
Are all alike; O, prosper my designs,
And let thy spirit enrich my feeble lines;
Revive my passion; let mine eye behold
Those sorrowes present, which were wept of old:
Strike

Strike sad my Soule, and give my pen, the art
 To move, and Me, an understanding heart.
 O, let the Accent of each word, make knowne,
 I mixe the Teares of *Sion*, with mine owne:
 Preserve all such, as beare true hearts to *Sion*;
 We are thy *Lambes*, O, be thou still our *Lion*.

SIONS

ELEGIES.

Threnodia I.

ELEG. 1.

AH griefe of Times! Ah, fable times of Griefe,
 Whose torments find a voice, but no reliefe!
 Are these the buildings? These the towers & state,
 That all th' amazed Earth stood wondring at?
 Is this that Citie, whose eternall Glorie,
 Could find no period, for her endlesse storie?
 And is she come to this? Her Buildings raz'd?
 Her Towers burnt? Her Glory thus defac'd?
 O sudden Change! O world of Alterations!
 Shee, she that was the Prince, the Queen of Nations
 See, how she lyes, of strength, of all, bereiv'd,
 Now paying Tribute, which she once receiv'd.

ELEG. 2.

BEhold! her eyes, those glorious eyes, that were
 Like two faire Suns, in one celestiaall Sphere,
 Whose radiant beames did, once, reflect so bright,
 Are now eclipsed, and have lost their light,

Y

And

And seeme like Ilands, about which appears
 A troubled Ocean, with a Tide of Teares;
 Her servant Cities (that were once at hand,
 And bow'd their servile necks to her command,)
 Stand all aloofe, as strangers to her mone,
 And give her leave, to spend her teares alone;
 Her neighbours flatter, with a false reliefe,
 And with a kisse, betray her to her griefe.

ELEG. 3.

Compass around with Seas of briny teares,
Judas laments, distraught with double feares;
 Even as the fearfull Partridge, to excuse her
 From the fierce Gos-hawke, that too close pursues
 Falls in a Coverr, and her selfe doth cover (her,
 From her unequal Foe, that sits above her:
 Meane while, the treason of her quicke Retrivers,
 Discovers novell dangers, and delivers
 Her to a second feare, whose double fright
 Finds safety, nor in staying, nor in flight;
 Even so is *Judas* vext, with change of woes,
 Betwixt her home-bred, and her forreine Foes.

ELEG. 4.

Did not these sacred Cawties, that are leading
 To *Sion*, late seeme pay'd, with often treading?
 Now secret Dens, for lurking Thieves to meet,
 Unprest, unlesse with sacrilegious feet;
Sion the Temple of the highest God,
 Stands desolate, her holy steps untrod;

Her

Her Altars are defac'd, her Virgin fires
 Surcease, and with a stink, her snuffe expires; (cries,
 Her Priests have chang'd their Hymnes to sighs and
 Her Virgins weepe forth Rivers from their eyes:
 O Sion, thou that wert the childe of mirth,
 Art now the scorne, and By-word of the Earth.

ELEG. 5.

INcrease'd in power, and high Chevisance
 Of armes, thy Tyrant foemen doe advance
 Their crasty crests; He, he that was thy father, (ther
 And trownd thee once with blessings, now doth ga-
 His troops to work thy end; him, who aduanc't thee
 To be Earths queen, thy sins have bent against thee
 Strange spectacle of Griefe! Thy tender frie,
 Whom childhood taught no language, but their cry
 T'expresse their infant griefe, these, wretched these
 By force of childish teares, could not appease
 The ruthlesse sword, which deafe to all their cries,
 Did drive them Captives from their mothers cles.

ELEG. 6.

FAIRE Virgin Sion, where (ah) where are those
 Pure cheekes, wherein the Lilly, and the Rose
 So much contended lately for the place,
 Till both compounded in thy glorious face?
 How hast thou blear'd those sun-bright eies of thine
 Those beames, the royall Magazent of diuine
 And sacred Majestie, from whose pure light,
 The parblind worldlings did receive their sight;

Y 2

Thy

He

Thy fearfull Princes, leave their sencelesse towers,
 And flie like Harts, before their swift pursuers;
 Like light-foot Harts they flie, not knowing where,
 Prickt on with Famine, and distracted Feare.

ELEG. 7.

GAll'd with her griefe, *Ierusalem* recalls
 To minde her lost delights, her Festivalls,
 Her peacefull freedome, and full joyes, in vaine
 Wishing, what Earth cannot restore againe;
 Succour she sought, and begg'd, but none was there
 To give the Almes of one poore trickling teare;
 The scornfull lips of her amazed Foes,
 Deride the griefe, of her disastrous woes;
 They laugh, and lay more ample torments on her,
 Disdaine to looke, and yet they gaze upon her,
 Abuse her Altars, hate her Offerings,
 Prophane her Sabbaths, and her holy Things.

ELEG. 8.

HAdst thou (*Ierusalem*) O, had thy heart
 Beene loyall to his love, whose once thou wert,
 O, had the beames of thy unvailed eye
 Continu'd pure; had'st thou beene nice, to try
 New pleasures, thus thy Glory ne're had wasted,
 Thy Walls, till now, like thy Reproach, had lasted.
 Thy Lovers, whose false beauties did entice thee,
 Have seene thee naked, and doe now despise thee;
 Drunke with thy wanton pleasures, they are fled,
 And scorne the bountie of thy loathed bed;

Left

Left to thy guilt (the servant of thy sin)
Thou sham'st to show, what once, thou gloriedst in.

ELEG. 9.

Jerusalem is all infected over
With Leprosie, whose filth, no shade can cover,
Pust up with pride, unmindfull of her end,
See, how she lyes, devoid of helpe, or friend.
Great Lord of Lords (whose Mercy farre transcends
Thy sacred Iustice) whose full Hand attends
The cries of empty Ravens, bow down thine eares,
To wretched *Sion*, *Sion* drown'd in teares;
Thy Hand did plant her (Lord) she is thy Vine,
Confound her Foes; they are her foes, and thine:
Shew wonted favour to thy holy Hill,
Rebuild her walls, and love thy *Sion* still.

ELEG. 10.

Knees, falsely bent to *Dagon*, now defile
Her wasted Temple, rudely they dispoile
Th'abused Altars, and no hand relceves;
Her house of prayre is turn'd a Den of theeves;
Her costly Robes, her sacred treasure stands,
A willing prey to sacrilegious hands,
Her Priests are slaine, and in a lukewarme flood,
Through every Channell runs the Levits blood;
The hallowed Temple of the highest GOD,
Whose purer foot-steps, were not to be trod
With unprepared feet, before her eye,
Is turn'd a Grove, for base Idolatric.

Y 3

ELEG.

ELEG. II.

L Ingring with Death and Famine, *Iuda* b groanes,
 And to the ayre, breathes forth her ayrie moanes,
 Her fainting eyes waxe dim, her cheeks grow pale,
 Her wandring steps despaire to speed, and faile,
 She faints, and through her trembling lips, halfe
 She whispers oft the holy name of bread: (dead,
 Great G O D, let thy offended wrath surcease,
 Behold thy servants, send thy servants peace,
 Behold thy vassals, groveling on the dust;
 Be mercifull (deare GOD) as well as just;
 'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, that sent this griefe,
 'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, can send reliefe.

ELEG. 12.

MY tongu's in labour with her painfull birth,
 That finds no passage; Lord, how strange a dearth
 Of words, concomitates a world of woes!
 I neither can conceale, nor yet disclose:
 You weary Pilgrimes, you, whom change of Climes
 Have taught you change of Fortunes, and of Times
 Stay, stay your feeble steps, and cast your Eyes
 On me, the Abstract of all miseries.
 Say (Pilgrims) say, if e're your eyes beheld
 More truer Iliades; more unparalleld,
 And matelesse Evills, which my offended G O D
 Reulcerates, with his enraged Rod.

ELEG.

ELEG. 13.

NO humane power could, no envious Art
Of mortall man, could thus subject my heart,
My glowing heart, to these imperious fires:
No earthly sorrow, but at length expires;
But these my Tyrant-torments doe extend
To Infinites, nor having ease, nor end;
Loe, I the Pris'ner of the highest G O D,
Inthralled to the vengeance of his Rod,
Lie bound in fetters, that I cannot flie,
Nor yet endure his deadly strokes, nor die:
My joyes are turn'd to sorrowes, backt with feares,
And I (poore I) lie pickled up in teares.

ELEG. 14.

O! How unsufferable is the waight
Of sinne! How miserable is their state,
The silence of whose secret sinne conceales
The smart, till Iustice to Revenge appeales!
How ponderous are my crimes, whose ample scroul
Weighs downe the pillars of my broken Soule!
Their sower, masqu'd with sweetnes, overswai'd me
And with their smiling kisses, they betrai'd me,
Betrai'd me to my Foes, and what is worse,
Betrai'd me to my false, and heavens curse,
Betrai'd my soule to an eternall griefe,
Devoid of hope, for e're to finde reliefe.

ELEG. 15.

Perplext with change of woes, where e're I turne
 My fainting eyes, they finde fresh cause to mourne;
 My griefes move like the Planets, which appeare
 Chang'd from their places, constāt to their sphere
 Behold, the Earth-confounding arme of heaven,
 Hath cow'd my valiant Captaines, and hath driven
 Their scattered forces up and downe the street,
 Like worried sheepe, afraid of all they meet;
 My yonger men, the seed of propagation,
 Exile hath driven from my divided Nation;
 My tender Virgins have not stay'd their rage,
 Which neither had respect to youth, nor age.

ELEG. 16.

Quick change of torments! equall to those crimes,
 Which past unthought-of, in my prosp'rous times
 From hence proceed my griefes, (ah me) frō hence,
 My Spring-tyde sorrowes have their influence;
 For these, my soule dissolves, my eyes lament,
 Spending those teares, whose store wil nere be spent;
 For these, my fainting spirits droope, and melt
 In anguish, such as never Mortall felt;
 Within the selfe-same flames, I freeze, and fric,
 I roare for helpe, and yet no helpe is nigh;
 My sons are lost, whose fortunes would relieve me,
 And onely such triumph, that hourly grieve me.

ELEG.

ELEG. 17.

REnt from the glory of her lost renowne,
 Sion laments; Her lips (her lips o'reflowne
 With floods of teares) she prompteth how to break
 New languages, instructs her tongue to speake
 Elegious Dialects; She lowly bends
 Her dusty knees upon the earth, extends
 Her brawnlesse armes to them, whose ruthlesse eyes
 Are red, with laughing at her miseries;
 Naked she lyes, deform'd, and circumvented
 With troopes of feares, unpitied, unlamented,
 A loathsome draine for filth, despis'd, forlorne;
 The scorne of Nations, and the Childe of scorne.

ELEG. 18. .

Sowre wages issue from the sweets of sin,
 Heavens hand is just, this trecherous heart hath bin
 The author of my woes: 'Tis I alone;
 My sorrowes reap, what my soule sins have sowne;
 Often they cry'd to Heaven, e're Heaven reply'd,
 And vengeance ne'r had come, had they ne'r cry'd;
 All you that passe, vouchsafe your gracious cares,
 To heare these cries; your eyes, to view these tears;
 They are no heat-drops of an angry heart,
 Or childish passions of an idle smart,
 But they are Rivers, springing from an eye,
 Whose streams, no joy can stop, no griefe draw dry.

ELEG.

ELEG. 19.

TUrne where I list, new cause of woe presents
 My poore distracted soule with new laments;
 Where shall I turne? shall I implore my friends?
 Ah! summer friendship, with the Summer ends;
 In vaine to them my grones, in vaine my teares,
 For harvest friends can finde no winter cares;
 Or shall I call my sacred Priests for aid?
 Alas! my pined Priests are all betraid
 To Death, and Famine; in the streets they cryed
 For bread, & whilst they sought for bread, they died
 Vengeance could never strike so hard a blow,
 As when she sends an unlamented woe.

• ELEG. 20.

Vouchsafe (great God) to turne thy tender eyes
 On me poore wretch: Oh, let my midnight cryes
 (That never cease, if never stopt with teares)
 Præcuer audience from thy gracious cares;
 Behold thy creature, made by change of griefe,
 The barest wretch, that ever beg'd reliefe;
 See, see, my soule is tortur'd on thy rack,
 My bowels tremble, and my heart-strings crack;
 Abroad, the sword with open ruine frights me;
 At home, the secret hand of Famine smites me,
 Strange fires of griefe! How is my soule oppress'd,
 That findes abroad, no peace, at home, no rest!

ELEG.

ELEG. 21.

WHere, where art thou, *ô* sacred *Lamb* of peace,
 That promis'd to the heavie laden, ease?
 Thee, thee alone, my often bended knee
 Invokes, that have no other helpe, but Thee;
 My foes (amazed at my hoarse complaining)
 Scoffe at my oft repeated cries, disdaing
 To lend their prosp'rous hand, they hiss and smile,
 Taking a pleasure to behold my spoile:
 Their hands delight to bruize my broken reeds,
 And still persist, to prick that heart that bleeds;
 But there's a Day (if Prophets can divine)
 Shal scourge their sins, as they have scourged mine.

ELEG. 22.

You noysome weeds, that lift your crests so high,
 When better plants, for want of moisture, dye?
 Thinke you to flourish ever? and (unspide)
 To shoot the flowers of your fruitlesse pride?
 If Plants be cropt, because their fruits are small,
 Thinke you to thrive, that beare no fruit at all?
 Look down (great God) and from their places teare
 These weeds, that suck the juice, shold make us bear
 Vndew'd with showers, let them see no Sun,
 But feel those frosts, that thy poor plants have done.
 O, cleanse thy Garden, that the world may know
 We are the Seeds, that thy right Hand did sow.

Threnodia

Threnodia II.

ELEG. I.

ALas! my torments, my distracted feares
 Have no commerce with reasonable teares:
 How hath Heavens absence darkned the renowne
 Of *Sions* glory! with one angry frowne,
 How hath th' Almighty clouded those bright beams
 And chang'd her beauties streamers, into streames!
Sion, the glory of whose refulgent Fame
 Gave Earnest of an everlasting name,
 Is now become an indigested Masse,
 And ruine is, where that brave glory was:
 How hath heaven struck her earth-admired name
 From th' height of honour, to the depth of shame!

ELEG. 2.

BEauty, nor strength of building could entice,
 Or force Revenge from her just enterprife;
 Mercy hath stopt her eares, and Iustice hath
 Powr'd out full vialls of her kindled wrath;
 Impatient of delay, she hath struck downe
 The pride of *Sion*, kickt off *Judas*' Crowne;
 Her streets unpeopled, and disperst her powres,
 And with the ground hath levell'd her high towres
 Her Priests are slaine, her captiv'd Princes are
 Vnransom'd pris'ners; Slaves, her men of war;
 Nothing remaines of all her wonted glory,
 But sad memorialls of her tragicke story.

ELEG.

ELEG. 3.

Confused horror, and confounding shame,
 Have blurt'd the beauty, and renowned name
 Of righteous *Israel*; *Israels* fruitfull land,
 Entail'd by Heaven, with the usurping hand
 Of uncontrolled Gentiles, is laid waste,
 And with the spoile of ruine is defac't;
 The angry mouth of Iustice blowes the fires
 Of hasty Vengeance, whose quick flame aspires,
 With fury, to that place, which heaven did sever,
 For *Jacob*, and his holy Seed, for ever;
 No part, no secret angle of the Land,
 Which beares no marke of Heavens enraged hand.

ELEG. 4.

DArts, thrild from heavē, transfix my bleeding hart
 And fill my soule with everlasting smart,
 Whose festring wound, no fortune can recure;
 Th' Almighty strikes but seldome, but strikes sure;
 His sinowy arme hath drawne his steely bow,
 And sent his forked shafts to overthrow
 My pined Princes, and to ruinate
 The weakned Pillars, of my wounded State;
 His hand hath scourg'd my deare delights, acquitted
 My soule, of all, wherein my soule delighted;
 I am the mirrour of unmasked sin,
 To see her (dearly purchas'd) pleasures in.

ELEG.

ELEG. 5.

EVEN as the Pilot, whose sharpe Keele divides
 Th'encountring waves of the *Cicilian* Tides,
 Toft on the lifts of Death, striving to scape
 The danger of deepe mouth'd *Charybdis* rape,
 Rebuts on *Scylla*, with a forc'd careere,
 And wrecks upon a lesse suspected feare;
 Even so poore I, contriving to withstand
 My Foemans, fall into th'Almighties hand;
 So I, the Childe of ruine, to avoid
 Lesse dangers, by a greater am destroy'd:
 How necessary, Ah! How sharp's his end,
 That neither hath his God, nor Man, to friend!

ELEG. 6.

Forgotten *Sion* hangs her drooping head,
 Vpon her fainting brest; Her soule is fed (her
 With endlesse grieve, whose torments had depriv'd
 Long since, of life, had not new paines reviv'd her;
Sion is like a Garden, whose defence
 Being broke, is left to the rude violence
 Of wastefull Swine, full of neglected waste,
 Nor having flowre for smell, nor herbe for taste;
 Heaven takes no pleasure in her holy Feasts,
 Her idle Sabbaths, or burnt fat of beasts;
 Both State and Temple are despoil'd, and fleec't
 Of all their beaury; without Prince, or Priest.

ELEG.

ELEG. 7.

Glory, that once did Heavens bright Temple fill,
Is now departed from that sacred Hill;
See, how the empty Altar stands disguis'd,
Abus'd by Gentiles, and by Heaven despis'd;
That place, wherein the holy One hath taken
So sweet delight, lyes loathed, and forsaken;
That sacred place, wherein the pretious Name
Of great *Jehovah* was preserv'd, the same
Is turn'd a Den for Theeves; an open stage
For vice to act on; a defiled Cage
Of uncleane birds; a house of priviledge
For sin, and uncontrolled sacriledge.

ELEG. 8.

Heaven hath decreed; his angry brest doth boile,
His time's expired, and he's arm'd to spoile;
His secret Will adjourn'd the righteous doome
Of threatned *Sion*, and her time is come;
His hand is arm'd with thunder, from his eyes
A flame, more quicke than sulphurous *Ætna*, flies;
Sion must fall; That hand which hath begun,
Can never rest, till the full worke be done;
Her walls are sunke, her Towres are overthrowne,
Heaven will not leave a stone upon a stone;
Hence, hence the floods of roting *Iudab* rise,
Hence *Sion* fills the Cisternes of her eyes.

ELEG.

ELEG. 9.

Joy is departed from the holy Gates
 Of deare *Ierusalem*, and peace retraits
 From wasted *Sion*; her high walls, that were
 An armed-proofe against the brunt of feare,
 Are shrunk, for shame, if not withdrawne, for pity
 To see the ruinaes of so brave a City;
 Her Kings, and out-law'd Princes live constrain'd
 Hourely to heare the name of Heaven profan'd;
 Manners and Lawes, the life of government
 Are sent into eternall banishment;
 Her Prophets cease to dreame; they vow, unheard
 They howle to heaven, but heaven gives no regard.

ELEG. 10.

King, Priest, and People; all alike are clad
 In weeds of Sack-cloth, taken from the sad
 Wardrobe of sorrow; prostrate on the earth,
 They close their lips, their lips estrang'd to mirth;
 Silent they sit, for dearth of speech affords
 A sharper Accent, for true griefe, than words:
 The Father wants a Son; the Son, a Mother;
 The bride, her groom; the brother wats his brother;
 Some, Fanine; Exile, some; and some, the sword
 Hath flaine; All want, when *Sion* wants her Lord:
 How art thou all in all! There's nothing scant
 (Great God) with thee; without thee, all things
 want.

ELEG.

ELEG. II.

LAunch forth, my soule, into a sea of teares,
 Whose ballac'd bulke, no other Pilot steares,
 Then raging sorrow, whose uncertaine hand,
 Wanting her Compasse, strikes on every sand;
 Driven with a storme of sighes, she seeks the Haven
 Of rest, but like to *Noahs* wandring Raven,
 She scowres the Maine; and, as a Sea-lost Rover,
 She roames, but can no land of peace discover:
 Mine eyes are faint with teares; tears have no end;
 The more are spent, the more remaine to spend:
 What Marble (ah) what Adamantine eye,
 Can looke on *Sions* ruine, and not cry?

ELEG. 12.

MY tongue & the tongue of Angels, are too faint
 T'expresse the causes of my just complaint;
 See, how the pale-fac'd sucklings roare for food,
 And from their milkles mothers breasts, draw blood:
 Children surcease their serious toyes, and plead
 With trickling teares, Ah mothers, give us bread;
 Such goodly Barnes, and not one graine of corne,
 Why did the sword escape's? why were we borne
 To be devour'd and pin'd with famine? save us
 With quicke reliefe, or take the lives, you gave us:
 They cryde for bread, that scarce had breath to cry,
 And wanting means to live, found means to dye.

Z

ELEG.

ELEG. 13.

NEver, ah! never yet, did vengeance brand
 A State, with deeper ruine, than thy Land;
 Deare *Sion*; how could mischief be more keene,
 Or struck thy glory with a sharper spleene?
 Whereto (*ierusalem*) to what shall I
 Compare this thy unequall'd misery?
 Turne backe to ages past; Search deepe Records:
 Theirs are, thine cannot be exprest in words:
 Would, would to God, my lives cheape price might
 Esteem'd of value, but to ransom thee; (be
 Would I could cure thy griefe; but who is able
 To heale that wound, that is immedicable?

ELEG. 14.

O*Sion*, had thy prosperous soule endur'd
 Thy Prophets scourge, thy joyes had bin secur'd;
 But thou (ah thou) hast lent thine itching eare
 To such as claw'd, and onely such, wouldst heare;
 Thy Prophets, 'nointed with unhallow'd oyle,
 Rubd, where they should have launcht, and did be-
 Thy abused faith, their fawning lips did cry (guile
 Peace, peace, alas, when there was no peace nigh;
 They quilted silken curtaines for thy crimes,
 Belyde thy God, and onely pleas'd the times:
 Deare *Sion*, oh; hadst thou but had the skill
 To stop thine cares, thou hadst beene *Sion* still;

ELEG.

ELEG. 15.

People, that travell through thy wasted Land,
 Gaze on thy ruines, and amazed stand,
 They shake their spleenfull heads, disdain, deride
 The sudden downfall of so faire a pride;
 They clap their joyfull hands, & fill their tongues
 With hisses, ballads, and with Lyrick songs;
 Her torments give their empty lips new matter,
 And, with their scornfull fingers, point they at her;
 Is this (say they) that place, whose wonted fame
 Made troubled Earth to tremble at her name?
 Is this that State? are these those goodly Stations?
 Is this that Mistris, and that Queene of Nations?

ELEG. 16.

Quencht are the dying Embers of Compassion;
 For empty sorrow findes no lamentation;
 When as thy Harvest flourish't with full eares,
 Thy sleightest griefe brought in a Tide of teares;
 But now, alas! thy Crop consum'd, and gon,
 Thou art but food, for beasts to trample on;
 Thy servants glory in thy ruine, those
 That were thy private friends, are publike foes;
 Thus, thus (say they) we spit our rankrous spleene,
 And gnash our teeth upon the worlds faire Queen;
 Thrice welcome this (this long expected) day,
 That crownes our conquest, with so sweet a prey.

ELEG. 17.

REbellious *Judah*! Could thy flattering Crimes
Secure thee from the danger of the times?
Or did thy summer Prophets ere forefay
These evils, or warn'd thee of a winters day?
Did not those sweet-lipt Oracles beguile
Thy wanton cares, with newes of Wine, and Oile?
But Heaven is just; what his deepe Counsell wild,
His Prophets told, and Iustice hath fulfill'd;
He hath destroy'd; no secret place so voyd,
No Fort so sure, that Heaven hath not destroy'd:
Thou Land of *Judah*! How's thy sacred Throne
Become a Stage, for Heath'n, to trample on!

ELEG. 18.

SEe, see, th' accursed Gentiles doe inherit
The Land of promise; where heavens sacred Spirit
Built Temples for his everlasting Name,
There, there, th' usurping Pagans doe proclame
Their idle Idolls, unto whom they gave
That stoln honor which heavens Lord should have:
Winke *Sion*, O, let not those eyes be stain'd;
With heavens dishonour, see not heaven profan'd;
Close, close thine eyes, or if they needs must be
Open, like flood-gates, to let water flee,
Yet let the violence of their flowing streames
Obloure thine open eyes, and mask their beames.

ELEG.

ELEG. 19.

TRust not thine eye-lids, lest a flattering sleepe
 Bribe them to rest, and they forget to weepe;
 Poure out thy heart, thy heart dissolv'd in teares,
 Weepe forth thy plaints, in the Almightyes eares;
 Oh, let thy cryes, thy cryes, to heaven addrest,
 Disturbe the silence of thy midnight rest;
 Prefer the sad petitions of thy soule
 To heaven, nere close thy lips till heaven condole
 Confounded *Sion*, and her wounded weale;
 That God that smit, oh, move that God to heale;
 Oh, let thy tongue nere cease to call, thine eye,
 To weepe, thy pensive heart nere cease to cry.

ELEG. 20.

Vouchsafe, oh thou eternall Lord of pity,
 To looke on *Sion*, and thy dearest Citie,
 Confus'd *Ierusalem*, for thy DAVIDS sake,
 And for that Promise, which thy selfe did make
 To halting *Isr'el*; lo, thy hand hath forc'd
 Mothers (whom lawlesse Famine hath divorc'd
 From deare affection) to devour the bloomes,
 And buds, that burgeond fro their painful wombs;
 Thy sacred Priests, and Prophets that while-ere
 Did hourly whisper in thy neighbouring care,
 Are false before the sacrilegious sword,
 Even where, even whilst they did unfold thy word.

ELEG. 21.

Wounded, and wasted, by th' eternall Hand
 Of heaven, I grovell on the ground; my Land
 Is turn'd a Golgotha, before mine eye,
 Unsepulchred my murthred people lye;
 My dead lye rudely scattred on the stones,
 My Cawfies all are pav'd with dead mens bones;
 The fierce Destroyer doth alike forbear
 The Maidens trembling, and the Matrons teare,
 Th'imperiall sword spares neither Foole, nor Wise,
 The Old mans pleading, nor the Infants cryes;
 Vengeance is deafe, and blinde; and she respects
 Nor Young, nor Old, nor Wise, nor Foole, nor Sex.

ELEG. 22.

Yeares, heavy laden with their months, retire;
 Months, gone their date of numbred dayes, expire;
 The Dayes, full houred, to their period tend;
 And Howers, chac'd with light-foot Minutes, end;
 Yet my undated Ev'ls, no time will minish,
 Though years, and months, though daies & howers
 Feares flock about me, as invited guests, (finish:
 Before the Portalls, at proclaimed feasts; (fall,
 where heavē hath breath'd, that mā, that state must
 Heaven wants no thunder-bolts to strike withall:
 I am the subject, of that angry Breath,
 My Sonnes are slaine, and I am mark'd for death.

Threnodia

Threnodia III.

ELEG. 1.

ALL you, whose unprepared lips did tast
 The tedious Cup of sharpe affliction, cast
 Your wondring eyes on me, that have drunke up
 Those dregs, whereof you onely kist the Cup:
 I am the man, 'gainst whom th' Eternall hath
 Discharg'd the lowder volley of his wrath;
 I am the man, on whom the brow of night
 Hath scowl'd, unworthy to behold the light;
 I am the Man, in whom th' Almighty shoves
 The dire example of unpattern'd woes;
 I am that Pris'ner, ransome cannot free;
 I am that Man; and I am onely he.

ELEG. 2.

Bondage hath forc'd my servile necke to faile
 Beneath her load, Afflictions nimble flayle
 Hath thrasht my soule upon a floore of stones,
 And quasht the marrow of my broken bones,
 Th' assembled powres of heaven enrag'd, are eager
 To root me out, Heavens souldiers doe beleager
 My worried soule, my soule unapt for fleeing,
 That yeelds, o' reburthen'd with her tedious being;
 Th' Almightyes hand hath clouded all my light,
 And clad my soule with a perpetuall night,
 A night of torments, and eternall sorrow,
 Like that of Death, that never findes a morrow.

ELEG. 3.

CHain'd to the brazen pillars of my woes,
 I strive in vaine; No mortall hand can loose
 What heaven hath bound; my soule is wall'd about,
 That Hope can nor get in, nor Feare get out;
 When ere my wavering hopes to heaven addresse
 The feeble voice of my extreame distresse,
 He stops his tyred cares; without regard
 Of Suit, or Suitor, leaves my prayers unheard.
 Before my faint and stumbling feet he layes
 Blocks, to disturb my best advised wayes;
 I seeke my peace, but seeke my peace in vaine;
 For every way's a Trap; each path's a Train.

ELEG. 4.

Disturbed Lions are appeas'd with blood,
 And ravenous Beares are mild, not wanting food,
 But heaven (ah heaven!) will not implored be:
 Lions, and Beares are not so fierce as Hee:
 His direfull vengeance (which no meane confines)
 Hath crost the thriving of my best designes;
 His hand hath spoild me, that erewhile advanc't me
 Brought in my toes, possist my Friends against me;
 His Bow is bent, his forked Rovers flye,
 Like darterd haile-stones from the darkned sky,
 Shot from a hand that cannot erre, they be
 Transfix'd in no other marke, but me.

ELEG.

ELEG. 5.

Exil'd from Heaven, I wander to and fro,
And seeke for steames, as Stags new stricken doe,
And like a wandring Hart I flee the Hounds,
With Arrowes deeply fixed in my wounds;
My deadly Hunters with a winged pace,
Pricke forwards, and pursue their weary chace,
They whoope, they hallow me, deride, & flout me,
That flee from death, yet carie death about me:
Excesse of torments hath my soule deceiv'd
Of all her joyes, of all her powres bereiv'd.
O curious grieve, that hast my soule brim-fill'd
With thousand deaths, and yet my soule not kill'd!

ELEG. 6.

Follow'd with troopes of feares, I flie in vaine,
For change of places breeds new change of paine;
The base condition of my low estate,
My exalted Foes disdain, and wonder at:
Turne where I list (these) these my wretched eyes,
They find no objects, but new miseries;
My soule, accustom'd to so long increase
Of paines, forgets that she had ever peace;
Thus, thus perplext, thus with my griefes distracted
What shall I doe? Heavens powers are compacted
To worke my eternall ruine; To what friend
shall I make mone, when heaven conspires my end?

ELEG.

ELEG. 7.

GREAT GOD! what helpe (ah me) what hope is left
 To him, that of thy presence is bereft?
 Absented from thy favour, what remains,
 But sense, and sad remembrance of my paines?
 Yet hath affliction op'ned my dull eare,
 And taught me, what in weale I ne're could heare;
 Her scourge hath tutord me with sharpe correctiōs
 And swag'd the swelling of my proud affections;
 Till now I slumbr'd in a prosp'rous dreame,
 From whence awak'd, my griefes are more extreme;
 Hopes, newly quickned, have my soule assur'd,
 That griefes discover'd, are one halfe recur'd.

ELEG. 8.

HAD not the milder Hand of mercy broke
 The furious violence of that fatall stroke
 Offended Iustice struck, we had beene quite
 Lost in the shadowes of eternall night;
 Thy mercy Lord, is like the morning Sun,
 Whose beames vndoe, what sable night hath done;
 Or like a streame, the current of whose course,
 Restrain'd a while, runs with a swifter force;
 Oh, let me swelter in those sacred beames,
 And after bathe me in these silver streames;
 To thee alone, my sorrowes shall appeale;
 Hath earth a wound, too hard for heaven to heale?

ELEG.

ELEG. 9.

In thee (deare Lord) my penfive soule respire,
 Thou art the fulnesse of my choice desires;
 Thou art that sacred Spring, whose waters burst
 In streames to him, that seekes with holy thirst;
 Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirst to bring
 The fainting soule to so, so sweet a Spring,
 Thrice happy he, whose well resolved brest
 Expects no other aide, no other rest,
 Thrice happy he, whose downie age hath bin
 Reclaim'd by scourges, from the prime of sin,
 And earley season'd with the taste of Truth,
 Remembers his Creator in his youth.

ELEG. 10.

Knowledge concomitates Heavens painfull rod,
 Teaches the soule to know her selfe, her GOD,
 Unseiles the eye of Faith, presents a morrow
 Of joy, within the sablest night of sorrow,
 Th' afflicted soule abounds in barest need,
 Sucks purest honie from the foulest weed,
 Detests that good, which pamper'd reason likes,
 Welcomes the stroke, kisses the hand that strikes;
 In roughest Tides his well-prepared brest,
 Vntoucht with danger, finds a Haven of rest;
 Hath all in all, when most of all bereaven;
 In Earth, a Hell, in Hell he finds a Heaven.

ELEG.

ELEG. II.

L About perfected, with the evening ends,
 The lampe of heaven (his course fulfill'd) descend
 Can-workes of Nature seeke, and finde a rest,
 And shall the torments of a troubled brest,
 Impos'd by Natures all-commanding GOD,
 Ne're know an end, ne're finde a period?
 Deare soule, despaire not, whet thy dull beliefe
 With hope; heavens mercy wil o'recome thy griefe
 From thee, not him, proceeds thy punishment,
 Hee's slow to wrath, and speedy to relent;
 Thou burnst like gold, consumest not like fuell;
 O, wrong not Heaven, to thinke that Heaven is
 (cruell)

ELEG. 11.

Mountaines shall move, the Sun his circling course
 Shall stop; Tridented Neptune shall divorce
 Th'embracing floods from their beloved Iles,
 Ere Heaven forgets his servant, and recoyles
 From his eternall vow: Those, those that bruise
 His broken reedes, or secretly abuse
 The doubtfull Title of a rightfull Cause,
 Or with false bribes adulterate the Lawes,
 That should be chaste; these, these th'Almightie
 Branded for subjects of a future wrath; (hath
 Oh, may the just man know, th'Eternall hastens
 His plagues for trialls; loves the Child he chastens.

ELEG.

ELEG. 13.

NO mortall power, nor supernall might,
 Not *Lucifer*, nor no infernall spright,
 Nor all together. joyn'd in one commission,
 Can thinke or act, without divine permission;
 Man wils, Heaven breathes successe, or not, upon it;
 What good, what evill befalls, but heavē hath done
 Vpon his right hand, Health and Honors stand, (it)
 And flaming Scourges on the other hand:
 Since then the states of good or evill depend
 Vpon his Will, (fond mortall) thou attend
 Vpon his Wisedome, Why should living Dust
 Complaine on Heaven, because that Heaven is just?

ELEG. 14.

Let the ballance of our even-pois'd hearts
 Weigh our afflictions with our just desarts,
 And ease our heavic scale; Double the graines
 We take from sinne, Heaven taketh from our paines
 Oh, let thy lowly-bended eyes not feare
 Th' Almightyes frownes, nor husband one poore
 Be prodigall in sighes, and let thy tongue, (teare;
 Thy tongue, estrang'd to heaven, cry all night long
 My soule, thou leav'st, what thy Creator did
 Will thee to doe, hast done what he forbid;
 This, this, hath made so great a strangeneſſe bee
 (If not divorce) betwixt thy GOD, and thee.

ELEG.

ELEG. 15.

PRepar'd to vengeance, and resolv'd to spoile,
 Thy hand (just GOD) hath taken in thy toile
 Our wounded soules; That arme which hath forgot
 His wonted Mercy, kills and spareth not;
 Our Crimes have set a Barre betwixt thy Grace
 And Vs; thou hast eclips't thy glorious Face,
 Hast stopt thy gracious Eare, lest prayers enforce
 Thy tender Heart to pity and remorse: (done)
 See, see, great G O D, what thy deare Hand hath
 We lye like drosse, when all the gold is gone,
 Contemn'd, despis'd, and like to Atomes, flye
 Before the Sun, the scorne of every eye:

ELEG. 16.

Quotidian fevers of reproach, and shame,
 Have chill'd our Honor, and renowned Name;
 We are become the by-word, and the scorne
 Of Heaven and Earth; of heaven & earth forlorn;
 Our captiv'd soules are compass't round about,
 Within, with troopes of Feares; of Foes, without;
 Without, within, distrest; and in conclusion,
 We are the haplesse children of Confusion;
 Oh, how mine eyes, the rivers of mine eyes
 O'reflow these barren lips, that can devise
 No Dialect, that can expresse or borrow
 Sufficient Metaphors, to show my sorrow!

ELEG.

ELEG. 17.

Rivers of marish teares have over-flowne
My blubber'd cheeks; my tongue can find no Tone
So sharpe as silence, to bewaile that woe,
Whose flowing Tides, an Ebbe could never know:
Weepe on (mine Eyes) mine eyes shall never cease;
Speake on (my Tongue) forget to hold thy peace;
Cease not thy teares; close not thy lips so long,
Till heavē shal wipe thine eies, & hear thy tongue:
What heart of brasse, what Adamantine brest
Can know the torments of my soule, and rest?
What stupid braine, (ah me!) what marble eye
Can see these, these my Ruines, and not cry?

ELEG. 18.

SO hath the Fowler, with his slye deccits,
Beguil'd the harmelesse bird; so, with false baits,
The treach'rous Angler, strikes his nibbling prey;
Even so my Fees, my guiltlesse soule betray,
So have my fierce pursuers, with close wiles
Inthrall'd me, and gloried in my spoiles;
Where undermining plots could not prevaile,
There mischief did with strength of arme assaile;
Thus in afflictions troubled billowes tost,
I live; but 'tis a life worse had, then lost:
Thus, thus o'rewhelm'd, my secret soule doth cry,
I am destroy'd, and there's no helper nigh.

ELEG.

ELEG. 19.

THou great Creator, whose diviner breath
 Preserves thy Creature, joyst not in his death,
 Looke downe from thy eternall Throne, that art,
 The onely Rocke of a despairing heart; (ear
 Looke downe from heaven (ô thou) whose tender
 Once heard the trickling of one single teare;
 How art thou now estranged from his cry,
 That sends forth Rivers from his fruitfull eye?
 How often hast thou, with a gentle arme,
 Rais'd me from death, and bid me feare no harme:
 What strange disaster caus'd this sudden change,
 How wert thou once so neare, and now so strange!

ELEG. 20.

VAnquish't by such, as thirsted for my life,
 And brought my soule into a legall strife, (cause
 How oft hast thou (just GOD) maintain'd my
 And crost the sentence of their bloody lawes?
 Be still my GOD, be still that GOD thou wert,
 Looke on thy Mercy, not on my Desert;
 Be thou the Iudge betwixt my foes and me;
 The Advocate, betwixt my soule & Thee; (vanc'd
 'Gainst thee (great Lord) their arme they have ad
 And dealt that blow to thee, that thus hath glanc
 Vpon my soule; smite those that have smit thee,
 And for thy sake, discharge their spleens at me.

ELEG

ELEG. 21. (mouth'd scoffe

WHat squint-ey'd scorne, what flout, what wry-
 That sullen pride e're tooke acquaintance of,
 Hath scap'd the furie of my Foemans tongue,
 To doe my simple Innocencie wrong?
 What day, what houre, nay, what shorter season,
 Hath kept my soule secure, from the treason
 Of their corrupted counsels, which dispend
 Dayes, nights and houres, to conspire my end?
 My sorrowes are their songs, and as slight fables,
 Fill up the silence of their wanton tables;
 Looke downe (just GOD) & with thy powre divine
 Behold my Foes; They be thy Foes, and mine.

ELEG. 22.

YEt sleepest thy Vengeance? Can thy Iustice be
 So slowe to them, and yet so sharpe to me?
 Dismount (just Iudge) from thy Tribunal Throne,
 And pay thy Foemen, the deserved lona
 Of their unjust designs, Make fierce thy hand,
 And scourge thou the, as they have scourg'd my lād
 Breake thou their Adamantine hearts, & pound the
 To dust, and with thy finall curse confound them;
 Let horror seize their soules; O may they bee
 The scorne of Nations, that have scorned Thee;
 O, may they live distrest, and die bereaven
 Of earths delights, and of the joyes of Heaven.

A 2 ELEG.

Threnodia III.

ELEG. 1.

A Las! what alterations! Ah, how strange
 Amazement flows from such an uncouth change!
 Ambitious Ruine! Could thy razing hand
 Finde ne're a subject, but the Holy Land?
 Thou sacrilegious Ruine, to attempt
 The House of GOD! was not heav'n's house exempt
 From thy accursed Rape? Ah me! Behold,
Sion, whose pavement of resulgent gold,
 So lately did reflect, so bright, so pure,
 How dimme, how drossie now, (ah!) how obscure!
 Her sacred stones lie scatter'd in the street,
 For stumbling blocks before the Levites feet.

ELEG. 2.

Behold her Princes, whose victorious brows
 Fame oft had crowned, with her Laurell bowes,
 See, how they hide their shame-confounded crests,
 And hang their heads upon their fainting breasts,
 Behold her Captaines, and brave men at armes,
 Whose spirits fired at warres loud alarms,
 Like warried sheepe, how flee they from the noise
 Of Drummes, and startle at the Trumpets voice!
 They faint, and like amazed Lions, show
 Their fearfull heeles, if Chaunticleere but crow;
 How are the pillars (*Sion*) of thy state
 Transform'd to clay, and burnisht gold, so late!

ELEG.

ELEG. 3.

CAn furious Dragons heare their helplesse broode
 Cry out, and fill their hungrie lips with food?
 Hath Nature taught fierce Tygers to apply
 The brest unto their yonglings empty cry?
 Have savage beasts time, place, and natures helpe,
 To feed and foster up their idle whelps?
 And shall the tender Babes of *Sion* cry,
 And pine for foed, and yet their mother cry?
 Dragons, and Tygers, and all savage beasts
 Can feed their yong, but *Sion* hath no brests:
 Distressed *Sion*, more unhappy farre,
 Then Dragons, savage Beasts, or Tygers are!

ELEG. 4.

DEath thou pursuest, if from death thou flee,
 Or if thou turn'st thy flight, death followes thee:
 Thy staffe of life is broke; for want of bread,
 Thy City pines, and halfe thy Land is dead,
 The sonne his father weepes, makes fruitlesse moane
 The father weepes upon his weeping sonne;
 The brother calls upon his pined brother,
 And both come crying to their hungry mother:
 The empty Babe, in stead of milke, drawes downe
 His Nurses teares, well mingled with his owne;
 Nor charge of place, nor time, wth help supplies thee
 Abroad the Sword, Famine at home destroyes thee.

ELEG. 5.

EXcesse, and Surfet now have left thy Coast,
 The lavish Guest, now wants his greedie Host;
 No wanton Cooke prepares his poynant meate,
 To reach a faciate palate how to eate;
 Now *Bacchus* pines, and shakes his feeble knees,
 And pamp' red *Ennie* lookes as plump, as Hee's;
 Discolour'd *Ceres*, that was once so faire,
 Hath lost her beauty, findg'd her golden haire;
 Thy Princes mourne in rags, asham'd t'infold
 Their leaden spirits, in a case of gold;
 From place to place thy Statesmen wandring are;
 On every dung-hill lyes a man of warre.

ELEG. 6.

FOule *Sadome*, and incestuous *Gomorrah*,
 Had my destruction, but ne're my sorrow;
 Vengeance had mercy there; Her hand did send
 A sharpe beginning, but a sudden end;
 Iustice was milde, and with her hastie flashes
 They fell, and sweetly slept in peacefull Ashes;
 They felt no rage of an insulting Foe,
 Nor Famine pinching furie, as I doe;
 They had no sacred Temple to defile;
 Or if they had, they would have helpt to spoile;
 They dyde but once; but I, poore wretched I,
 Die many deaths, and yet have more to die.

ELEG.

ELEG. 7.

Gold from the Mint; Milke, from the uberous Cow,
 Was ne're so pure in substance, nor in show,
 As were my *Nazarites*, whose inward graces
 Adorn'd the outward lustre of their faces;
 Their faces robb'd the Lilly, and the Rose,
 Of red and white; more faire, more sweet then those
 Their bodies were the Magazens of perfection,
 Their skins unblemisht, were of pure complexion,
 Through which, their Saphire-colour'd yeines de-
 The Azure beauty of their naked pride; (scide
 The flaming Carbuncle was not so bright,
 Nor yet the rare discolour'd Chrysolite.

ELEG. 8.

How are my sacred *Nazarites* (that were
 The blazing Planets of my glorious Sphere)
 Obscur'd, and darkned in Afflictions cloud?
 Astonisht at their owne disguise, they shrowd
 Their foule transformed shapes, in the dull shade
 Of sullen darknesse; of themselves afraide;
 See, how the brother gazes on the brother,
 And both affrighted, start, and flie each other;
 Blacke as their Fates, they crosse the streets unkéd
 The Sire, his Son; The friend disclames his friend;
 They, they that were the flowers of my Land,
 Like withered Weedes, and blasted Hemlock stand.

ELEG. 9.

Impetuous Famine, sister to the Sword,
 Left hand of Death, Childe of th' infernall Lord,
 Thou Tort'rer of Mankind, that with one stroake,
 Subjects the world to thy imperious yoake:
 What pleasure tak'st thou in the tedious breath
 Of pined mortalls? or their lingring death?
 The Sword, thy generous brother's not so cruell,
 He kills but once, fights in a noble Duell,
 But thou (malicious Furie) dost extend
 Thy spleene to all, whose death can finde no end;
 Alas! my haplesse weale can want no woe,
 That feels the rage of Sword, and Famine too.

ELEG. 10.

Kinde is that Death, whose weapons do but kill,
 But we are often slaine, yet dying still;
 Our torments are too gentle, yet too rough,
 They gripe too hard, because not hard enough;
 My people teare their trembling flesh, for food,
 And frō their ragged wounds, they suck forth blood
 The father dies, and leaves his pined Coarse,
 T' enrich his Heire, with meat; The hungry Nurse
 Broiles her starv'd suckling on the hastie coales,
 Devours one halfe, and hides the rest in holes:
 O Tyrant Famine! that compell'st the Mother,
 To kill one hungry Childe, to feed another!

ELEG.

ELEG. II.

Lament, O sad *Ierusalem*, lament;
 O weepe, if all thy reares be yet unspent,
 Weepe (wasted *Iudah*) let no drop be kept
 Unshed, let not one teare be left, unwept;
 For angry Heaven hath nothing left undone,
 To bring thy ruines to perfection:
 No curse, no plague the fierce Almighty hath
 Kept back, to summe the totall of his wrath;
 Thy Citie burnes; thy *Sion* is despoil'd;
 Thy Wives are raviſht, and thy Maides defil'd;
 Famine at home; the Sword abroad destroyes thee;
 Thou cry'st to heaven, & heav'n his care denies thee

ELEG. II.

MAY thy dull senses (O unhappy Nation,
 Posselt with nothing now, but desolation)
 Collect their scatter'd forces, and behold
 Thy novell fortunes, ballanc'd with the old;
 Couldst thou, & could thy prosp'rous hart conceive,
 That mortall powre, or art of State could reive
 Thy illustrious Empire of her sacred glory,
 And make her ruines, the *Tbrenadian* story
 Of these sad times, and ages yet to be?
 Envie could pine, but never hope to see
 Thy buildings crusht, and all that glory ended,
 Which Man so fortifyde, and Heaven defended.

ELEG. 13.

NE're had the splendor of thy bright renowne
 Been thus extinguish'd (*Judas*;) Thy fast crowne,
 Had ne're beene spurn'd from thy Imperiall brow,
 Plentie had nurs'd thy soule, thy peacefull plough
 Had fill'd thy fruitfull Quarters with encrease,
 Hadst thou but knowne thy selfe, and loved peace;
 But thou hast broke that sacred Truce, concluded
 Berwixt thy God, and thee; vainly deluded
 Thy selfe with thine own strength, with deadly feud
 Thy furious Priests, and Prophets have pursude
 The mourning Saints of *Sion*, and did slay
 All such, as were more just, more pure, then they.

ELEG. 14.

O How the Priests of *Sion*, whose pure light
 Should shine to such, as grope in Errors night,
 And blaze like Lamps, before the darkned eye
 Of Ignorance, to raise up those that lye
 In dull despaire, and guide those feet that strey,
 Aye me! How blinde, how darke, how dull are they!
 Fierce rage, & fury drives them through the street,
 And, like to mad men, stabbe at all they meet;
 They weare the purple Liverie of Death,
 And live themselves, by drawing others breath;
 Say! (wasted *Sion*) could Revenge behold
 So foule an acted Scene as this, and hold?

ELEG.

ELEG. 15.

Prophets, and sacred Priests, whose tongues while-
 Did often whisper in th'Eternalls eare, (ere
 Disclos'd his Oracles, found ready passage
 Twixt God, and Man, to cary heavens Embassage,
 Are now the subjects of deserved scorne,
 Of God forsaken, and of Man forlorne;
 Accursed Gentiles are asham'd to know,
 What *Sions* Priests are not asham'd to doe;
 They see, and blush, and blushing flee away,
 Fearing to touch things so defil'd as they;
 They hate the filth of their abomination, (nation.
 And chace them forth, from their new conquer'd

ELEG. 16.

Vite banisht from the joyes of earth, and smiles
 Of heaven, and deeply buried in her spoiles,
 Poore *Indah* lyes; unpitied, disrespected;
 Exil'd the World; of God, of Man rejected;
 Like blasted eares among the fruitfull wheat,
 She roames disperst, and hath no certaine seat;
 Her servile necke's subjected to the yoake
 Of bondage, open to th'impartiall stroake
 Of conquering Gentiles, whose afflicting hand
 Smites every nooke of her disguised Land;
 Of Youth respectlesse, nor regarding Yeeres,
 Nor Sex, nor Tribe, like scourging Prince, & Peers.

ELEG.

ELEG. 17.

REnt, and deposed from Imperiall state,
 By heavens high hand, on heaven we must await;
 To him that struck, our sorrowes must appeale;
 Where heaven hath smit, no hand of man can heale;
 In vaine, our wounds expected mans reliefe,
 For disappointed hopes renew a griefe;
Ægypt opprest us in our fathers loynes,
 What hope's in *Ægypt*? Nay, if *Ægypt* joynes
 Her force with *Iudah*, our united powres
 Could nere prevaile 'gainst such a foe as our's;
Ægypt, that once did feeble heavens scourge, for grie-
 His flock, would now refinde it, for relieving. (ving

ELEG. 18.

SO, the quick-sented Beagles, in a view,
 O're hill, and dale, the fleeing Chase pursue,
 As swift-foot Death, and Ruine follow me,
 That flees, afraid, yet knowes not where to flee:
 Flee to the fields? There, with the sword I meet,
 And, like a Watch, Death stands in every street;
 No covert hides from Death; no Shade, no Cells
 So darke, wherein not Death and Horror dwells:
 Our dayes are numbred, and our number's done,
 The empty Houre-glasse of our glory's run:
 Our sins are summ'd, and so extreame's the score,
 That heaven could not doe lesse, nor hell do more.

ELEG.

ELEG. 19.

TO what a downfall are our fortunes come,
Subjected to the suffrance of a doome,
Whose lingring torments, Hell could not conspire
More sharp ! than which, hell needs no other fire :
How nimble are our Foemen to betray
Our soules ? Eagles are not so swift as they :
Where shall we flee ? Or where shall sorrow finde
A place for harbour ? Ah, what prosp'rous winde,
Will lend a gale, whose bounty ne're shall cease,
Till we be landed on the Ile of peace ?
My foes more fierce than empty Lions are ;
For hungry Lions, wood with teares, will spare.

ELEG. 20.

VSurping Gentiles rudely have engroft
Into their hands, those fortunes we have lost,
Devoure the fruits that purer hands did plant,
Are plump and pampred with that bread we want,
And (what is worse than death) a Tyrant treads
Vpon our Throne ; Pagans adorne their heads
with our lost crowns; their powers have dis-jointed
The Members of our State, and Heavens Anointed
Their hands have crushd, and ravisht frō his throne,
And made a Slave, for Slaves to tread upon ;
Needs must that flock be scattred and accurst,
where wolves have dar'd to seize the Shepherd first.

ELEG.

ELEG. 21.

WAXE fat with laughing (*Edom*;) with glad cries
Behold the fulnesse of our miseries;
Triumph (thou Type of Antichrist) and feed
Thy soule with joy, to see thy brothers seed
Ruin'd, and rent, and rooted from the earth;
Make haste, and solace thee with early mirth;
But there's a time shall teach thee how to weepe
As many teares as I; thy lips, as deepe
Shall drinke in sorrowes Cup, as mine have don,
Till then, cheere up thy spirits, and laugh on:
Offended Iustice often strikes by turnes;
Edom, beware, for thy next neighbour burnes.

ELEG. 22.

YE drooping sonnes of *Sion*, O, arise,
And shut the flood-gates of your flowing eyes,
Surcease your sorrowes, and your joyes attend,
For heaven hath spoke it, and your griefes shal end,
Believe it *Sion*; seeke no curious signe,
And wait heavens pleasure, as heaven waited thine;
And thou triumphing *Edom*, that dost lye
In beds of Roses; thou, whose prosp'rous eye
Did smile, to see the Gates of *Sion* fall,
Shalt be subjected to the selfe-same thrall,
Sion, that weepes, shall smile; and *Edom*s eye,
That smiles so fast, as fast shall shortly cry.

The

The Prophet *Jeremie* his Prayer for
the distressed people of *Ierusalem*,
and *Sion*.

Great God, before whose all-discerning eye,
The secret corners of mans heart doe lye
As open as his actions, which no Clowd
Of secrecie can shade; no shade can throwd;
Behold the Teares, O, harken to the Cryes
Of thy poore *Sion*; Wipe her weeping eyes,
Binde up her bleeding wounds, o thou that art
The best Chirurgion for a broken heart:
See, how the barb'rous Gentiles have intruded
Into the Land of Promise, and excluded
Those rightfull Owners, from their just possessions,
That wander now full laden with oppressions;
Our Fathers (ah) their savage hands have slaine,
Whose deaths, our widow-mothers weepe in vaine;
Our Springs, whose Chrystall plenty once disburst
Their bounteous favours, to quench every thirst;
Our liberall Woods, whose palse-shaken tops,
To every stranger, bow'd their yeelding lops,
Are sold to us, that have no price to pay,
But sweat and toile, the sorrowes of the day:
Oppressors trample on our servile necks,
We never cease to groane, nor they to vex;
Famine and Dearth, have taught our hands t' extend
To *Affur*, and our feeble knees to bend
To churlish *Pharoe*: Want of bread compells
Thy servants to begge Almes of Infidells;
Our wretched Fathers sinn'd, and yet they sleepe
In peace, and have left us, their sonnes, to weepe;
We,

We, we extracted from their sinfull loynes,
 Are guilty of their sinnes; Their *Ossa* joynes
 To our high *Pelion*: Ah! their crimes doe stand
 More firmly entayled to us, than our Land:
 We are the slaves of servants, and the scorne
 Of slaves; of all forsaken, and forlorne;
 Hunger hath forc'd us to acquire our food,
 With deepest danger, of our dearest blood;
 Our skins are wrinkled, and the fruitlesse ploughs
 Of want, have fallow'd up our barren browes:
 Within that *Sion* which thy hands did build,
 Our Wives were ravish'd, and our Maids defil'd:
 Our savage Foe extends his barb'rous rage
 To all, nor sparing Sexe, nor Youth, nor Age:
 They hang our Princes on the shamfull trees
 Of death; respect no Persons, no Degrees:
 Our Elders are despis'd, whose gray haire
 Are but the Index of their doting yeares;
 Our flowring youth are forced to fulfill
 Their painfull taskes in the laborious Mill;
 Our children faint beneath their loads, and cry,
 Opprest with burdens, under which they lye:
 Sages are banisht from Iudiciall Courts,
 And youth takes no delight in youthfull sports:
 Our joyes are gone, and promise no returning,
 Our pleasure's turn'd to paine, our mirth to mourning;
 Our hand hath lost her sword; our Head his Crowne;
 Our Church her glory; our Weale, her high renowne.
 Lord, we have sinn'd, and these our sins have brought
 This world of griefe; (O purchase dearly bought!)
 From hence our sorrowes, and from hence our feares
 Proceed; for this, our eyes are blinde with teares;
 But that (aye that) which my poore heart doth count
 Her sharpest torture, is thy sacred Mount,

Sacred

holy Mount *Sion*; *Sion*, that divine
Seat of thy glory's raz'd; her tender Vine,
laden with swelling Clusters, is destroy'd,
and Foxes now, what once thy Lambs enjoy'd.
But thou (O thou eternal God) whose Throne
is permanent, whose glory's ever one,
Unapt for Change, abiding still the same,
Though Earth consume, & Heaven dissolve her frame,
Why dost thou (ah!) why dost thou thus absent
Thy glorious face? Oh, wherefore hast thou rent
Thy Mercy from us? O! when wilt thou be
Atton'd to them, that have no trust but Thee.
Restore us (Lord) and let our soules possesse
Our wonted peace; O, let thy Hand redresse
Our wasted fortunes; Let thine Eye behold
Thy scattred Flock, and drive them to their Fold;
Canst thou reject that People, which thy Hand
Hath chose, and planted in the promis'd Land?
O thou (the Spring of mercy) wilt thou send
No ease to our Afflictions, no end?

The end.

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AN
ALPHABET
OF ELEGIES,

V P O N

The much and truly lamented death
of that famous for Learning, Pietie,
and true Friendship, Doctor
A I L M E R,

A great favourer, and fast friend to
the Muses, and late Archdeacon of
L O N D O N:
*Imprinted in his Heart, that ever
loves his Memory.*

Written by *Fra. Quarles.*

Cum privilegio { *Am* } *oris.*
 { *Dol* }

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

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Readers:

GIve me leave to performe a necessary duty, which my affection owes to the blessed memory of that reverend Prelate, my much honoured Friend, Doctor *Aylmer*: Hee was one, whose life and death made as full and perfect a Story of worth and goodnesse, as earth would suffer, and whose pregnant vertues deserve as faithfull a Register, as earth can keepe: In whose happy remembrance, I have here trusted these Elegies to Time and your favours: Had he bin a Lampe to light me alone, my private griefes had beene sufficient; but being a Sunne, whose beames reflected on all; all have an interest in his memory: To which end, I recommend these memorialls to the publike, in testimony of my undistsembled affection, and true piety that I owe to so great an example of Vertue and Learning.

F. Q.

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11

FVNERALL ELEGIES.

ELEG. I.

All you whose eies would learn to weep, draw neer,
 And heare, what none, without full tears, can hear;
 Come marble eyes, as marble as your hearts,
 I'll teach you how to weepe a teare in parts;
 And you false eyes, that never yet, let fall
 A teare in earnest, come, and now ye shall
 Send forth salt fountaines of the truest griefe,
 That ever sought to Language, for reliefe:
 But you, you tender eyes, that cannot beare
 An Elegy, wept forth, without a teare,
 I warne you hence; or, at the most, passe by,
 Lest while you stay, you soone dissolve, and dye.

ELEG. 2.

But stay: (sad *Genius*) How doe griefes transport
 Thy exil'd senses? Is there no resort
 To fork't *Parnassus* sacred Mount? No word,
 No thought of *Helicon*? No Muse implor'd?
 I did invoke, but there was none reply'd,
 The nine were silent, since *Mecenas* dy'd:
 They have forsaken their old Spring: 'Tis said,
 they haunt a new one, which their tears have made:
 Should I molest them with my losse? 'Tis knowne,
 They finde enough to re-lament their owne:
 I crave no ayd, no Deity to infuse
 New matter: Ah: True sorrow needs no Muse.

ELEG. 3.

C All back (bright *Phœbus*) your sky-wandering steeds
 Your day is tedious, and our sorrow needs
 No Sun: When our sad soules have lost their light,
 Why should our eyes not finde perpetuall night?
 Goe to the nether world, and let your rayes
 Shine there: Bestow on them our share of dayes:
 But say not, Why: lest when report shall show
 Such cause of griefe, they fall a-grieving too,
 And pray the absence of your restlesse wayne,
 Which then must be return'd on us againe;
 Deare *Phœbus* grant my suit; If thou deny't,
 My teares shall blinde me, and so make a night.

ELEG. 4.

D Eath, art thou growne so nice? can nothing please
 Thy curious palate, but such Cates as these?
 Or hath thy ravenous stomach beene o'represt
 With common diet at thy last great feast? 1625
 Or hast thou fed so neere that there is none
 Now left but delicacies to feed upon?
 Or was this dish so tempting, that no power
 Was left in thee, to stay another hower?
 Or didst thou feed by chance, and not observ'd
 What food it was, but tooke as Fortune carv'd?
 'Tis done. Be it or Fortunes act or thine,
 It fed thee one, whose want made Millions pine.

ELEG.

ELEG. 5.

ENvy now burst with joy, and let thine eyes
 Strut forth with fardelle : let thy collops rise
 Pampred and plump : Feed full for many yeares
 Vpon our losse : Be drunken with our teares :
 For he is dead, whose soule did never cease
 To crosse and violate your malicious peace :
 He's dead ; but in his death hath overthrowne
 More vices, than his happy life had done :
 In life, he taught to dye ; and he did give
 In death, a great example how to live :
 Though he be gone, his fame is left behinde :
 Now leave thy laughing, Envie, and be pin'd.

ELEG. 6.

Farewell those eyes, whose gentle smiles forsooke
 No misery, taught Charity how to looke :
 Farewell those cheerfull eyes, that did e'rewhile,
 Teach succour'd misery how to blesse a smile :
 Farewell those eyes, whose mixt aspect, of late,
 Did reconcile humility and state :
 Farewell those eyes, that to their joyfull guest,
 Proclam'd their ordinary fare, a feast :
 Farewell those eyes, the load-stars, late, whereby
 The Graces sail'd secure, from eye to eye :
 Farewell deare eyes, bright Lamps ; & who can tell
 Your glorious welcome, or our sad farewell !

ELEG. 7.

GOe glorious Saint ! I knew 'twas not a shrine
 Of flesh, could lodge so pure a soule as thine ;
 I saw it labour (in a holy scorne
 Of living dust and ashes) to be sworne
 A heavenly Quirister : It sigh'd and groan'd
 To be dissolv'd from mortall, and enthron'd
 Among his fellow Angells, there to sing
 Perpetuall Anthems to his heavenly King :
 He was a stranger to his house of Clay ;
 Scarce own'd it, but that necessary stay
 Miscall'd it his : And onely zeale did make
 Him love the building for the builders sake.

ELEG. 8.

HAd Virtue, Learning, the Diviner Arts,
 Wit, Iudgement, Wisedome, (or what other parts
 That make perfection, and returne the minde
 As great as Earth can suffer) beene confin'd
 To earth, had they the Patent to abide
 Secure from change, our *Ailmer* ne're had dy'de :
 Fond earth, forbear, and let thy childish eyes
 Ne're weep for him, thou ne're knewst how to prize
 Shed not a teare, blind earth ; for it appears
 Thou never lov'dst out *Ailmer* by thy teares :
 Or if thy floods must needs o'reflow their brim,
 Lament, lament thy blindness, and not him.

ELEG.

ELEG. 9.

I Wondred not to heare so brave an end,
Because I knew, who made it, could contend
With death, and conquer, and in open chace
Would spit defiance in his conquerd face;
And did: Dauntlesse he trod him underneath,
To shew the weaknesse of unarmed death:
Nay, had report, or niggard Fame denyde
His name, it had bin knowne 'twas *Ailmer* dyde.
It was no wonder, to heare rumor tell,
That he which dyde so oft, once dyde so well:
Great Lord of life, how hath thy dying breath
Made man, who death had conquerd, conquer death!

ELEG. 10.

Knowledge (the depth of whose unbounded maine
Hath bin the wreck of many a curious braine,
And from her (yet unreconciled) schooles
Hath fill'd us with so many learned fooles)
Hath tutor'd thee with rules that cannot erre,
And taught thee how to know thy selfe, and her;
Furnisht thy nimble soule, in height of measure,
With humane riches and divinest treasure,
From whence, as from a sacred spring, did flow
Fresh Oracles, to let the hearer know
A way to glory; and to let him see,
The way to glory, is to studie thee.

ELEG.

ELEG. 11.

Looke how the body of heavens greater light
 Inriches each beholder with his bright
 And glorious rayes, untill the envious West
 Too greedy to enjoy so faire a guest,
 Calls him to bed, where raviht from our sight,
 He leaves us to the solemn frownes of night;
 Even so our Son in his harmonious spheare
 Enlightned every eye, rapt every care
 Till in the early sunset of his yeares
 He dyde, and left us that survive, in teares;
 And (like the Sun) in spight of death and fate,
 He seemed greatest in his lowest state.

ELEG. 12.

Molest me not, full sighes and flowing teares,
 You stormes & showres of nature: stop your cares,
 Fond flesh and blood, against the strong Téptatiô
 Of sullen griefe, and sense bereaving passion:
 Cease to lament; Let not thy slow pac'd numbers
 Disturbe his rest, that so, so sweetly slumbers:
 The child of vertue is asleepe, not dead;
 He dyes, alone, whom death hath conquered:
 Why should we shed a teare for him? or why
 Lament we, whom we rather should envie?
 He lives; he lives a life, shall never tast
 A change, so long as Crownes of glory last.

ELEG.

ELEG. 13.

NO, no, he is not dead; The mouth of fame,
Honors shrill Herald, would preserve his name,
And make it live, in spite of death and dust,
Were there no other heaven, no other trust:
He is not dead: The sacred Nine deny,
The soule that merits fame, should ever dye:
He lives; and when the latest breath of fame
Shall want her Trumpe, to glorifie a name,
He shall survive and these selfe-closed eyes,
That now lie slumbring in the dust, shall rise,
And fill'd with endlesse glory, shall enjoy
The perfect vision of eternall joy.

ELEG. 14.

O But the dregs of flesh and blood! How close
They grapple with my soule, and interpose
Her higher thoughts; which, yet, but yong of wing,
They cause to stoope and strike at every thing;
Passion presents before their weakned eye,
Iudgement and better Reason standing by:
I must lament. Nature commands it so:
The more I strive with teares, the more they flow;
These eyes have just, nay double cause of mone,
They weepe the comon losse; they weepe their own
Hee sleepees indeed; Then give me leave to weepe
Teares fully answerable to his sleepe.

ELEG.

ELEG. 15.

Pardon my teares, if they be too too free,
 And if thou canst not weepe, Ile pardon thee,
 Dull Stoick: If thou laugh to heare his death,
 I'le weep, that thou wert borne, to spéd that breath
 Thou dry-brayn'd Portick, whose ahenian brest,
 (Transcending passion) never was oppress'd
 With griefe; O had your flinty Sect but lost
 So rare a prize, as we lament and boast,
 Your hearts had crost your Tenet, and disburst
 As many drops as we have done, or burst;
 No marvell, that your marble braines could crosse
 Her lawes, that never gave you such a losse.

ELEG. 16.

QVicke-sould Pythagoras. O thou that wert
 So many men, and didst so oft revert
 From shades of death, (if we may trust to Fame)
 With losse of nothing but thy buried name;
 Hadst thou but liv'd in this our *Ailmers* time,
 Thou wouldst have dyde once more, to live in him;
 Or had our *Ailmer* in those daies of thine,
 But dyde, and left so glorious so divine
 A soule as his, how would thy hasty brest
 Have gasp'd to entertaine so faire a guest!
 Which, if obtained, had (no doubt) supplyde thee
 With that immortall state thy Sire denyde thee.

ELEG.

ELEG. 17.

ARE soule, that now sits crowned in that Quire
Of endlesse joy, fill'd with cœlestiall fire;
Pardon my teares, that in their passion would
Recall thee from thy Kingdome, if they could;
Pardon, ô pardon my distracted zeale;
Which, if condemn'd by reason, must appeale
To thee, whose now lamented death, whose end
Confirm'd the deare affection of a friend;
Permit me then to offer at thy herse
These fruitless tears, which if they prove too fierce
O pardon, you, that know the price of friends;
For teares are just, that nature recommends.

ELEG. 18.

S O may the faire aspect of pleased heaven
Conforme my noone of daies, & crowne their even,
So may the gladder smiles of earth present
My fortunes with the height of joyes, content;
As I lament, with unaffected breath,
Our losse (deare *Ailmer*) in thy happy death:
May the false teare, that's forc'd, or slides by Art,
That hath no warrant from the soule, the heart,
Or that exceeds not natures faint commission,
Or dares (unvented) come to composition;
O, may that teare in stricter judgement rise
Against those false, those faint, those flattering eyes.

ELEG.

ELEG. 19.

THus to the world, and to the spacious eares
 Offame, I blazon my unboosted teares;
 Thus to thy sacred dust, thy Urne, thy Herse
 I consecrate my sighes, my teares, my verle;
 Thus to thy soule, thy name, thy just desert
 I offer up my joy; my love, my heart;
 That earth may know, and every eare that heares,
 True worth and griefe were parents to my teares:
 That earth may know thy dust, thy urne, thy herse
 Brought forth & bred my sighes, my teares, my verse
 And that thy soule, thy name, thy just desert,
 Invites, incites my joy, my love, my heart.

ELEG. 20.

VNconstant earth! why doe not mortalls cease
 To build their hopes upon so short a lease?
 Vncertaine lease, whose tearme, but once begun,
 Tells never when it ends, till it be done:
 We dote upon thy smiles, not knowing why:
 And whiles we but prepare to live, we dye:
 We spring like flowers, for a dayes delight,
 At noone, we flourish, and we fade at night:
 We toile for kingdomes, conquer crowns, and then
 We that were Gods but now, now lesse then men:
 If wisdome, learning, knowledge cannot dwell
 Secure from change, vaine bubble earth, farewell.

ELEG.

ELEG. 21.

(story,

Wouldst thou, when death had done, deserve a
Should staine the memory of great *Pompey*
Conquer thy selfe; Example be thy guide; (glory?
Dye just as our selfe-conquering *Ailmer* dyde.
Wouldst thou subdue more kingdoms, gain mo crowns
Then that brave *Hero Caesar* conquer'd townes?
Then conquer death; Example be thy guide :
Die just as our death-conquering *Ailmer* dyde:
But wouldst thou win more worlds, then he had done
Kingdomes, that all the earth hath over-run?
Then conquer heaven; Example be thy guide,
Die just as our heaven-conquering *Ailmer* dyde.

ELEG. 22.

Yeares, fully laden with their months, attend
Th' expired times acquittance, and so end:
Monthes, gone their dates of numbred daies, require
Bright *Cynthia's* full discharge, and so expire :
Dayes, deeply ag'd with houres, lose their light,
And having run their stage, conclude with night:
And howers chac'd with light-foot minutes, flye,
Tending their labour to a new supply ;
Yet *Ailmers* glory never shall diminish, (finish:
Though yeares & monthes, though daies & howers
Yet *Ailmers* joyes for ever shall extend,
Though yeares, & months, though daies & howers
(end.

FINIS.

Doloris nullus.

His Epitaphe.

Ask you, why so many a teare
Bursts forth; I'll tell you in your care :
Compell me not to speake aloud,
Death would then be too too proud;
Eyes that cannot vye a teare,
Forbeare to aske, you may not heare :
Gentle hearts that overflow,
Have onely priviledge to know :
In these sacred ashes, then,
Know (Reader) that a man of men
Lyes covered : Fame and lasting glory
Make deare mention of his story :
Nature, when she gave him birth,
Op'd her treasure to the earth,
Put forth the modell of true merit,
Quickned with a higher spirit :
Rare was his life; His latest breath,
Saw, and scorn'd, and conquer'd death:
Thanklesse Reader, never more
Verge a Why, when teares run ore :
When you saw so high a Tyde,
You might have knowne, 'twas *Ailmer* dyde.

Obijt, Jan. vj. MDCXXV.

Viver post funera virtus.

